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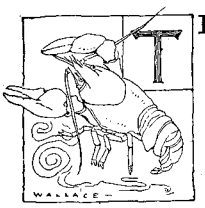
IZAAK WALTON.

(Born August 9, 1593.)

By Alexander Cargill.

"Sir, when I go a-fishing, an' the Fates decree that I get no fish, then am I still a gainer for, God's body! I get flesh!"



THERE is a peculiar irony in the fact that a man, who himself succeeded in recording, with satisfying amplitude of detail, the lives of no fewer than five of his contemporaries, should have left so little record of his own career that nearly fifty years of it might be adequately epitomized in half as many lines. Yet such is the case with Izaak Walton, who was born into the world just three hundred years ago, whose fame is as fresh as ever, yet of the greater part of whose life we know almost nothing. To most students of literary biography, and especially to the followers of that prince of anglers and good fellows, genuine interest in the man and his deeds only begins with the period of his retirement from active life. Indeed, it is no discourtesy to his memory to go further than this and say (for Walton loved the truth more than sunshine) that, in its permanent value to posterity, the life of the author of the "Complete Angler" began only with his sixtieth year and when that famous work was first sent forth to the world.

The tantalizing paucity of facts as to a character that must have been most interesting is almost as notable as in the case of the greatest life of all, with its quiet beginning at Stratford-on-Avon, not a hundred miles from Stafford, where Walton was born. Stratford and Stafford! great indeed is the glory that belongs to these two fair midland towns. If one is the birthplace of the king of English poets and dramatists, in the other the patron-saint of all true anglers first beheld the light of day stream down from the many-tinted, ever-changing English sky, under whose canopy he, as boy, youth, and man, delighted so much to wander at his own sweet will, in all seasons, with his honest heart as full of love to God and man as was the old-fashioned pannier on his back brimful of trouts from the Lea or Dove!

As with Shakespeare, so with Walton; tradition has ventured to fill up the spaces which an unregarding destiny had left void. Her finger has pointed to the house and street—even to the very room—in Stafford town where Walton was born, and we can only believe or discredit according to our measure of faith. Happily, there is no doubt whatever respecting that event itself, which took place somewhere within the Parish of St. Mary's on August 9, 1593. The register of the church of that name bears:

> "September 1593: Baptiz fuit Isaac Filius Jervis Walton, XX° die mensis et anni prædict."

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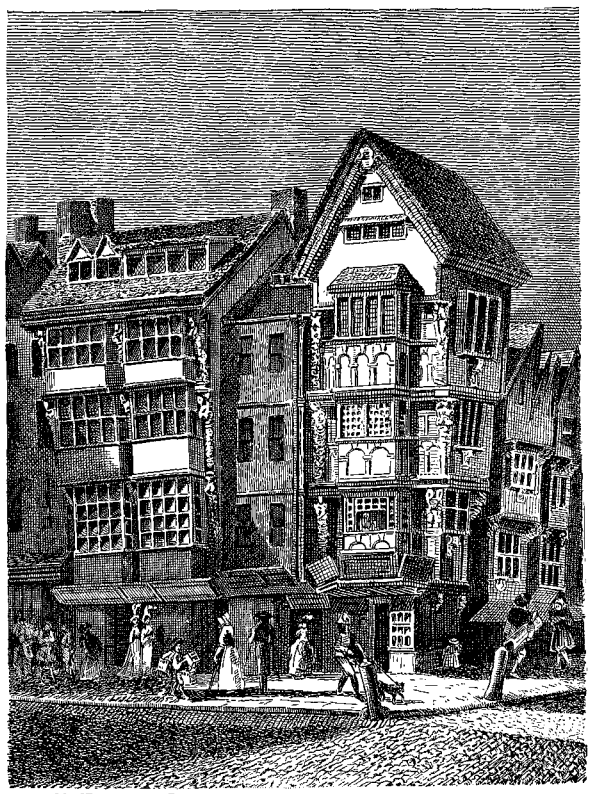
Very little is known respecting his parents. What profession or status his father, the aforesaid Jervis, or Jervaise Walton, held, no record exists to show. From the fact, however, that he "took to wife" a lady who was a near relation to Archbishop Cranmer, of Reformation fame, it is believed that he belonged to a goodly English stock and occupied a good social position; so that in respect to his parentage, at all events, Izaak Walton may be held to have been fortunate. "Not a vestige of the place or manner of his education has been discovered." Walton senior died when Izaak was but two years old. From his mother Walton probably inherited his strong attachment to the Church of England and his Royalist predilections; and it is only gallant to suppose that he derived from her also that gentleness of disposition which, as his writings abundantly testify, formed so pronounced a trait in his character. To his father he may have been indebted for the foundation of that physical strength and endurance by which his life was prolonged to its ninetieth year. Walton's own temperate living, and his long-continued open-air habits, no doubt helped very materially to his attaining such an old age. But what he owed to his parents for his moral and physical endowments he has himself acknowledged, though perhaps indirectly, in more than one reference in his works.



Engraved by J.T.Smith, from a Drawing taken by him in May 1794.

Ancient Houses in Fleet Street.
Including
THE RESIDENCE OF IZAAC WALTON, 1624.

Whatever the unrecorded story of Walton's boyhood and youth (imagination might freely and delightedly fill in the details!), it is quite certain that he was in London seeking fame and fortune some time about his thirtieth year. There he established himself in business as a linen-draper, or sempster, a lucrative business even in these days. His "establishment" at first was situated in the upper story of the Royal Exchange, or Bourse, on Cornhill, erected by Sir Thomas Gresham, and consisted of a small compartment "seven feet and a half long and five wide; an economy," according to Sir John Hawkins, one of Walton's earliest biographers, "that would scarcely allow him to have elbow room. Yet here did he carry on his trade till some time before the year 1624, when he dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane. It further appears that the place was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton and John Mason, hosier, from whence we may conclude that half-a-shop was sufficient for the business of Walton." This conclusion has, however, been dissented from by later biographers, who incline to the

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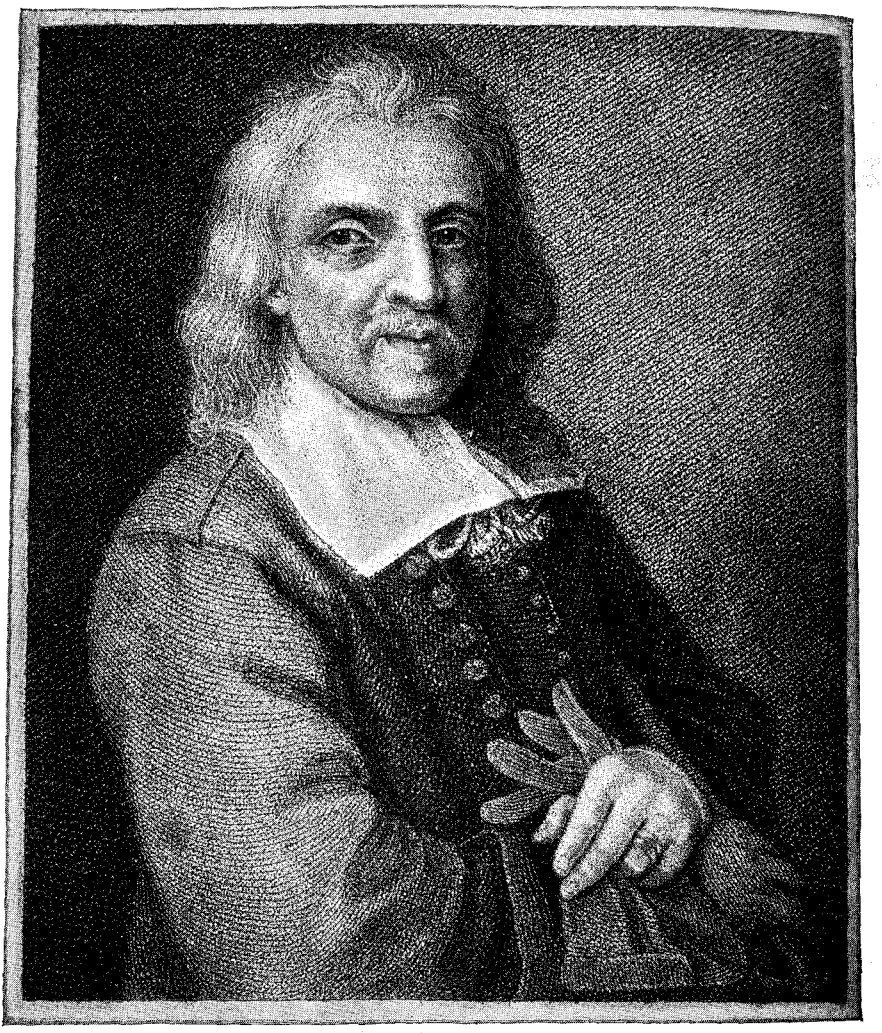

Portrait of Izaak Walton.
(From a photograph of the painting by Hausman in possession of Mrs. Hawes at Salisbury.)

opinion that the "half-shop" was merely an office, while the business itself was carried on elsewhere.

In 1626, when in his thirty-third year, Walton married his first wife, a Miss Rachel Floud or Flood, or Floyd, by whom he had seven children. No incident of his married life with this lady is anywhere recorded; but that he had much sorrow to put to the test his natural sweetness and cheerfulness, may be gathered from the fact that he not only lost all the offspring of this marriage, but at the end of sixteen years had likewise to mourn her death. Childless and a widower, Walton was now in his forty-seventh year, and it was probably to direct his mind away from his domestic afflictions that he essayed to publish the first of his famous lives, viz., that of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, along with a collection of the sermons of that well-known divine and poet. Three years later, though only arrived at what many regard as the meridian of life and effort, Walton relinquished business and, with a fair competency acquired, we may rest assured, honestly and diligently, left London to reside near Stafford, his native place.

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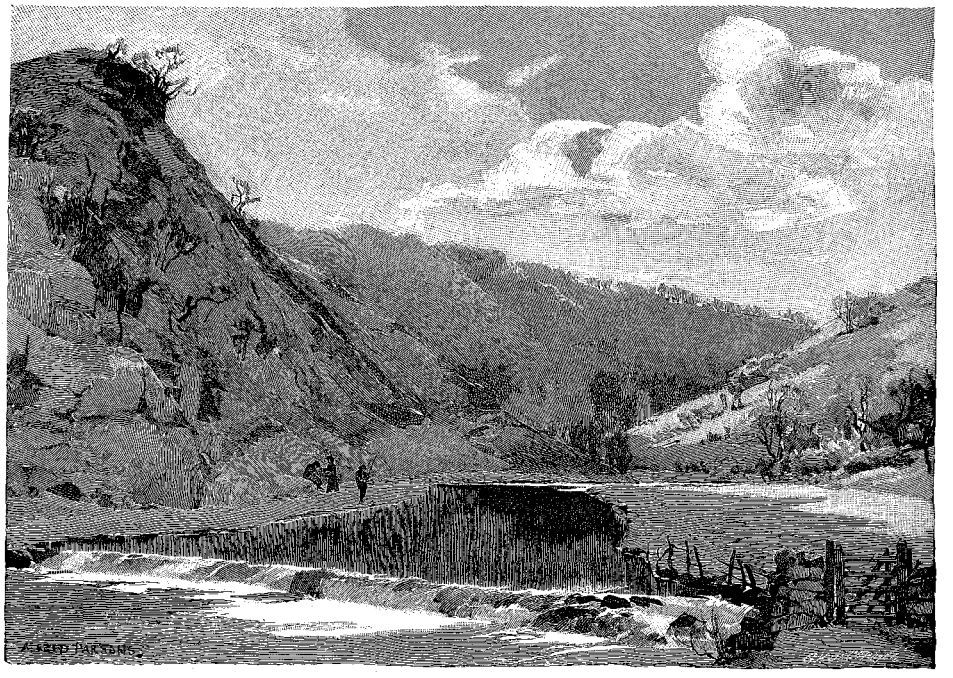

Entrance to Dovedale, Looking up the Valley.

During the period of his London life, Walton must have fore-gathered with not a few notable and worthy men. He appears to have had a special genius for forming friendships with men of really high and representative character. The attraction was perhaps as much on his side, and indeed, we are told by one chronicler (Dr. Zouche) that "such were his manners and deportment that he classed among his friends the first and most illustrious of his contemporaries." Nor was Walton less fortunate in his social connections. The times in which he lived were times of gloomy suspicion, of danger and distress, when a severe scrutiny into the public and private behavior of men established a rigid discrimination of character. He must therefore be allowed to have possessed a peculiar excellency of disposition; and the singular circumspection which he observed in the choice of his acquaintances has not escaped the notice of Mr. Cotton, who says: 'My father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing that I have not yet found him weary of me;'" a testimony otherwise amply confirmed and referred to later on.

While, on the one hand, there are these credible data respecting Walton's successful career in London, to the angler, who is eager to know something, outside of tradition and beyond mere surmise, of the master's doings by his beloved Lea, whither he often repaired in the intervals of business, history is most illiberal. We can only believe that he pursued his favorite pastime with all diligence, for he acquired that expertness in it which subsequently made him so famous. His proximity to the Thames and its upper waters afforded to a man with such ardor for fishing all the opportunities essential for becoming a successful sportsman and reliable guide. In those days, as indeed to some extent even yet, the higher Thames and the many feeders of that royal river—notably the Lea at Wareham, some twenty miles from Lon-

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don, which claimed the particular patronage of Walton—formed the chief resort of anglers from the metropolis. And when we reflect on the fact that most of the wayfaring then had to be done on foot, the knights of the gentle art, with their varied and oftentimes burdensome paraphernalia, must have been, to tramp that distance, liberally endowed with patience and endurance. These qualities at least were conspicuous in Walton, and, in all probability, more highly developed in him during his meanderings between Fleet Street and the Lea, than at any other time. The growing inspiration of the "Complete Angler" was, no doubt, often present within him on those days of travel, but it was only after the close of his London career and his retiring from active life, that we may suppose its idea actually to have developed.

The neighborhood of his native town was admirably adapted for stimulating it. Within a limit of twenty-five or thirty miles of Stafford, he had the choice of at least half a dozen first-rate streams in which to practise. There were, for instance, the Soar, the Tame, the Sow, the Idle, the Derwent, and last, but not least, the ever-glorious Dove. It was a fortunate matter for posterity that the buying and selling of his linen stuffs on Cornhill did not by one jot abate his youthful enthusiasm nurtured amid such opportunities.

But when or where the "Complete Angler" was actually conceived, planned, and written can only be surmised. Possibly the work had been taking shape in his fancy for many years, to be saved for his leisure on the small estate which he bought near Stafford on his retirement in 1643, where we are told "his companions were some friends, a book, a cheerful heart, and an innocent conscience." What a change from London to a man of his temperament! That city he declared, after he left it, however, to be "a place dangerous for honest men," and no doubt he was glad to turn his back upon it since, according to a biographer, "his loyalty had made him obnoxious to the ruling powers." Whatever the circumstances of the actual writing of the "Complete Angler," that occupation did not prevent Walton's marrying for the second time. This happy event took place about 1646, the lady he then wedded being Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells.*

The Old Mill at Dovedale.

In 1653 the work was published in London and, as shown on the title-page,

* Two children only were the issue of this union—a son and a daughter.

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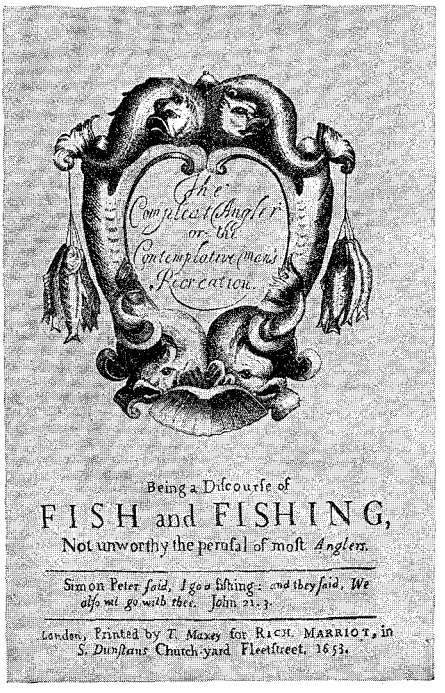
a fac-simile of which is here produced, was printed by "T. Maxey for Rich. Marriot." No doubt this was the event of Walton's life, and, along with the publication of Hobbe's "Leviathan," was probably the literary event of that year. In what a quarrelling and fighting time was this most peaceful book brought forth! What a noise and tumult then filled all England! Four years previously, King Charles I. had been executed, a tragedy which, in the words of John Richard Green, "sent a thrill of horror throughout Europe." Then followed the proclamation of the Commonwealth and Cromwell's invasion of Scotland. The battles of Dunbar and Worcester, in 1650 and 1651 respectively, and the outbreak of the Dutch war in the following year, were events enough to turn the minds of men from contemplative themes and peaceful recreations. Strange, therefore, that this quaint book, with its suggestive sub-title, should have been hatched and given to the world in such a time of clangor and clashing of swords!


The
Compleat Angler
or the
Contemplative mans
Recreation
Being a Discourse of
FISH and FISHING,
Not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers.
Simon Peter said, I go a fishing: and they said, We also wil go with thee. John 21. 3.
London, Printed by T. Maxey for RICH. MARRIOT, in S. Dunstans Church-yard Fleetstreet. 1653.

Fac-simile of the Title-page of the First Edition.

Stranger still, that it should at once have found such general favor as to make necessary the publication of a second edition two years later. Yet such was the fact, testifying surely to the immediate recognition of its rare literary worth, its sterling descriptive beauty, and its fascination.

A part of the immediate popularity of the "Complete Angler," was, of course, its subject, apart from its intrinsic qualities. It was the first really serviceable work on angling ever published in England. Not, indeed, the first "practical" treatise, not even the first "contemplative" book on the subject of angling, for the honor of the authorship of that unique literary curiosity belongs—hear it, ye gallant knights of the angle!—to a lady! This personage was none other than the Dame Juliana Bernars, or Berners, the austere Prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans. This doughty dame flourished more than a century before Walton's time, and from all accounts was as celebrated for her delight in all true English sport as for her learning and piety—a female Admirable Crichton in many respects. Of this singular production, called "The Treatise of Fysshing with an Angle," or, as it came to be more popularly known afterward, "The Book of St. Albans," space will not permit more than a brief extract as a taste of its quality, and as a sample of her ladyship's kindly views on the subject of the gentle art. In a chapter dealing with the many excellencies of fishing as compared with other popular sports of the time, our noble authoress saith: "If in fysshing his sport fail him, the angler atte the leest hath his holsom walke and is mery atte his ease, a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede floures that maketh him hungry: he heareth the melodyous armony of fowles: he seeth the young swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other foules with theyr brodes: whych me seemeth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blasts of hornes and the scrytt of foules that hunters, fawkeners and fowlers doe make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely, thenne, is there noo man merrier than he is in his apytyte." How much Walton was indebted

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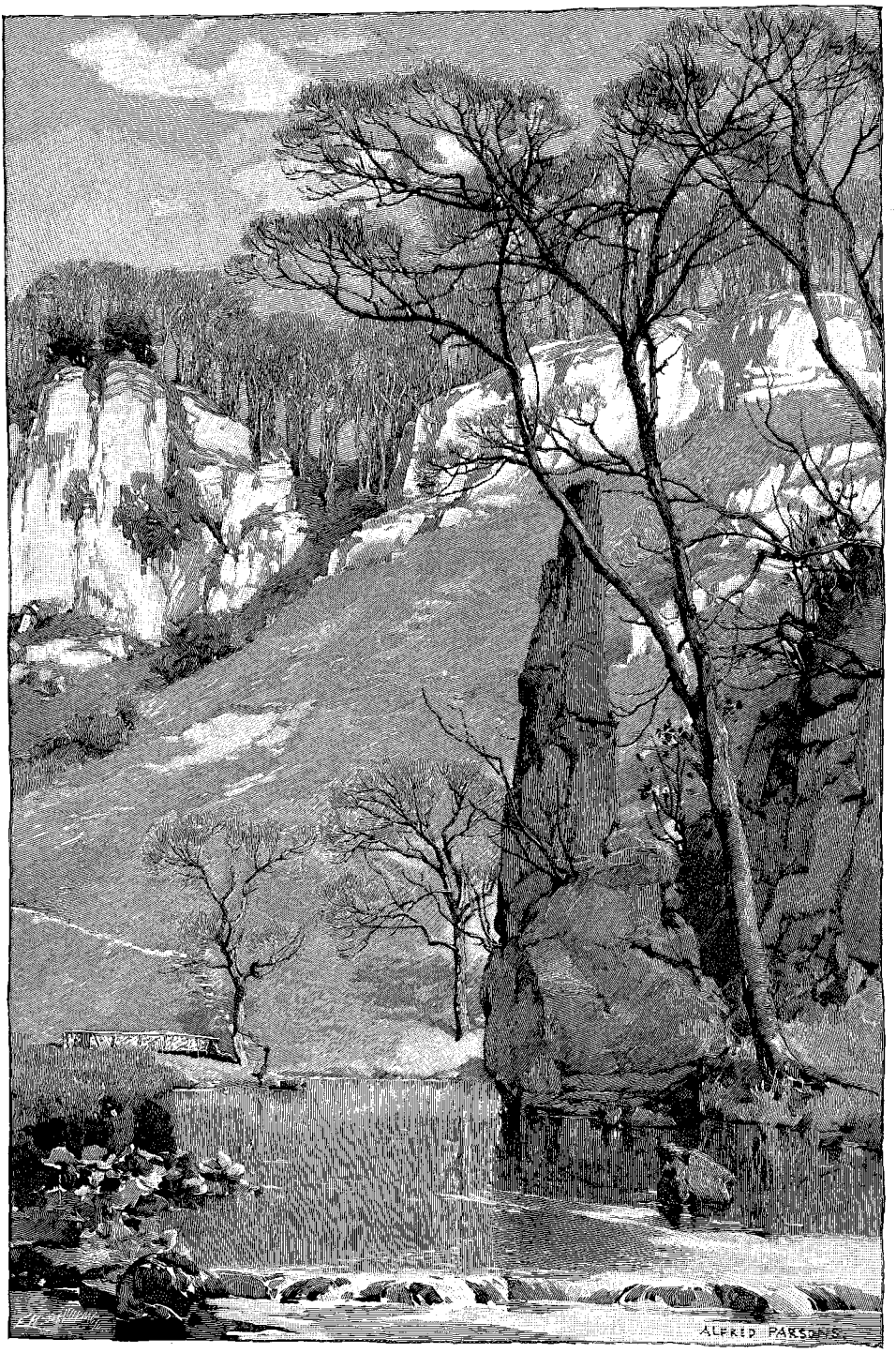

DRAWN BY ALFRED PARSONS. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

Pike's Pool, Beresford Dale.

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Charles Cotton, Walton's Adopted Son.
(Author of a second part of the "Complete Angler," published with the fifth edition, 1676.)

to Dame Berners's "Treatise," it is impossible to say, but from one or two correspondences between the two writers, it is obvious that Walton must have been familiar with the book.

Up to the time, therefore, of the publication of the "Complete Angler," there was really no work in existence to serve as a vade-mecum for those whose favorite sport was "to take fysshe," and for whom "the blastes of hornes and the scrytt of foules" were but

> "As sounds that sting the tender sense
> With their discordant revel,
> That bid no pain or passion hence,
> But only raise the devil!"

There is no wonder that the book was so quickly resorted to on its publication. As originally issued in 1653, the "Complete Angler" was wholly the work of Izaak Walton, while the next three editions of it, which were published respectively in 1655, 1661, and 1668 (so rapidly did it find favor) received additional chapters from the same pen. "Auceps," one of the brotherhood of the Conference, was not in the first, but was admitted to the second edition. To the fifth edition (1676) a second part was added, the writer of which was Walton's adopted son and brother angler, Charles Cotton, whose personal worth to Walton, on his

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own testimony, at least, has been referred to. Cotton's addition to the "Complete Angler" added very considerably to the value of the work, especially because in its "Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream," much practical tuition in the art of fly-fishing is given to the reader. Walton himself, it is said, had but little proficiency in that branch of the art. As an imitation of his "most worthy father and friend's" literary accomplishment, Cotton's contribution left nothing to be desired; and so the two friends became closely linked together in a renown that will last while rivers run. How suggestive of this is the simple memorial of their friendship, in the quaint interlocking, lover-like, of the initials of their names! Their book was now "complete" in the most literal sense, and no further changes were made upon it by either Walton or Cotton, the former being then in his eighty-third year.

Cotton's Fishing Cottage—Beresford Dale.

Izaak Walton's title to an honorable seat among the immortals of English literature was long ago recognized as clear and undisputable. Lord Byron, it is true, sought in his own cavalier fashion to oust the kindly old man from this dignity; and even the redoubtable "great Cham" took the pains to grunt a dissent to the claims of "the gentle art" as being adapted for only "gentle" folks. Doctor Johnson's bark was, however, often more to be feared than his bite, and one edition, at least, of the Complete Angler, that published in 1750, was due to his sympathy with the book. But what have the Byrons and Johnsons *et hoc genus omne* to do in an appreciation of this kind? Both were inherently deficient in more than one important quality necessary to make a true angler, and so they discredited a pastime for which the one man had no patience, and the other not over-much of that true Waltonian gentleness that ever shrinks from the jostle of Fleet Street. Unquestionably, "Old Izaak," as his followers delight to call him, has won the regard and reverence of many generations of anglers throughout the world, not so much because of the literary merit of his book, though that is great, as because of the influence of that rare, restful, humanizing spirit which so largely pervades it. It is for this that the "Complete Angler" occupies, and will, in all likelihood, continue to do so for many and many a day to come, a unique place among the best of our English literature. To all lovers of angling, at any rate, it will never cease to be a classic or to body forth the delightfully unalloyed personality of the writer. Of course, few learners have consulted the

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book for practical guidance. Compared with a really modern handbook of angling, like Stewart's or Pennell's, or that of Francis, the Complete Angler is, perhaps, to the followers of that art what, say, the Book of Tobit might be, in these days, to evangelical "fishers of men" of the school of Wesley or of Spurgeon. "A quaint and curious volume," in all truth, to be read rather at the fireside than on the road to Loch-Leven or to the Tay. Just imagine a New Brunswick angler harking away over the hills to the Restigouche, expecting, by the help

THE ANGLER'S SONG.
Set by H. Lawes
Man's life is but vain; For 'tis subject to
pain, And sor row, and short as a bubble. 'Tis a
hodge podge of bus' ness, and mo ney, and care; and
care, and mo ney, and trou ble. But
we'll take no care, When the wea ther proves
fair, Nor will we vex now tho it rain; We'll
banish all sor row, and sing till to mor row, and
an gle and an gle a gain.

The Angler's Song with the Original Music.

of its lore, to tackle and extract from that prime river a beauty of thirty pounds! Few anglers with these ambitions filling their breasts would ever dream of consulting that venerable volume, with all its kindliness, to know how to fulfil them. New editions of it, some of them *de luxe*, are nevertheless called for from time to time, and as a matter of fact, from Walton's day till now over a hundred have been issued.

The quaint dialogue-form of the "Complete Angler," by means of which the student is admitted to the secrets of that art was, perhaps, the best that Walton could have chosen for the exposition of his theme. But, to present-day readers at all events, the Conferences between "Piscator," "Venator," "Auceps" and the interesting country-folk they encounter, are at times just a trifle prolonged and tedious, and rather over-weighted with philosophic and sentimental "saws." Moreover, they oftentimes lack that "spirit" or "go" which so distinguishes that capital companion-work to the Complete Angler, viz., the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Christopher North, our Scottish Walton, one of the keenest and most daring anglers that ever "footed it" over mead or heather, and as ardent a lover of mountain air and the glorious license thereof as ever breathed.

Yet there is a quality in Walton's writing that overcomes all drawbacks; a quality to which surely no better testimony could be offered than that of Washington Irving in the "Sketch Book:" "For my part I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely 'satisfied the sentiment,' and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that 'angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it.' I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair and passed the day under trees reading Old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. . . . But, above all, I recollect the 'good, honest, wholesome, hungry' repast which we made under a beech-tree, just by a spring of pure sweet water that stole out of the side of a hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the Milk-maid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in a bright pile of clouds until I fell asleep."

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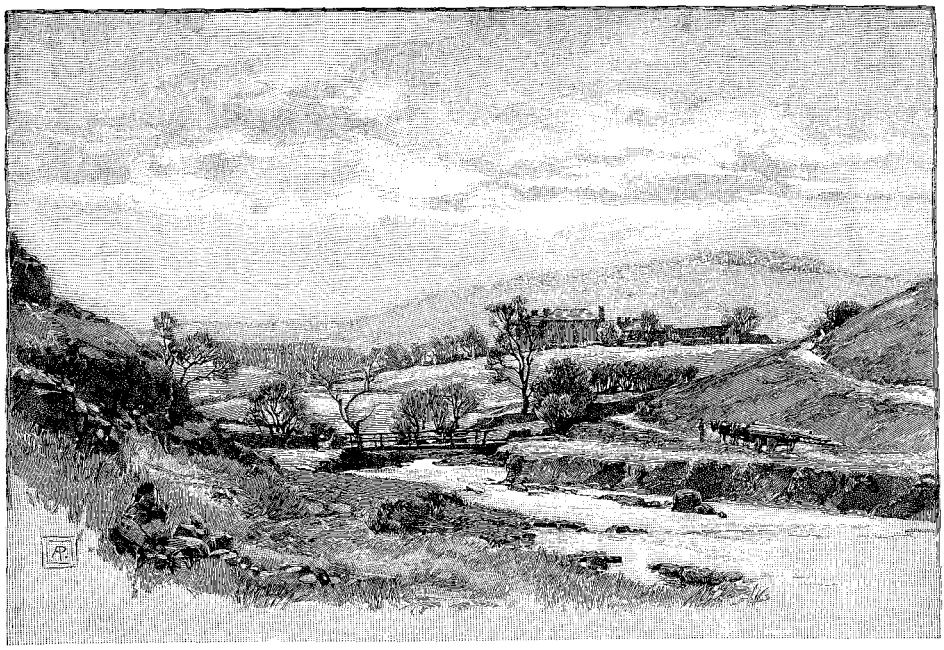

The Izaak Walton Inn at the Entrance to Dovedale.

As the more lasting value of Walton's literary achievements belongs to the "Complete Angler," so, in all probability, will the great mass of his admirers prefer to associate his angling exploits with the Dove rather than with the Lea, or with any other stream which he has made classic. Yet it is both true and strange that in his own part of the pastoral he refers but twice to the Dove, and that quite incidentally. The reason for this is apparently (first), that the *locale* of the pastoral was away in another part of England, and (secondly), that up to the time of the actual writing of the "Complete Angler," Walton's familiarity with the famous Derbyshire stream was but little to what it became on the commencement of the friendship between himself and Charles Cotton. It was reserved for Cotton, the writer of the second part of the book, to introduce the unrivalled beauties of the Dove to the notice of the reader, and for him to whet the appetites of generations of anglers for a taste of its pleasures.

Cotton was born in 1630, and was thus just forty-three years the junior of Walton. His father was a man of estate and uncommon mental accomplishments. His mother belonged to a well-known Derbyshire family, which included among its possessions the estates of Beresford and Euson in that county, the former being in close proximity to the quaint old town of Ashbourne (Dr. Johnson, it is said, wrote his "Rasselas" here), and near to the river Dove. Young Cotton was sent to Cambridge about the usual age, where, we are told, "he did not betake himself to any lucrative profession," and, on returning home, "addicted himself to the lighter kind of study and the improvement of a talent in poetry of which he found himself possessed."

To a youth thus precariously equipped in the matter of profession, and with a love for the muse, it might readily be imagined how strong were the allurements of such a romantic stream as the Dove, with its manifold and varied windings and picturesque pauses, that added such a charm to the family acres. Here, surely, was ample enough inducement to encourage his "talent." Whatever his actual accomplishment in that line up to the time of his twenty-sixth year, viz., in 1656, there can be no doubt of the fact that in that

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year he believed himself to be fully able to maintain a wife, for he then married, albeit "he had neither patrimony nor visible means of subsisting." The lady he espoused was Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchison, of Owthorpe, in the county of Nottingham. The death of his father, which occurred about two years afterward, put him in possession of the family estate. From this time forth, Cotton appears to have followed a literary vein, the product being chiefly pamphlets, translations, poems on sundry topics, and last, though by no means least, his famous contribution to the "Complete Angler." But for this last-named accomplishment, the other writings of Cotton must have been long ago forgotten, except, haply, by the antiquarian or relique-hunter.

When and how Cotton and Walton first became acquainted is only a matter for conjecture, but it was most likely after the publication of the first edition of the "Complete Angler." The fame of that book had, we may be sure, spread quickly to Derbyshire, and the Beresford family would be among its first readers and warmest admirers. Perhaps the author himself was already known to the elder Cotton, who was then still living; or perhaps an invitation to partake of the Beresford hospitalities—including, of course, a trial of skill on the Dove—had already been proffered and accepted. Be that as it may, Walton's peregrinations to and from this unrivalled angling resort continued at least up till his eighty-third year. Admitted to the full liberty and privacy of that superb stream (a fishing house was built on its banks expressly to commemorate the friendship of the brother anglers), as it coursed its way through the extensive Beresford demesnes, we can well imagine Walton's thankfulness and delight. Here, mile on mile he might wander, taking as he goes on

> "Here and there a lusty trout,
> And here and there a grayling,"

his eyes every now and again lighting upon some new bit of scenery such as have made the Peak and its surroundings so famous. At "Pike Pool," for instance, a favorite haunt, we can fancy how young Cotton would venture (a day in April) to give Master Walton a wrinkle or two in the art of fly-fishing, which the latter would receive with all meekness and gratitude. But an imaginary following in the wake of the two worthies of the rod and reel would require an entire idle midsummer day.

The high praise that is the due of the "Complete Angler" cannot be extended to Walton's other writings, though his "Lives" of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson are, as might be expected from this generous-minded man, models of their kind in point of tenderness of regard and intensity of admiration for their respective subjects. It is only fair to say, however, that this biographical undertaking was in no way the deliberate design of Izaak Walton, but was thrust upon him by a mere accident, which, according to Major, happened thus:

"Walton became an author by chance. Sir Henry Wotton had undertaken to write the life of Dr. Donne, and had requested Walton to assist him in collecting materials for that purpose; but Sir Henry dying before it was completed, Walton undertook it himself."

Indeed, it appears, according to the authority of Izaak Walton himself, that Wotton also may have been connected with the suggestion of the "Complete Angler." "Sir Henry Wotton, a dear lover of this Art, has told me that his intentions were to write a Discourse of the Art, and in praise of angling. And doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry: for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned Angler had seen some better Treatise of his Art, a Treatise that might have proved worthy his perusal; which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English." Such is the modest confession of our author as contained in his dedication of the "Complete Angler" "To The Right Worshipful John Offley, Esq., of Madely Manor, in the County of Stafford, *My Most Honoured Friend.*"

The claims on the regard of posterity of such men as Dr. Donne, Richard

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Hooker, and George Herbert will, no doubt, always be held in remembrance; but with respect to men like Sir Henry Wotton or Bishop Sanderson, however highly esteemed these were by their contemporaries, even Walton's pleading can do no more than make us admit all that has been placed on record both as to their learning and personal worthiness. With Dr. Donne, and when that divine was Dean of Saint Paul's, Walton was on terms of close friendship, and it was possibly on that account that Sir Henry Wotton bequeathed to Walton the unaccomplished task of writing his life. Besides having been a prolific sermon-writer (many of whose "discourses," it may be supposed, were heard by Walton when resident in London), Dr. Donne was the author of a "Discourse on Suicide," a volume of verse distinguished more for the author's piety and erudition than for poetical force and originality, etc. His merits were such as to have called forth the high encomiums of George Herbert, between whom and Dr. Donne a long-abiding friendship existed. But with all his accomplishments and opportunities, Donne nevertheless contracted an unhappy marriage which broke his spirit and brought his career all too soon to an end; for he was only fifty-eight when he died, when Walton was in his London hey-day.

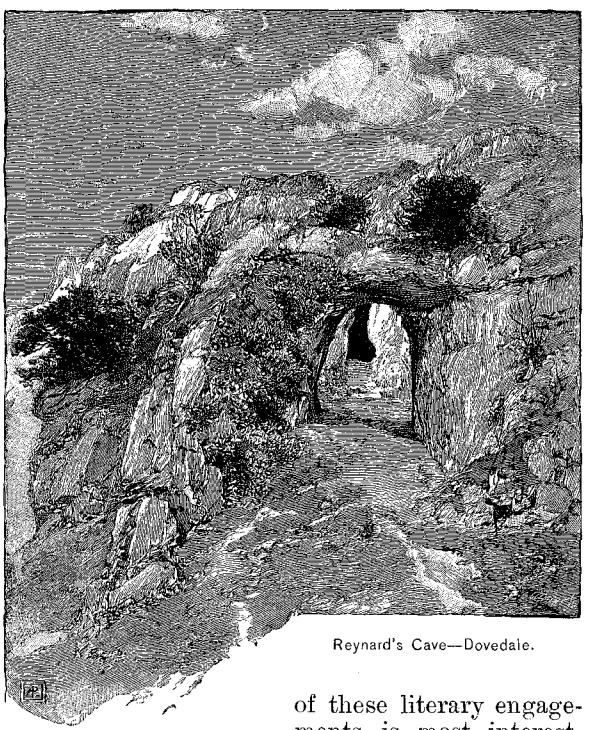
The name of George Herbert needs no recall to all lovers of true religious poetry. The possibility of an association of the writer of

"Sweet Day, so *cool*, so *calm*, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

with the devout and contemplative author of the "Complete Angler," is strikingly suggestive. And yet, in his introduction to his "Life of Herbert," Walton admits that he never knew that "saintly writer" personally, and indeed "only saw him once."

For his being included in this remarkable biographical quintette of English worthies, Richard Hooker, the author of the "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," is indebted entirely to Walton's admiration for that powerful work, and not, as in the other cases, to any regard for or personal friendship with the subject of the "Life." Hooker died in the year 1600, when only in his forty-seventh year, and when Walton was but a boy of seven.

Taking these "Lives" together, they form a worthy monument of Walton's untiring industry and patient diligence, even in a department of mental activity to which he was but accidentally introduced. The picture of the hale old man, with the more active period of his life left far behind him, yet still finding a zest for existence in the undertaking



Reynard's Cave—Dovedale.

of these literary engagements, is most interesting. One needs to follow his career but a little further, and note—in his Last Will and Testament—that he has at length (August 9, 1683) arrived at his ninetieth milestone on Life's

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highway, fast nearing his journey's end, but still blest with "perfect memory, for which God be praised." A few months later, his steps falter and fail altogether.

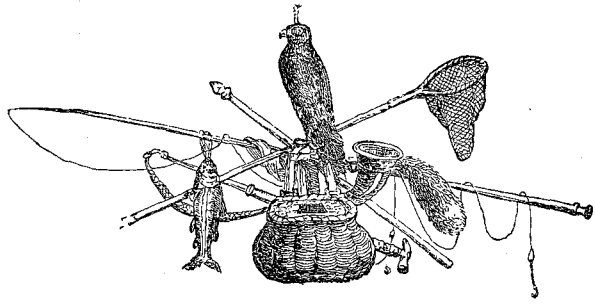
His death took place at Winchester, on the 15th day of December in the same year, while he was staying with Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of the Cathedral, within the precincts of which his remains were buried.

The following is the inscription, on a large black, flat marble stone to his memory:

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR. ISAAC WALTON
WHO DYED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER
1683.

ALAS! HE'S GONE BEFORE
GONE TO RETURN NO MORE
OUR PANTING BREASTS ASPIRE
AFTER THEIR AGED SIRE,
WHOSE WELL-SPENT LIFE DID LAST
FULL NINETY YEARS AND PAST
BUT NOW HE HATH BEGUN
THAT WHICH WILL NE'ER BE DONE
CROWNED WITH ETERNAL BLISS
WE WISH OUR SOULS WITH HIS.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI!



MOONRISE.

By J. Russell Taylor.

I HEAR the wizard frogs chant from the mire,
And all those voices of the night—
The shrill-pulsating insect rhymes,
The ceaseless rhythm of cricket-chimes:
Low in the east a silent light
Grows up the night's thin-ringing noon;
Then on the stream a thousand eyes of fire
Come out to see the moon.

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A THACKERAY MANUSCRIPT IN HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

By T. R. Sullivan.

BY gift of Mr. Leslie Stephen the Library of Harvard College acquired, in May, 1892, the original manuscript of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers." Mr. Stephen, it will be remembered, married the novelist's younger daughter, whose death occurred in the year 1875; and desiring that Harvard should possess some memorial of Thackeray, he expressed the kindly wish to his friend, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who, at the same time, was asked to choose between this manuscript and that of "The Orphan of Pimlico." The latter contained a number of the author's drawings (which have been published in facsimile) while the former has but two pencil sketches. Diverting as these illustrations always are, the text was the main point for consideration; and, its text being incontestably the more important and characteristic of the two, Mr. Norton, after taking counsel which confirmed his own judgment, chose the "Roundabout Papers."

The volume is of large quarto size, simply bound in boards which are somewhat worn and battered. The slips of manuscript are chiefly half sheets of note-paper, carefully guarded and mounted upon numbered pages. These numbers, together with a few marginal notes and a table of contents on the fly-leaf, were added in a hand resembling Thackeray's, but certainly not his; and still another hand appears for a page or two in the text itself. A few slips are missing, while seven of the thirty-four papers figure only in the table of contents. But all the rest is here; and, with the trifling exceptions noted above, all is Thackeray's own. Here is the fine, even hand, familiar now to all the world, sometimes perfectly clear and legible, sometimes blurred, blotted, and confused by many corrections; disfigured everywhere by the thumbing of compositors whose names are roughly scrawled in pencil upon it—proof positive, if any were needed, that this is the actual copy which passed through the printer's hands.

The copy of the "Roundabout Papers" varies much, not only in size and shape, but also in the marks and devices which are stamped upon it—sometimes in color, so that they immediately attract the eye. Here, for instance, is paper of the Garrick Club; here, the Minerva head of the *Athenæum*. These sheets are addressed "Palace Green, Kensington, W.," and these "36 Onslow Square." Over and over again recur the wheat-sheaf and crossed sickles of the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which these articles first appeared, many of them under Thackeray's own editorship; and one article begins on the back of that printed slip by which his rejected contributors were notified (most courteously) that their work was found unsuitable. Once or twice the paper bears the author's cipher in brilliant blue under a crest formed by a crown, sceptre, and lance with blood-stained point ingeniously combined. These and other marks of minor interest often follow one another in the course of the same article. and give the clearest evidence that Thackeray had no stated time and place for writing this monthly paper. On the contrary, it is plain that he began his essay wherever his first thought happened to strike him, in the club, at home or at the editor's table, plunging into the opening paragraphs then and there, and leaving their continuation to the next leisure moment. Occasionally, there are traces of the little difficulty in beginning to which all writers are subject. Several titles, too, are changed, some of them more than once. For example, his first paper, "On a Lazy Idle Boy," which opens with a reference to Lucius, patron saint of *Cornhill*, began under this heading: ~~On the statue of~~

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~~Saint Lucius and~~; "De Juventute" was first called "On George and the Snap Dragon," then "On George and the Dragon;" and "De Finibus" he transformed for a while into "On a Printer's Boy with Copy," afterward restoring its original title.

The last paragraph of this same "De Finibus" is among the missing slips; that most touching series of reflections "Concerning Endings," written when his own end was very near, here breaks off abruptly without an end. The closing words, as they stand in print, are these:

"Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun."

The absence of these lines from the manuscript is accounted for in an interesting way. Long ago, the author of "Rab and his Friends," Dr. John Brown, in an article on "Thackeray's Death," called attention to the note of presentiment that pervades "De Finibus," and followed up his comment upon it with a passage that seems most fitting to be quoted now in full:

"He sent the proof of this paper to his 'dear neighbors' in Onslow Square, to whom he owed so much almost daily pleasure, with his corrections, the whole of the last paragraph in MS., and above a first sketch of it also in MS., which is fuller and more impassioned. His fear of 'enthusiastic writing' had led him, we think, to sacrifice something of the sacred power of his first words, which we give with its interlineations:

"'Another Finis, another slice of life which *Tempus edax* has devoured! And I may have to write the word once or twice perhaps, and then an end of Ends. ~~Finite is over, and Infinite beginning.~~ Oh the troubles, the cares, disputes
the *ennui*, the ~~complications,~~ the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again, and here and there, and oh the delightful passages, the dear, the brief, the forever remembered! ~~And then~~ A few chapters more, and then the last, and then behold Finis itself coming to an end and the Infinite beginning!"

Nearly thirty years have passed since the Infinite began for Thackeray. And his fame on earth is undiminished, strengthened even by the admiration of younger hosts from year to year enrolled in the great army of his readers. Honored as he was in life, he could never have imagined how the honors would endure and grow; how his letters would be valued, his hasty sketches reproduced; and with what tenderness any lines of his handiwork would come to be regarded. It seems almost unfair to read between such lines too closely. Where the thought itself has undergone no change and its last expression is obviously the best, however curious the process of correction may prove to the professional writer, the reader, naturally, will prefer to keep the phrase in his mind as the author decided that it should stand. But in looking at a manuscript one always has the hope of discovering passages, like that just cited, in which the changes are worthy of note; passages also, there may be, which were omitted merely for want of space; particularly when the space is defined, as in the present case, by the limits of a magazine. Bearing this in mind, let us turn these pages, so familiar and yet so unfamiliar, carefully, reverently, as the good doctor of Edinburgh himself would have turned them.

But here, on the very first page is the first discovery—a delightful one which seems to bring us, all at once, face to face with Thackeray. The slip evidently lay on the top of the pile, and has suffered in consequence much discoloration. Yet under the words a little pencil drawing can still be made out. This is, unquestionably, Saint Lucius, the patron of *Cornhill* whom the paragraph describes. "In the cathedral at Chur, his statue appears surrounded by other sainted persons of his family. With tight red breeches, a Roman habit, a curly, brown beard, and a neat little gilt crown and sceptre, he stands, a very comely and cheerful image." Was the portrait taken on the spot, one wonders, at Chur in the Grisons? or was it made from memory at

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the moment of beginning the article in London? The paper, with its floral device of some maker unknown, does not help us to determine this; but the drawing—Thackeray's, of course—is probably a part of his first scheme for the illustrated initial letter of the magazine page. When the title was changed, the Lazy Idle Boy took his place beside the "upright and independent vowel," which oftener than any other begins the Roundabout discourse; and this charming little figure was elbowed out to lie perdu under his own paragraph, unused and, if not forgotten, remembered only in the chronicle of time wasted. Unfortunately the drawing has proved too faint to be reproduced here, even if all our modern processes were brought to bear upon it, unless its delicate outlines should be strengthened; and, even in Saint Lucius's own cause, such an act of irreverence would be inadmissible.

Turning the leaves with one hand and holding the printed book in the other, we find some erased lines which delay us for a moment near the end of "De Juventute." He has been speaking of travel before railways were invented, of coaches and their guards. Then follows this:

"If you young men fancy they were like conductors of omnibuses you are very much mistaken—why I remember a guard . . . but guards and coaches are a part of youth which cannot be dismissed in this flippant, off-hand manner—and I look forward to making some remarks regarding them next month."

He decided not to print this foreshadowing of his next subject, and its unpublished promise was never quite fulfilled. He did not tell the story of the guard. But the subject remained in his mind, nevertheless. And the paper immediately following this one begins with an allusion, half-serious, half-playful, to earlier years. "With my face to the past," he says, "I sit and think in my hobby-coach under Time, the silver-wigged charioteer." So he goes on, pensively turned backward through another page, before proceeding to discuss the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," which were published at this time (1860). Nothing of importance was omitted here; but here, as elsewhere, we cannot help observing the pains he took to find the right word. Adjectives and adverbs enter and depart to disappear absolutely, or to be recalled for service, it may be with a difference. In such matters he is fastidious and willing to make repeated trials for the best. A good illustration of this persistence occurs in the paper, "On Being Found Out," where he tells the amusing anecdote of the Abbé's first penitent. We see here that the clerical incumbent was first called Chatterbox, then Perroquet, then Caquatois, and finally, as he appeared in type, the Abbé Kakatoes. Essays have been written upon the felicitous names which Thackeray bestows upon the minor characters who glide in and out of his work like a chorus; and it is pleasant to come unexpectedly upon this indication of his care in selecting them.

The essay "On Two Roundabout Papers Which I Intended to Write" has three omitted passages, all relating to an attempted crime in one of the narrow, quiet streets leading from the Strand to the river.

"Do the lodgers," he wonders, "fire at each other across the street; crack at each others' heads as they look out of window; wing the baker at the door as he delivers the evening muffin; playfully knock over the tray on which the shoulder of mutton and baked potatoes come home on Sundays; or take 'pot-shots' at the boy of that name as he delivers the daily pewter? The bodies are left to lie about during the day; and at night are taken up and carried out by the water-gate, which I dare say we have admired as we pass along the Thames. Are murders done every day, and do a hundred thousand people every day pass the door while they are done?"

In the preceding paragraph the pen is drawn lightly through another sentence. (He had devoted a former paper to "Ogres," and the possibility of their actual existence again occurs to him.)

"When you left home in the morning you little thought that *domus*, that *placens uxor*, those smiling cherubs were to be seen no more, and that you would end your existence in a pie."

Farther on in the same paragraph there is also an omission:

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"Pray what is there impossible in tall cannibals? The six-foot volunteers are all tall, who, I trust, will eat our enemies up if they land. We have some very tall contributors to the magazine, and a print of one photograph caricature of one of them has lately been published, in which he appears in a simious, anthropophagous, and odious attitude and occupation."

That this refers to himself we have already guessed; but the fact is recorded in so many words at the end of the printed paper. All London was then talking of Du Chaillu and his African book, and Thackeray had been caricatured as "A Literary Gorilla."

In "Notes of a Week's Holiday" he lingers long over the Dutch pictures —the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Vander Helst — and alludes to the slender money-return of the painter for works which have become priceless treasures. "If cost price be your criterion of worth," he adds, "what shall we say to that little receipt for 10*l.* for the copyright of 'Paradise Lost,' which used to hang in old Mr. Rogers's room?" Then follows in the manuscript this suggestive passage, unfinished and all erased; no doubt, because the question of length came up, and he felt that he had wandered from the point a little:

"Suppose an author were to go down the Row with proposals for publishing an epic in 12 books? What price would he get for it now? Suppose he were to go to *Macmillan's Magazine*, suppose he were to bring 'Comus' to 65 Cornhill? Ah, if he would try us with 'Lycidas!' If he would show us 'Penseroso' or 'L'Allegro!' You say there is no man alive now who can wield that pen? My dear sir, not in Britain—but in an island adjacent to Britain—"

From "Nil Nisi Bonum" two short sentences are crossed out, and both of them we are glad to read. He has been writing of the honors paid to Washington Irving in England, and continues: "Let the Americans remember well with what an eager magnanimity men of merit are received here." For this strong injunction he substitutes a simple statement of the fact. Then, on the next page, after alluding to Irving's untold love-story, he suppresses this line altogether: "One fancies the kindly, simple, smiling boy advancing and laying a flower or two on a grave."

We come next to the essay "On Half a Loaf," relating to the famous "Trent Affair," which almost brought the United States into war with England in the dark December days of 1861. The wave of feeling between the two countries had not subsided when the "Roundabout Papers" came out in book form; and this paper was accordingly excluded from the first American edition. Since that time we have permitted ourselves to read and re-read it; now, looking at its interlineations, we smile and wonder if the long-forgotten danger ever really threatened us. Here is one fragment of a paragraph that never went to press:

"The captain who took four men from under a British flag in an unarmed ship has done no great feat. A steamer on the Thames might run down a wherry, and there would be no talk amongst us of the steamer's heroism or courage. A President, Council, and Minister of State who have received prisoners unlawfully seized; who have consigned them to gaol; who have kept them there until a powerful remonstrance backed by some threat of a display of ulterior violence, and then have set the prisoners free—I say these men are acting with a courage that creates surprise. I have read of a man capturing—a snuff-box, let us say; pocketing the trifle amidst the applause of surrounding legists, and finally giving——"

And here, on the same page, is an alteration of some significance; in print, he says:

"My reader, perhaps, has been in America. If he has, he knows what good people are to be found there; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous. But it is not the voices of these you hear in the roar of hate, defiance, folly, falsehood, which comes to us across the Atantlic. *You can't hear gentle voices; very many who could speak are afraid.*"

The words we have marked with italics replace these, which even Americans can bear to read now:

"The gentle people are quiet; some of the wise people are timid and truckle. I saw nothing more painful in America

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than the moral timidity of men whom we may call men of station."

There are lovers of Thackeray who hold the Roundabout Paper "On a Peal of Bells" dearer than all the rest. It has no tinge of sadness; and he has put much of himself into this confidential talk about old novels and their heroes and heroines. Its original draft is interlined and corrected throughout, but no sentence was rejected. The verbal changes, however, make us pause a little. "Amo Saladin," he says, "and the Scotch Knight in the 'Talisman.' The Sultan best." For "Sultan" he wrote "Scotch Knight" first; and, after calling Leather-stocking "better than any one in the whole heroic catalogue," he abbreviated the last four words into "Scott's lot." He left some pages blank for a long scene from "Evelina," which was afterward inserted in his own hand, but apparently not with his own pen. And he introduced the quotation by a fanciful and graceful sketch (given on page 286 in reproduction), of Miss Burney's heroine with Lord Orville at her feet.

The article "On Alexandrines," written in 1863, is a tribute to the Princess of Wales, who was married in March of that year. He describes the ceremony in St. George's chapel; "and by the side of the Princess Royal trotted such a little wee solemn Highlander," who led him into this merry digression, afterward cancelled:

"I promise my little godson, when he is of age to go into philibegs, just such another suit, with a sporran, pibroch's dunniewassel, skean-dhu, etc., complete. Hoot awa, laddie! We have Hieland and Lawland plays at a' the theatres in London the noo, and we talk nae ither langidge."

And now we come to "Strange to Say, on Club Paper," the last essay preserved here, and, in fact, the last of the "Roundabout Papers," for the little sketch of Charlotte Brontë, tucked in, for some unexplained reason, at the end of the volume, was really earlier work. This is what his friend, Anthony Trollope, wrote of the last essay, in the *Cornhill Magazine* for February, 1864:

"It was only in November last, as our readers may remember, that a paper appeared from his hand entitled *Strange to Say, on Club Paper*. In this he ridiculed a silly report as to Lord Clyde, which had spread itself about the town—doing so with that mingled tenderness and sarcasm for which he was noted—the tenderness being ever for those named, and the sarcasm for those unknown. As far as we know, they were the last words he lived to publish. Speaking of the old hero who was just gone he bids us remember, 'that censure and praise are alike to him——'

> 'The music warbling to the deafened ear,
> The incense wasted on the funeral bier!'

How strange and how sad that these his last words, should now come home to us as so fitted for himself!"

The report mentioned above was to the effect that the codicil of Lord Clyde's will, executed at Chatham, had been written on paper of the Athenæum Club.

"What the codicil is, my dear brethren," writes Thackeray, "it is not our business to inquire. . . . The gift may be a lakh of rupees, or it may be a house and its contents—furniture, plate, and wine-cellar. My friends, I know the wine-merchant, and, for the sake of the legatee, hope heartily that the stock is large."

Here, in the original, appears this marginal note, unerased, but not published:

"As I shall be called upon to print this discourse in a separate form, I invite tender and accompanying samples from wine-merchants; when the *Name of the Firm* forwarding the most choice and liberal supply of liquours shall be inserted in the above paragraph."

The manuscript has the following postscript, which was probably stricken out after he received the proof, since, like the note given above, it shows no erasures:

"By the way, is not this posthumous penalty which men of note have had to pay of late a hard one? I do not speak of such admirable notices as those of Lord Clyde which appeared in the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*; here the writer is the historian and biographer, and it is his duty to inform himself on

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his subject, and speak to the best of his power and knowledge. But private wills, are these public property because, for the purposes of justice and convenience, an office is established where they are registered and may be inspected? Suppose Lord Clyde alive, and his will at the lawyer's, let us say, and a gentleman from a newspaper getting access to the document, and printing it with a comment upon the codicil that it was written, strange to say, upon paper bearing the stamp of the Athenæum Club. Fancy the wrath of the old Chief when he found his privacy invaded and read that paragraph about the club paper! Because he is dead, who save the friends appointed by himself, has a right to open his desk, and copy its contents. The matter, no doubt, is one of payment, and the paragraph copied at Doctors' Commons by the newspaper purveyor is purchased at the usual tariff. Why, the *menu* of the Prince of Wales's dinner to-day and every day would be eagerly read, were it published in the newspaper; as would an account of the dishes or the gossip at your dinner-table and mine, if we were of note sufficient to awaken public curiosity. Well, well, my dear sir, if the newsmongers *will* read your will and sell an account of its contents, I trust they may have to announce that the property is sworn under (you are at liberty to fill in the handsome figure of thousand pounds), and if the newsmonger goes out of his newsmongering trade to comment upon the strangeness of your club transactions, I hope your gallant and much-grieving son, the heir of your large property, will remonstrate with that newsmonger, and point out to him the propriety of minding his own business."

A dear old sentimental friend with whom I discoursed on the subject of Wills yesterday said that he feared how we should write in future that we took down the book from a dusty old coffee a Club, where the Barbarously worldly Spoke - and this is the kind of thing, ladies and gentlemen, in wh. you are accustom to find pleasure.

"Evelina" and "Lord Orville."

Facsimile of a sketch by Thackeray in the original manuscript of the Roundabout Paper "On a Peal of Bells."

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Though no record of the change is made, we find, upon turning to the last of his pages which Thackeray lived to see in type, that he substituted for these lines another and a shorter postscript. In it he refers again to the couplet from Tickell previously quoted; and "I perceive," he says, "not without a smile, that one or two of the pages bear, 'strange to say,' the mark of a Club" (the Athenæum it was) "of which I have the honour to be a member." The text shows us that the first lines of the article could not have been written before September 27, 1863. It appeared, as Trollope says, in the November number of the magazine. And here, "the end of life cancels all bands." For, in the night of December 23d, he died.

So, we turn this last page down, and leave him. These lines of his, still fresh, unfaded, have led us into an intimate relationship with the beloved author of which we never dreamed. We have seen him at home, at his office-table, and in that corner of the club still called his corner. For hours we have smiled with him, laughed with him, respected and admired him more and more; all this in fancy only, and yet it seems as if it all were true. Almost we persuade ourselves that he has spoken in the gentle voice we never knew—that voice of wonderful range which those yet living, who did know it, recall fondly as the finest ever heard. So, going out into the gray afternoon, we are thankful for this generous gift to the new world from the old.

CHARTRES.

By Edith Wharton.

I.

Immense, august, like some Titanic bloom,
The mighty choir unfolds its lithic core,
Petalled with panes of azure, gules and or,
Splendidly lambent in the Gothic gloom,
And stamened with keen flamelets that illume
The pale high-altar. On the prayer-worn floor,
By surging worshippers thick-thronged of yore,
A few brown crones, familiars of the tomb,
The stranded driftwood of Faith's ebbing sea—
For these alone the finials fret the skies,
The topmost bosses shake their blossoms free,
While from the triple portals, with grave eyes,
Tranquil, and fixed upon eternity,
The cloud of witnesses still testifies.

II.

The crimson panes like blood-drops stigmatize
The western floor. The aisles are mute and cold.
A rigid fetich in her robe of gold
The Virgin of the Pillar, with blank eyes,
Enthroned beneath her votive canopies,
Gathers a meagre remnant to her fold.
The rest is solitude; the church, grown old,
Stands stark and gray beneath the burning skies.
Wellnigh again its mighty frame-work grows
To be a part of nature's self, withdrawn
From hot humanity's impatient woes;
The floor is ridged like some rude mountain lawn,
And in the east one giant window shows
The roseate coldness of an Alp at dawn.

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CLOTHES

HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

By Edward J. Lowell.

I.

Statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican Museum, Rome.

THE caprice of fashion has long been a favorite subject with the satirist. The clothing worn by civilized people has varied from decade to decade and from year to year. In the early part of the present century ladies wore short waists and scanty skirts; about 1860 they appeared in tremendous hoops, with their hair combed down flat over their ears; later in bustles and great bunching chignons; last year in Psyche knots with dusty trains sweeping the sidewalk. These fashions and a score of others followed each other without apparent reason, and may seem to have well-nigh exhausted the possibilities of costume. And if men have been less extravagant in their vagaries than women, it may be thought that this is only because men's dress is but a colorless and uninteresting affair at best.

And yet if a group of Europeans, whether dressed in the costume of 1810 or in that of 1890, or arrayed like a series of fashion-plates in all the varieties of clothing that have been worn within the century, were placed beside a group of Asiatics in their shaped but flowing garments, with a group of Greeks and Romans in their drapery, and a group of Polynesians in tattoo and waist-band, it would be seen that, while there were great differences between the members of each party, the differences between the parties were greater yet. The objects sought have varied with various ages and races; and the difference is especially great between the ideals of costume of our own intellectual ancestors, the Greeks and Romans, and of ourselves.

If we compare the statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican Museum at Rome with that of Mr. Everett in the Public Garden at Boston, we shall see at a glance that the garments represented differ not only in detail but in general character. For one thing, the Athenian is less thoroughly covered than the American. This is not the result of any less care, nor is it the cause of any less dignity. Demosthenes is prepared to address an audience, and has clothed himself carefully and appropriately. His attitude and his dress are alike impressive and stately. Yet his right arm and the lower part of both legs are bare. Those of the modern orator are carefully covered. But there is something more noticeable about their costume than this. The garment of Demosthenes falls in full, rich folds; it covers but it does not encase him. The clothes of Mr. Everett, on the other hand, surround each one of his limbs. There are separate tubes for his body, his two arms, and his two legs. These tubes encase the limbs and the trunk; there are no large folds about them, only wrinkles, which are themselves not intentional parts of the design of the coat and trousers, but awkward accidents, which the tailor has done his best to make as small and inconspicuous as possible.

In these two statues we have typical examples of the costumes of ancient Greece and of modern America. We may notice that Demosthenes wears but one garment besides his sandals, and that it would be difficult for him to wear any more of the same general character at the same time. This garment, if it could be taken off him, would

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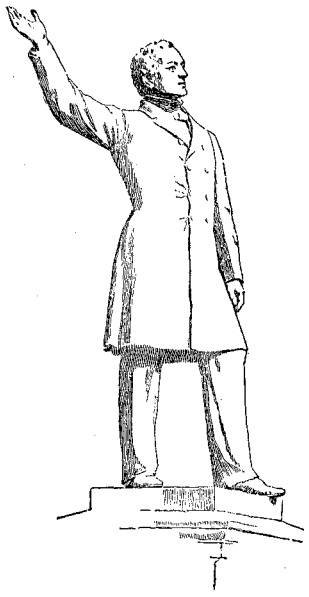
be found to be of a simple, rectangular shape, in no way recalling that of the human body. Should we enter his court-yard or his garden and find it hanging out to dry, or bleaching on the grass, we might wonder whether it were intended for upholstery or for clothing, for a blanket for himself or for his horse. Moreover, could we have approached his house, when its painted portico rose bright but stately on the banks of the Ilyssus, and have happened to find the whole wardrobe of his family thus displayed, there would have been many pieces of it, perhaps the larger number, which would have puzzled us in the same manner.

No such doubt could perplex the stranger from another continent or another planet who should approach an



Statue of Edward Everett in the Boston Public Garden.

American city on a Monday. An ancient Greek, awakened from a millennial sleep, would feel but a momentary embarrassment. "These white *chitons*," he would say, "with their long sleeves and their short sleeves, are familiar to me. It is clear that those forked things that flap so absurdly in the wind are worn by these barbarians on their legs; I have heard of such a custom among the Parthians. Those bags of various lengths are evidently intended for the feet. Zeus! are these strangers centipedes?"

II.

Clothing is worn for two purposes, for decency and for protection; it is modified from considerations of taste or fancy. The sense of decency exists in most nations and tribes of mankind, even the most savage, but its manifestations are sometimes curious and eccentric. It extends to words and actions as well as to costume. Certain things are shameful to see, certain words to hear. Whether the first rudiments of clothing were adopted in obedience to feelings of this kind, or for protection from the weather, we shall never know, but it is not a little suggestive that the earliest attempt to account for the existence of garments of which we have any knowledge, attributes their invention to a sense of shame. When Adam and Eve had eaten of the fatal apple "the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons." Nor need we rely on the ancient chronicles alone. The paintings of the early Egyptians agree with the books of modern travellers in showing us many persons of both sexes who wear the apron, or some equally unprotective garment, as their sole raiment.

The motive of decency for wearing clothes early acquired a religious sanction. Religion, morals, custom, and expediency are not clearly distinguished in the minds of primitive nations. It is found, in simple states of civilization at least, that the man who neglects the religious rites is generally negligent of the moral duties, and that this man does not prosper. Clothes, then, are worn in deference to religious and moral feelings, but not the same clothes in all places. Sometimes a greater part of the body and limbs must be covered, sometimes a smaller portion; and the especial garment considered proper for the occasion must also be used. A man who should insist on going to church in a long nightgown, reaching to his heels, would be likely to get into trouble with

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the police; and his remonstrances to the effect that he was completely and decently covered, and that it was hard to distinguish him from the choir-leader in his surplice, would be little heeded. The dress of last evening's ball-room would hardly be tolerated this morning on the beach, and the bathing suit which was considered so becoming on the beach would certainly be excluded from the casino. And from these familiar instances we may judge of the feelings of the ancients, who like us had their costumes appropriate to peace and war, the games and the market-place, and who were shocked in town by what seemed but right and natural in the country.

There is probably no part of the human frame which it has not been considered wrong to leave exposed under some circumstances. The Jews, and some other Orientals, will not offer an act of worship bare-headed. Christian women, remembering the injunction of Saint Paul, generally follow the same rule in public churches. The face is thought by some Moslem women the part of the person most important to cover, at least from the eyes of an infidel; and a poor woman near Damascus, wearing but a single garment, has been seen, when suddenly meeting a foreigner, to use it as a veil. The body and limbs, at least those parts of the limbs nearest the body, are generally covered by those nations in which the sense of decency in clothing is strong. The feet and hands come last, but the feeling that it is not proper to be seen barefoot is pretty firmly established in some countries, including our own, although an exception is made in favor of all children, and of the very poor; while the custom of appearing gloved out of doors, or on occasions of ceremony, is very generally followed by the well-to-do classes in Europe; where for a woman to wear gloves in the street is to claim the right to be treated as a lady, and not as a servant.

The second great object in clothing is protection from cold. Over the greater part of Europe and America, during about half the year, few clothes are needed by a man at work in the open air; more by a man at rest. And even in winter there are but few days when one about to take violent exercise will not willingly lay aside some of his outer garments. And if this be true in the cold climates of England and of New England, it is doubly so of such countries as Italy, Greece, or the Carolinas. Where there are no furnaces or stoves, and few appliances of any kind for warming houses, it is often cooler within doors than without. Clothing, then, is especially needed, in the warmer temperate climates, by persons at rest or moving leisurely about. As such clothing is not intended to be shaken by sudden and violent movement, it may be simply laid on the wearer. It can hang in folds from his shoulder and lap as he sits still; it can be gathered loosely in the hands or thrown over the arm as he rises and walks sedately from place to place; it can be quickly thrown off if a cause for sudden exertion should arise. Clothing of this sort is drapery, such as we have seen in the statue of Demosthenes. It was that principally used by the Greeks and Romans in classic ages, in time of peace.

But such clothing as this is not sufficient for all purposes. Both decency and comfort may demand that men at work or at war, in journeys or in games, shall sometimes be fully clothed. In truly cold climates they need to be pretty thoroughly covered at all times. Drapery, under these circumstances, would be in the way, and ever in danger of slipping off. Shaped or fitted garments become therefore a necessity. These follow the form of the body and limbs like an ill-fitting skin; indeed the elephant, an animal whose skin does not look as if it fitted him, often reminds us of a person clothed. Shaped clothes are generally ugly, if compared to the human figure, which is full of grace and character, or to drapery, which has a beauty and character of its own; but they are useful and convenient for a working world, and they have overcome in the race. The history of costume in civilization is the history of the development from drapery to shaped clothing. The change has been far from sudden; it has proceeded slowly and gradually through the ages. It is the result of moral and physical causes, of a change of religion from

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pagan to Christian, of a change of social customs from aristocratic to democratic, of a change of the centre of civilization from warmer to colder climates. To-day it is nearly complete, in so far as the clothing of men is concerned, and no great reaction seems probable. The modern man wears drapery only when in bed, in the form of sheets and blankets; and by tucking these in, he makes of them a rudimentary bag, or shaped garment. Women are more conservative in their dress, and there is ground for hope that they will long preserve traces of the older and more graceful type.

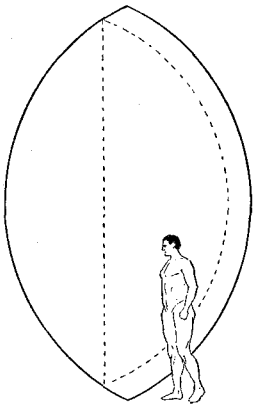


Diagram showing Shape and Relative Size of the Toga.

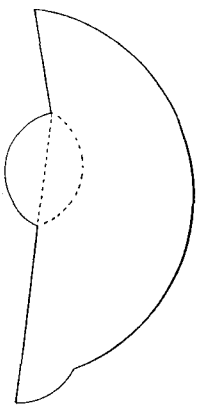
III.

THROUGHOUT the period of their greatness, the Greeks are remarkable for the simplicity of their costume. Three principal garments were in common use among them, the *peplos*, the *chiton*, and the *himation*. The first of these, worn chiefly by women, is nothing more than a quadrangular piece of cloth which has never been cut but from the loom. It is simply but carefully draped about the figure, falling in long graceful folds, and held together exclusively by pins or buttons and a belt. The chiton is a shirt or gown, sometimes fitted to the figure and sometimes loosely pinned about it. The himation is nothing more than a large shawl, for which a small shawl (called a *chlamys*) was substituted by young men and travellers. Gentlemen in Athens habitually wore a himation and nothing else.

Thus the costume is very simple, two garments at most are worn by men, and a law of Solon limits the number to be worn by women to three, which would naturally be two shifts, or gowns, and a shawl. But if we think not of the parts, but of the general effect, we find that the costume admits of infinite variety. The peplos may be pinned or buttoned together in a hundred ways; the chiton may be full or scanty, long or short, with tight or flowing sleeves, or none at all; and as for the himation, there is no limit to the number of things that can be done with it.

The costume of Rome in the time of the republic and the early empire was hardly more complex than that of Greece. The toga was the principal garment of the citizen. The Romans honored their fathers and their mothers, and clung to their ancestral fashions, which is perhaps one reason that their days were so long in the land. The toga was considered the national garment as distinguished from all other forms of shawl or mantle, and only citizens were allowed to wear it. The attempts of innovators were frowned on by serious people.

The toga, at least within historic times, was not a rectangular piece of cloth like the peplos and the himation. It was rounded at the corners, and from an early period was nearly elliptical in shape. It was doubled in a direction parallel to its longest axis, but not exactly through the middle. It thus assumed a shape approaching that of a flattened semicircle, the straight side, or fold, being over four yards in length, the width of the garment when folded less than two yards. This enormous shawl was elaborately draped about the person, always covering the left shoulder and sometimes the right, but leaving a certain amount of freedom to the right hand and arm.



Later Form of the Toga.

Thus the clothing of the two most civilized nations of antiquity was simple, and was similar for the sexes. Two sorts of garments were worn, those that fitted the body more or less closely, and those that were wrapped loosely about

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it ; chiton and himation, tunic and toga, shirt and shawl. But the fitted garment itself was very simple in cut. It was often made from a rectangular piece of cloth, with no more than one or two straight seams, or without any seams at all. In the places that show most, and especially on the shoulders, pins or buttons very generally took the place of sewing. Grace in the folds was carefully studied, but all elaboration in cutting and putting together was as carefully avoided.

And the striking thing is that this simplicity of attire was not accidental, but sought and studied. To suppose that people as civilized as the Greeks and Romans clothed themselves with square pieces of cloth because they could make nothing more elaborate, would be impossible, even if there were not superabundant proof to the contrary. The Greeks were in constant communication with Asia, the Romans conquered large parts of that continent as well as of Europe. In all directions they came upon people whose clothes were elaborately fitted. We know, from numerous pieces of sculpture and innumerable paintings, that shaped and even tight garments were familiar to their minds. Whenever they have to represent a foreigner, the chances are that they will put him into trousers ; and the Romans at least, when in the country or in the privacy of their own houses, were inclined to adopt foreign forms of clothing. The conclusion is forced on our minds that the Greeks, and their imitators the Romans, often wore shaped clothes for convenience and when in undress, and then used square or elliptical pieces of cloth for occasions of ceremony and display.

A Greek Girl's Costume.
(From an old print.)

We cannot doubt that the ancient artists were like our own in this : that they recognized that the human body is beautiful, and showed as much of it as they could in their works of art ; that they also loved drapery and used it in their statues more freely than it was used in every-day life. But here the parallel ceases ; in classical times the citizen shared the taste of the sculptor. The Greek philosopher prided himself on wearing but one simple square of cloth. The Roman statesman, hard-headed man of business as he was, scorned to be seen in the market-place in the sleeved garment which he might wear for convenience at his villa.

A soldier in the field should think as little as possible about his clothes. They must allow him free and violent motion. If he wears armor it must protect his body without impeding it too much. Thus military garments and defensive armor have always tended to the clinging and fitted type. No one would willingly fight with a shawl flapping about him. Yet the soldier needs protection from the cold of night as well as from the weapons of the enemy. His mantle must often serve as a blanket. The Roman soldier wore a rectangular cloak or *sagum ;* his general had a similar garment, but larger and handsomer, called *paludamentum.* This might be thrown aside or left in camp on the day of battle. Although it was a mark of dignity, it might even be omitted in a military statue, which should express strength and readiness for action. This is well exemplified in the beautiful marble which represents Augustus in his cuirass.

Trousers appear to have been introduced into Rome at a comparatively late period, and as a part of the military uniform. They are worn by the Roman soldiers represented on Trajan's column, as well as by barbarians. The Greeks had never adopted them. With their instinctive sense of beauty they had recognized that these are the only garments that cannot possibly be made graceful. A sleeve may become a part of the drapery of a figure, a trouser-

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leg is more obstinate in its ugliness. If tight it bags at the knees on the third wearing. Yet this is perhaps its least objectionable shape. If somewhat loose it takes petty and meaningless folds. Some Oriental nations have tried to disguise it as a skirt, but the result is not entirely satisfactory. If the trousers do not appear to give freedom to the leg they have lost their principal merit. Compromise, which is the life of politics, is the death of art, which should always struggle after an ideal. So thought the Greeks when they entirely renounced for themselves the barbarous pantaloon.

Thus we have in antiquity two types of clothing thoroughly established; and in the classical world activity is ascribed to one, dignity and repose to the other. We see the soldier, the traveller, the workman in shaped clothes; the philosopher, the senator, the citizen in drapery. We see the idea of the dignity of draped clothing firmly fixed in the minds of the most civilized nations.

IV.

The Barbarians in trousers overran the territories of the city of the toga. The new-comers were ugly enough in Roman eyes. Their clothes were as ungainly as their persons, rough and ready; shirts, loose trousers, easy boots, perhaps a scanty mantle on the shoulders. All the tribes were not dressed alike, but the differences among them cannot now be traced minutely; for the Barbarians could not make statues of themselves, and the Romans, who carved the likenesses of their enemies on their triumphal arches, while they could represent them as captives, had no wish to immortalize their conquerors. And the arts by which men and men's clothes are represented gradually disappeared, with the other arts of civilized life. Pictures and statues showing costumes from the fifth to the tenth century are scarce, but sufficient to enable us to follow the general line of development,

The Barbarians scorned the Romans and the Romanized nations of the Empire for their effeminacy, but they admired them for their civilization. The

Monument of Hegeso, Daughter of Praxenos—Athens about 400 B.C.

(Showing a lady in drapery attended by a slave in a shaped garment. From a bas-relief in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.)

educated inhabitant of Italy or of Gaul could not defend himself in his long contest against the Goth, the Vandal, or the Frank, but he knew many things and thus inspired respect. And soon the conquerors adopted the religion of the conquered; the races began to mingle. In the southern countries which we still call Latin—in Italy, Spain, and France—the original inhabitants may almost be said to have absorbed the invaders. In Germany and England the process went less far, but the Roman influence was nevertheless considerable. Literature and art came mostly from Rome in the train of religion; and costume, which is at once a useful art and a fine art, while it became barbarous when intended merely for protection, retained something of its Roman char-

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acter when applied to purposes of dignity and adornment.

This was the state of things which lasted through the period of costume which we may call the Mediæval. Soldiers and men of action were arrayed in a shirt or tunic, with trousers more or less tight, and boots or shoes. The tunic was generally short, not falling much below the knee. Often, several tunics were worn together, the long tight sleeves of the shirt showing inside of shorter or looser ones of the outer tunic or blouse. The skirts of the tunic hung outside of the trousers. These varied in tightness, and were sometimes carried down over the feet; oftener they were short and rather full, the feet and lower legs having stockings of their own. Instead of stockings the lower leg was sometimes covered with cloth and wound about with straps. A short cloak, like the Roman soldier's sagum, hung from the shoulders, being fastened by a clasp or a button on the right hand side. Such was the general scheme of the clothing, but it admitted of great variety of detail.

While the soldiers of the age were thus dressed in short tunics and trousers, the people whose business it was to be dignified retained in their costume the flowing lines of an earlier age. Kings and great nobles still wore robes of state reaching their feet, long tunics, longer mantles. They laid these cumbrous robes aside when fighting or travelling, but they resumed them on occasions of ceremony. Active and eager men like the great emperor Charlemagne would not be comfortable except in the lighter clothes of every day; more quiet and ceremonious monarchs rejoiced in their royal trappings.

There was a class of men devoted to religion, and slowly rising to dignity and power. Their warfare was not of this world, their occupations required little violent motion. The costume of the ecclesiastic was in accordance with his claims. Throughout it was loose, flowing, not closely shaped. It did not preserve much of the simplicity of its classical models; but the priest was still, in a way, a citizen of Rome, and if he did not wear the toga of Cicero, he might yet recall a senator of the later Empire. Some scholars have believed that he attempted to copy in a measure the vestments of the Levitical priesthood, but to do that he would have needed models that were not forthcoming. This is not the place to enter into minute controversies concerning ecclesiastical costume, to inquire into the exact relation of the *pœnula*, the *planeta*, and the *casula* to each other, whether they are all the same garment or different ones, and how the modern chasuble is derived from them. It is enough that in the early Middle Ages we find the clergy arrayed in long tunics with cloaks of the poncho type worn over them; cloaks, that is, made of a large piece of cloth with a hole in the middle for the head, the borders falling over the arms and hands. While such garments as these are neither as graceful nor as truly dignified as the simpler himation or toga, they still retain a good deal of stately beauty, especially if they are allowed to fall in natural folds.

Costume of a Priest, 800–860 A.D.
(From an old print.)

As for the women, in the early Middle Ages the general type of their clothing remained that of the Roman period. They covered themselves more carefully than their great-grandmothers, their tunics were fastened well up in the neck, and well down at the wrist, their shawls and mantles were scanter and less graceful than those of the earlier time. But in gown and mantle woman appears very near the dawn of history, and in gown and mantle we may hope that she will still wrap herself as the planet cools off. In spite of many vagaries, mistakes, and extravagancies, in spite of Amazons and dress reformers, one-half of the human race has still maintained a tendency to have its gar-

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ments run in flowing lines, and woman has not long neglected "the liquefaction of her clothes."

The tendency on the part of dignified persons to wear long and flowing garments was favored by Oriental influence. Until about the middle of the crusades, the Emperor at Constantinople was the great man, and western kings and nobles copied him. They loved the soft silks of the East, falling in small folds. These stuffs came to Germany over the Alps from Venice, borne by the mules of Jewish peddlers; they reached Marseilles in greater quantities in ships flying the pennon of Saint Mark. The Venetians had bought them of the Eastern Christians, or even of the hated and dreaded Moslem. But toward the end of the twelfth century a reaction was taking place: western Europe was throwing off Byzantine forms and Oriental fashions. In dress, as in architecture, native shapes and home-made materials were gaining ground. The change was coincident with the rise to power and influence of a new branch of the European family.

From the tenth to the twelfth century, the Germans, united under their Saxon and Franconian emperors, set the fashions for western Europe; but their influence died away under the calamities of their empire; for it is a general rule that political and military power carry with them the moral leadership of the race, and that fashions in clothing follow fashions in thought. As the policeman of the New York streets to-day wears a helmet imitated from the German *pickelhaube* in memory of the victories of 1870, so would our State militia presently appear in pigtails, and our fair ladies raise the outer corners of their eyes with black paint, should a Chinese general successfully conduct his yellow countrymen to the invasion of Europe.

By the year 1226, the family of Hugh Capet had enlarged the royal territory of France, the saintly Louis IX. was on the throne, and the fashions of western Europe came from Paris. Thence they continued to come for many centuries, the Parisians, themselves, meanwhile being influenced by many other people. The surrounding nations modified the French fashions in accordance with national characteristics. The English were about twenty years behind the French in the adoption of any new kind of dress, and generally did not push a style to its extreme forms. The Flemings were awkward and ungraceful, with a tendency to exaggeration. Their predominance in costume under the Burgundian princes was a time of excessive deformity. The Dutch were equally stiff, but less extravagant in their forms. The Germans were ungainly in their treatment of French types, but sometimes struck out something interesting in their own way. The Italians were graceful in their dress, at once bold and simple. Their influence on French costume was the best to which it was subjected.

V.

Until about the middle of the fourteenth century the costume of the Middle Ages preserved its simple forms. But at that time a curious accident occurred in the dress of Europe, or a singular malady attacked it. A long era of deformity settled on the race. It has not yet entirely disappeared. Nothing like it had been known in history before. The clothes of pagan antiquity and of the earlier Middle Ages had filled a useful and an æsthetic purpose. They had been draped about the human body and limbs or had encased them, sometimes with the design of displaying them to the best advantage, sometimes with that of keeping them warm, at other times for the purpose of concealing them from the human eye. Occasionally a slight attempt had been made to improve some part of them; hair-dyes and wigs for the head, thick-soled shoes to raise the figure, were not quite unknown expedients. Women had sometimes worn tight belts or rudimentary corsets. But it was reserved for the new civilization to conceive the idea that the whole shape of a human being might be distorted to advantage, and to carry out the notion in an endless series of experiments.

We are now so accustomed to deformity of clothing, both in pictures of the past and in the ample traces of it

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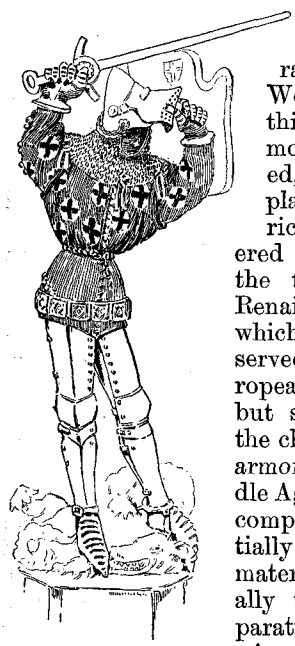
which are constantly recurring in our modern fashions, that it neither shocks nor surprises us. Even the writers on costume have little to say about its introduction. Only a reformer or a moralist here and there has uplifted an indignant voice, and the protests of such people have generally been made on mistaken grounds. There is no valid moral reason why men, or women, should not make themselves look deformed if they like; the objections to such a course are purely æsthetic. But both men and women like to look well; to show off such beauty as they may have, and to make as little as possible of such imperfections as nature may have laid upon them. It were well, therefore, to consider whether both these objects will not be best accomplished by preserving as nearly as possible the forms of humanity. But we must return to the history of clothes.

Among the causes of the fashion of deformity were probably the habit of seeing men in armor, and the use of heraldic emblems. We generally think, when armor is mentioned, of the steel plates with which rich soldiers covered themselves in the times of the Renaissance, and which are still preserved in many European museums; but such was not the character of the armor of the Middle Ages. This was composed only partially of iron, which material was generally used in comparatively small pieces, except in the helmet. The body and limbs were covered with mail, or chain-work, eked out with leather and wadded cloth. The result was that a knight was liable to present a very bundled-up appearance. This, and the fact that his face was concealed by his helmet, made him scarcely recognizable by friends or foes. William the Norman, for instance, had to raise his helmet in the middle of the battle of Hastings, so that his soldiers might know him. To obviate this difficulty, each man of sufficient importance took to modifying his outer garments and to making distinctive marks upon them. One gentleman would ornament his head with horns and put a long red gown over all his other clothes; another would wear broom in his cap and have his right side blue and his left yellow. This was the origin of the noble art of heraldry, which grew and flourished. The simple devices were soon exhausted; instead of the cow's horns and deer's horns of which the army was full, and which had therefore ceased to be distinctive, an ingenious young knight would have a wooden mermaid, carefully carved and painted, "with a comb and a glass in her hand," to smile sweetly a couple of feet above his head, and would wear a whole picture on his shield and mantle. When the device had become hereditary, when associations of family pride had gathered about it, there was every temptation to extend its use to times and places for which it had not originally been intended; to use the crest on his portable property, or to carve it over his castle door; to wear the family colors in the garb of peace. Thus people learned to be accustomed to strange and fantastic attire, to associate it with ideas of nobility, daring, and high achievement, and to use color and shape in costume with but slight regard to considerations of taste and comfort.



Knight in Wadding, 1350–1390 A.D.

(From an old print.)

About 1350 the fashion came in of wearing very tight clothes. This habit has a tendency to lead to deformity in dress. Many people are conscious of some defect in their personal appearance, which passes unnoticed under loose garments, at least so they believe. But if these persons are obliged to encase the offending member very tightly and thus to draw attention to it, the sense of their deficiency becomes unbearable. They therefore supply

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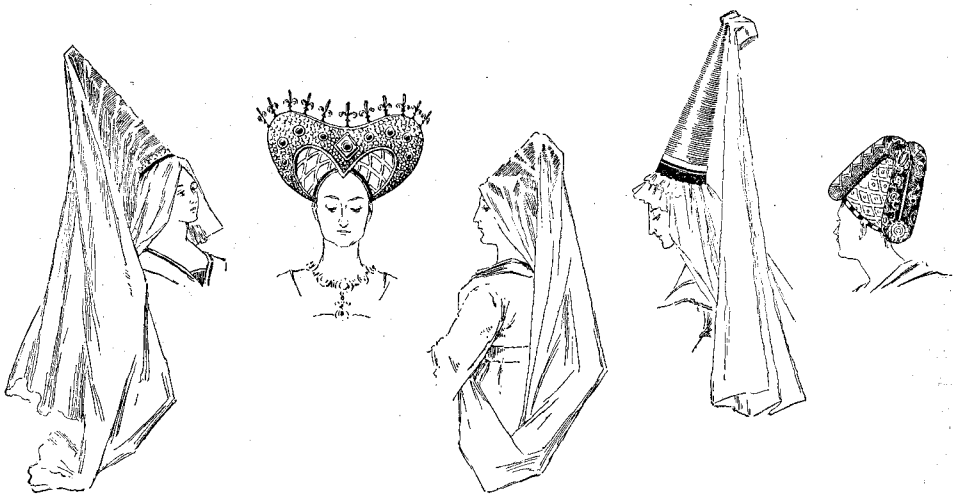

Head-dresses of the Middle Ages.

the want of what nature has denied them with curled hair or wool wadding. Their shoulders are thus made broad, their chests deep, their calves imposing. They soon come to overpass in these respects the modesty of nature. Then other people, of the usual proportions, enter the race; they feel that they are no longer to be compared to normal standards, but to an *eidolon*, or walking image, which the first users of stuffing have set up, and so they begin to pad in their turn. The earlier improvers follow the later improvements, and thus men grow and swell, surpassing each other in extravagance, until the whole fashion breaks down under the weight of its own absurdity.

Among people whose taste is set to nature and beauty, this process cannot last long nor be carried far. But in the later Middle Ages and the earlier Renaissance the European nations were fond of the strange and the unnatural. The minds and the experience of men were expanding in many directions. New forms of religion, new systems of government, new countries in distant parts of the earth, new systems in the heavens above, were clamoring for attention. People were unsettled and loved the grotesque, what we might call to-day the sensational; they wanted to draw attention by their clothes as well as by their words and ideas. Hence there was a continual variation in costume; there were many successive extravagances, and many different extravagances at the same time. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there was hardly a part of men's bodies that was not made to look deformed by their clothing. Now enormous hats covered the head, now high shoulders swelled about the ears, anon chests were large and waists small, the upper half of the sleeve was swollen and the lower half tight, or the upper part was tight and the lower part long and pendent; again the thighs were swollen out of all proportion, the feet were drawn to twice their usual length in pointed boots, or the shoes were made wide enough to hold six or seven toes.

As the tunic came to be worn tight and close-fitting, an important change occurred in its general cut. It is hard to get into a tight tunic, unless it be very elastic, harder yet to struggle out of it. To facilitate these processes it has always been necessary, when the tunic was high in the neck, to cut it open for a little way down the front, and to fasten together the opening thus made with buttons. But when tunics came to be worn very tight, about the time of the Renaissance, the opening was extended to the very bottom of the tunic. After a while it became the fashion to leave the tight outer tunic altogether unbuttoned, except in cold weather. Thus the garment which had

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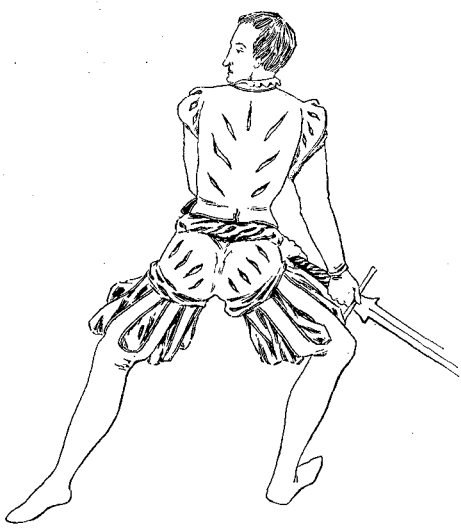
been worn from the very earliest times, and called by a hundred different names, such as chiton, tunica, cotte, without any change of general character, suffered its first essential modification, and became the modern coat. The same garment when short is the jacket, when short and sleeveless the waistcoat. Such garments, but looser, had not been entirely unknown in Europe during the earlier Middle Ages, but they had been very rare, being probably introduced from the East. Since the time of the Renaissance they have gradually assumed the chief importance for the outer layers of men's clothing. Tunics, under the name of shirts, continue to be worn beneath them.

The costume of women followed that of men into deformity, but slowly and tentatively. It may be noticed that the conservative sex is generally several generations behind the bolder one in accepting the larger innovations of costume. The smaller changes of fashion appear to be adopted more quickly by women than by men; but we must not be misled by what we see in our own day. It has now, for several generations, been



German Costume, 1510–1550.

accounted below the dignity of manhood to pay much attention to clothes. This is certainly a modern way of looking at the subject; down to a comparatively recent time, historically speaking—in fact until the middle of the last century—the costume of men was not only as interesting but as elaborate and brilliant as that of women.

German Costume—first half of sixteenth century.

The chief innovations in the dress of ladies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries consisted in the partial adoption of low necks (short sleeves came much later), in the separation of the skirt of the dress from the body or dress-waist, and in various kinds of deformity. Of these last, the most noticeable was the *hennin*, or tall, conical head-dress, introduced into the Burgundian court in the second half of the fifteenth century. This head-dress was perhaps eighteen inches high, the hair was drawn tightly up from the face and concealed under it, a veil floated from the top. Other extravagant structures, not unlike this one in general effect, were raised on the head at about the same period. The Burgundian princes being very powerful at this time and their court very brilliant, the ladies of France and England adopted these absurd and ugly fashions. These head-dresses being fantastic, and therefore striking the attention, are often used by artists ignorant of costume as characteristic of the Middle Ages, whereas they were not invented until the period of the Renaissance.

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VI.

The new birth of the human mind in the fifteenth century was followed in the sixteenth by a reawakening of the conscience, and Europe became serious. The followers of Calvin persuaded a great many people that their chances of happiness in another life were few and almost desperate; while all sects and parties concurred in making this world as miserable as possible. It was not the sectaries alone whose views became sombre; the Catholic fanatics differed from the Protestant more in creed than in temper. In Paris, during the rule of the Ligue, people assumed very modest and simple garments, and if a woman ventured to wear too large a collar, the other women would pull it off. We may fairly attribute to the

Costume of German Woman—first half of sixteenth century.

condition of religious thought the fashion for black and white clothing, which arose in the second half of the sixteenth century and has never since entirely disappeared. During the Middle Ages, the use of black, except for mourning, seems to have been exceptional; even the secular clergy wore bright colors. The idea of making all priests appear in black cassocks is said to have originated with Saint Carlo Borromeo, and to have been first introduced in the province of Milan, by an order of 1565. The custom was soon followed throughout Italy, and about twenty years later was extended to France, where it made its way in the face of some resistance. The obligation to wear black did not extend to bishops, and their favorite color was light blue.

German—first half of sixteenth century.

In England the great religious protest against extravagance and against care in dress came half a century later than in France. The quarrels of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers on this subject are well known. For a generation men's clothes became their party badges. The Puritans in New England shared the feelings of their countrymen beyond seas, and brilliant apparel was by some persons held to be displeasing to Him who clothed the oriole. King Charles I. himself had a fancy for black and white, and the very Cavaliers, while they doubtless showed the gayer in order to disgust their opponents, were more simple in dress than the contemporary nobility of France. For that country was now Catholic again, having gained political unity in the struggle, but lost the hope and the desire of religious freedom.

Another evil legacy, besides gloomy colors, did the clothing of mankind receive from the time of the religious contests, and probably from their influence. Strict ideas, stiff manners, hypocrisy, and starch would seem to be naturally connected. It is the proper character of cloth to be soft and yielding, to vary in its folds with every bend of the body. When stiffened it loses at once its beauty and its comfort. The people of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, accustomed as they were to gro-

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tesque clothing and to plate armor, could not see this. They starched their linen and their foolish descendants have imitated them. The latter have indeed gone beyond their progenitors in one respect: by the invention of bluing they have done away with the beautiful, soft, creamy-white which most textile fabrics will readily assume, and which was so prized in the Middle Ages that saffron was sometimes used to imitate or to heighten it, and they have produced an ugly blue-white, which dazzles the eye instead of caressing it.

German Artist—first half of sixteenth century.

VII.

The era of the reformation in clothing was followed by a time of transition, which corresponded roughly with the supremacy of the Bourbon family in Europe. Deformity of costume had diminished in the time of gloomy clothes. The dress of both sexes in the days of Louis XIII. was simple and natural; it had definitely assumed the modern type. The jacket was worn by men instead of the tunic; the trousers, or rather the breeches, were loose and short, reaching to the knee only, the shirt was tucked inside of them. Women wore a dress-waist and a skirt, generally in separate pieces.

The reign of Louis XIV. saw a return of deformity in ladies' dress—large skirts, large sleeves, puffs here and there. The men took to wearing absurd wigs of monstrous size, either white or brown. This was, however, but a temporary revival of ugliness in so far as the men were concerned. From about 1725 no more serious attempts at deformity were made in masculine costume. Wigs were still worn, but they were but little larger than a natural head of hair; breeches were half tight, coats rather loose, with reasonable sleeves. Waistcoats fell well below the hips, bringing the dividing line between the body and the legs in the natural place. Under Louis XVI. the fashion was still better. Wigs were abandoned, although hair-powder was still worn. Men's clothes were rather tight, showing the outline of the body, but without any appearance of compression. Never since the Middle Ages had men's dress been so simple and so handsome.

While the male half of the race was thus emerging from the pernicious habit of deformity, the women were more deeply sunk in it than ever. A certain jauntiness the clothes of ladies in the eighteenth century certainly had, and the materials used were rich and varied, but for ugliness of shape nothing could surpass the fashion of those days. Waists were generally long and stiff, skirts swollen to enormous size by gigantic hoops. It was in the time of Marie Antoinette, just when men's clothes were most simple and graceful in cut, that those of women were most absurd. Above the gigantic panniers, above the stiff waist and the thin neck, rose a structure full two feet in height, made up of hair, ribands, flowers, and feathers. It was allegorical, political, sentimental, or what not. It might represent the frigate Belle-Poule under full sail, just as she escaped from the English fleet, or, at least, a hair-dresser's conception of a frigate, which is not quite the same thing. Or it might express devoted love, or disappointed friendship, in a language known only to tonsorial adepts. The absurdity of the whole would have been pardonable, had only the result been pretty, but not even Parisian taste was equal to making it so; and when the fashion had pene-

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trated to Germany and other outlying countries, even the last suggestion of elegance had departed from it.

VIII.

THE dress of men under Louis XVI. was the last and best example of what France could do for male costume. Already before her great Revolution the leadership of masculine fashion was beginning to pass away from her. The Seven Years War ended disastrously for France, and thenceforth her young nobles began to go to London for coats, while her generals sought uniforms in Prussia. Anglomania brought with it an increased love of the horse and of horsey things, and a studied roughness. It was perhaps this tendency already existing in France which facilitated the success of the long, loose trousers, the

Man's Costume—time of Louis XVI.

one kind of garment which no amount of skill in the tailor, or of grace in the wearer, has ever succeeded in making anything but hideous. It was not a newly invented garment, but one which had long been frowned on by fashion, when it became the badge of French democracy. Its revenge was swift and thorough. *Sans culotte* became a name of terror. Pantaloons conquered Europe on the legs of Napoleon's soldiers. Their supremacy was established, even in England, before the clothes of that country gained a decisive victory on the day of Waterloo. In vain did courtiers and reactionaries contend for the return of the aristocratic small-clothes. These may still be seen at royal courts, but hardly elsewhere; for the knickerbockers worn by the participants in some athletic games are but loose and shapeless substitutes.

Woman's Costume of the Time of Marie Antoinette.

A story is told of an incident in the warfare between knee-breeches and pantaloons. In the first quarter of this century the lady-patronesses of the assemblies at Almack's exercised a despotic sway. They were women of rank and fashion, admission to their balls was a coveted honor, they established strict rules and enforced them vigorously. It chanced that a young American, rich, handsome, well connected in his own country, had become a favorite with some of these ladies. He was driving one day with one of them in her carriage. "I must put you down presently," she said, "for I am to go to Lady ——'s house, to a meeting of the patronesses of Almack's. But stay! the meeting is informal and will not last long. You know Lady —— and several of the other ladies. Come up with me, sit quietly in a corner, and when it is over we can go on with our drive."

The meeting, however, turned out not to be a short one; an important and interesting question was brought before the patronesses. It was a well-established rule that gentlemen should appear at Almack's only in small-clothes

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and silk stockings; but the rule had caused some grumbling. And now, no less a personage than the Duke of Wellington had declared his intention of coming in trousers. The case was serious; almost any other man in the kingdom could be refused admission at the doors, if not in the proper costume, but you couldn't shut out the Duke. What was to be done? The ladies did not want to change their rule. They debated the question to and fro with much vivacity and excitement. At last one malicious woman noticed our young American in the corner. "I see Mr. P—— is here," she remarked; "perhaps he can give us some advice." "I should not think of advising in so important a matter," he replied, "but I own that as I have heard the discussion an expedient has occurred to me. Might not the lady patronesses issue a card somewhat like this: 'Gentlemen appearing at Almack's are expected to wear short clothes and silk stockings, but any gentleman who is conscious that his figure is not adapted to that costume is permitted to wear pantaloons.'" It is said that the suggestion was unanimously adopted, that the card was issued, and that, at the next assembly, only the Duke of Wellington and one other man had the courage to appear in trousers.

1813.

1828.

IX.

The male half of the civilized world in the nineteenth century is dressed on English models. These are shaped and controlled by a utilitarian spirit; they are seldom deformed, never picturesque, but generally useful. The ladies have by no means recovered from the love of deformity. They are a couple of centuries behind the men in matters of costume. While they have never again quite equalled the extravagance of 1780, they have within the last fifty years distorted their natural shapes in many ways and in many directions. Hoops here and bunches there, swollen heads and high shoulders, short waists and long waists, bustles and chignons, have succeeded each other rapidly and senselessly. It is true that some women have managed to look charming in spite of all these horrors—some women would look charming in anything — but an ugly costume is ugly, for all that.

The Grecian-bend Period.

What is the probable development of dress in the future? There are plenty of signs that the women are following the men into

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utilitarianism. Good sensible clothes and no nonsense, heavy cloth, tailor-made and but little trimmed, sailor hats, and pot hats are gaining ground. Silks and laces, bright colors and flowing lines are more and more reserved for the dinner-party and the ball-room. It was bound to be so; women's fashions never

1864.

fail to follow men's fashions in a modified shape. This time we may expect to get rid of the bustle, with all its kindred deformities, and we may surely hope that nothing will be evolved by woman so hopelessly hideous as the trousers.

It is in a new direction that we must seek an escape from ugliness. In our age, as in the past, the chief possible merit of costume is appropriateness. We have seen that in Greece and Rome the citizen was dressed differently from the slave, that in the Middle Ages the king and the priest were not attired like the soldier and the peasant. Now that democracy has turned our Western world into a vast factory filled with working-men, garments that are neither flowing nor tight, colors that will not show dirt, seem to be driving out all that is beautiful and picturesque in costume; but there is a promise of something better. The progress of manufactures has added immensely to the facility and cheapness of making cloth, and of fashioning it into clothing. Less than two hundred years ago the wool from the sheep's back, or the flax of the field, had to be spun by a woman's hand, woven on a hand-loom, cut with scissors on a table, sewed with needle and thread. Now all these processes may be carried on by steam-power. The result is that clothes are far cheaper and are changed far oftener than they used to be. The gain in cleanliness is enormous, the gain in beauty is not yet so apparent. But the speed with which clothing and other things desired by men can now be manufactured has results which reach deep and far. People are beginning to recognize that their lives do not consist exclusively in the multitude of things which they possess. The great cry of our day is for more leisure, for a redistribution of time. In the most civilized countries many people are making up their minds that forty-eight hours a week of toil is enough for full-grown men, while women and children should work much less; and that under such conditions of labor the world can yet be supplied with all the necessary comforts and conveniences.

Fin de Siècle.

Such a scheme of life as this will leave much play-time to the human family; and the cheapness of clothing will enable most people to be differently dressed when at play and when at work. A great difference may also be made for the seasons. The signs of such a change are already apparent. The tennis-suits and the boating-suits, the colored cheviots of summer, hold out a rosy promise. Within the last twenty-five years a relaxation has been observed in the rigidity of the laws of fashion. People of both sexes are less afraid than they formerly were to wear what they please. Let us look forward to a day when variety of personal taste and appropriateness of clothing to occupation shall be the rules of costume.

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DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

"I want to know what you are going to do with me?"—Page 306.

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AN I. O. U.

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

Dramatis Personæ: Mr. Atwood and Aline, his ward.
Time: A first of April morning.

ACT I.

The curtain rises on a lawyer's office, the walls lined with sad-colored books, the shelves tipped with dark-green leather and brass-headed tacks, once bright, but now succumbing to the prevailing neutral tint. The heavy mahogany chairs are covered with the same dark leather. The green-felt top of the desk at which Mr. Atwood *is discovered sitting is black where the ink-spots are new, rusty where they are old, and half-covered by papers and pamphlets. The April sunshine sifts in through an open window at the left of the desk, and falls on a deep chair placed there. A door at the back of the room opens softly.*

Enter Aline, *dressed as a school-girl. She moves timidly across the floor and pauses before the desk.*

Aline. I knew you would not be very angry with me. Are you?

Mr. Atwood (*looking up with a start and dropping his pen*). Aline!

Aline (*tremulously*). Are you very angry?

Mr. Atwood (*thrusting back his chair and rising*). Angry, my dear child! No. (*He moves to her side, taking her hand in both of his.*) But why did you not send for me to come to you? And we must not leave Madame Armand outside in this fashion. (*He walks toward the door as he speaks.*)

Aline (*hurriedly*). You needn't look for her. She's not there I—I have run away.

Mr. Atwood (*turning sharply, his hand still on the lock*). What!

Aline (*faintly*). I have run away.

Mr. Atwood (*opening the door, throws a hasty direction into the outer room*) Admit no one. Engaged on important business. No one—you understand. (Aline *stands alone by the desk. She shrinks back as* Mr. Atwood *closes the door and approaches her.*)

Mr. Atwood (*reassuringly*). What is it, my child? What has happened?

Aline (*gaspingly*). Nothing.

Mr. Atwood. You must not be afraid to tell me. I am not angry, my dear.

Aline (*raising her hand to her throat and compressing it slightly*). I wouldn't speak to me in that way, if I were you.

Mr. Atwood. I did not mean to be stern.

Aline. I didn't think you were. I meant that if you speak to me so kindly I shall cry, and I don't want to. (Mr. Atwood *draws her hand from her throat and holds it in his, stroking it soothingly.*)

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). Shall I scold you then? If nothing has happened, I am afraid that is your guardian's duty.

Aline (*glancing up quickly*). If you scold me, I shall surely cry.

Mr. Atwood. Then I had better say nothing about it just now. How did you find your way to my office?

Aline. I knew your address, and I came in a cab.

Mr. Atwood. Alone!

Aline. Why not?

Mr. Atwood (*anxiously*). My child, that must not happen again. Send for me and I will come to you at any hour of the day or night. You know that.

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Aline. I did not think you would mind the cab. I was not afraid.

Mr. Atwood. But I am. Tell me, what will Madame Armand say when she knows that you have run away from her to your stern guardian?

Aline. You are not stern.

Mr. Atwood. Ah, you do not know me. I am going to be very stern now.

Aline (*with a quick glance*). You couldn't. (*She smiles.*)

Mr. Atwood (*smiling also and shaking his head*). No, I'm afraid you are right. But you have not yet told me what Madame Armand is going to say to this escapade?

Aline. Nothing—she won't know. I slipped away so cleverly.

Mr. Atwood (*cautiously*). Then you did not mean to run away for good?

Aline (*laughing*). Oh, no; did you think so? I only wanted to see you quite alone. I had something to say to you.

Mr. Atwood (*with a breath of relief*). Ah! Shall you be afraid when you go back to Madame Armand, if she should find you out, Aline?

Aline. No—o. But she won't.

Mr. Atwood. I am afraid we shall have to take her into our confidence, my child.

Aline. You are not going to tell her of me?

Mr. Atwood. I am going to take you back to her myself. But she shall say nothing to you. I promise you that. I will come to the school to-night, and you shall then see me entirely alone, and tell me all you want; but I must take you back to Madame Armand—and at once, Aline!

Aline. You are going to drive me away?

Mr. Atwood. I am going to drive you away in a carriage, with myself on the seat beside you—that's all.

Aline (*passionately withdrawing from him*). If you send me away now, I will never come back to you. I am not a baby. I won't be taken home by my hand, and have my nurse told not to scold me. I am going away alone. (*As she reaches the door* Mr. Atwood *follows and detains her.*)

Mr. Atwood (*gravely*). Stay, Aline. I will listen now, my dear. (*She resists for a moment, but is conquered by a flood of excited tears.* Mr. Atwood *leads her to the arm-chair by the window.*)

Mr. Atwood. Sit here and rest, first.

Aline (*rubbing her eyes with her hands childishly*). May I take off my h-hat?

Mr. Atwood. Of course you may. See, here is my chair close by yours, and here am I in it. Now, what is it? (*He unties her ribbons, lays the hat on the floor, and seats himself in a chair near* Aline.)

Aline (*still brokenly*). I want to know what you are going to do with me?

Mr. Atwood. Do with you?

Aline. Yes; you are not going to do what Madame Armand says, are you?

Mr. Atwood. What does she say?

Aline (*indignantly*). That I am to spend next winter with her, and that she is to take me out into what she calls "de vorld"—and that you said so.

Mr. Atwood (*frowning slightly*). Madame Armand should have let me tell you my plans. Why do you object, Aline?

Aline. Then you did say it.

Mr. Atwood. Madame Armand knows the world and could show it to you very well and pleasantly. She has done so with many other girls. And you like her, do you not? I thought so.

Aline. I have not minded learning from her, but is that to be my home?

Mr. Atwood. It has been your home for many years. You called it that just now yourself.

Aline. She can't even say home in her language. That's not a home. It's only the place where I live.

Mr. Atwood. Doesn't that mean home?

Aline (*reproachfully*). You know it does not.

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). No, not always, I admit. I have no home myself, you know, outside of my club. But I thought you were happy with Madame Armand.

Aline. I was quite willing to go to school to her, but next year will be different. I shall be a woman then, and I did not think I should have to wait longer than that.

Mr. Atwood (*perplexed*). For what?

Aline. To live with you.

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Mr. Atwood. With me, my dear!

Aline. If I had known only Madame Armand, it would have satisfied me, I suppose, but I was seeing you always, and always looking forward to our living together. You surely remember our plans?

Mr. Atwood (*after a moment's silence*). Tell me them over again, Aline.

Aline (*surprised*). Why, you used to be saying it over and over again whenever you came to see me. You used to say we should live together in a little house, and that you would never marry, and I should keep the house for you. Surely you have not forgotten!

Mr. Atwood. When and where did we last speak of that, Aline?

Aline. In the garden at Madame's summer home. You were sitting on a bench and you lifted me on your knee, and we even decided on our furniture.

Mr. Atwood (*rising and looking out of the window, his back to* ALINE). And you never remember my saying this after you grew too old to be perched on my knee?

Aline. No, but I never forgot it. That has always been *home* to me. Why don't you speak to me? I believe you don't want me.

Mr. Atwood (*turning quickly*). Dear child, you must never think that. (*He rests his hand on the back of her chair, looking down at her.*) How can I make you understand? You know about as much of the world as the roar of life out there in the street might tell you, and that is all.

Aline (*eagerly*). You could teach it to me—and far better than Madame Armand.

Mr. Atwood. No, here I have only a tiny corner of life to show you, and see how I stammer and stutter over it. (*He seats himself again by* ALINE *and covers her hands, which lie in her lap, with his own.*) Tell me, my dear, did you ever see just such a household as you describe? Did you ever hear or read of one? Run over your schoolmates' lives—what became of them as they went out from the school?

Aline (*sadly*). That is not the same thing. They all had a father or a mother to go to, or at least an uncle or an aunt. I have never had anyone but you, and now I do think you don't want me. (*She tries to withdraw her hands.* MR. ATWOOD *holds them fast.*)

Mr. Atwood (*earnestly*). Aline, I do want you. What could give me greater happiness than to keep you with me always, and have you care for me, and I for you. I have no home either, you know. Do you suppose I am never lonely? Remember all that, and then realize how hard it must be for me to say no.

Aline (*tearfully*). Then what makes you say it?

Mr. Atwood (*very gently*). Think a moment, dear child. I am an old man to you, but the world still calls me young; and you are a child to me, but the world would call you a woman. We are too young and too old, and we cannot possibly stretch out the years between us, try as we might. Do you understand now? Look about your own small world, and you will see that kind of household only belonging to married people.

Aline (*sobbing*). Then why don't you marry me?

Mr. Atwood (*dropping* ALINE'S *hands and rising hastily*). My dear child! (*he stands near her hesitatingly, then continues with effort*) I must have done very wrongly, but it was without intention to deceive or play on your feelings. I drew a pathetic picture of a homeless life which does not exist, and of a loneliness which is not mine. I am neither lonely nor unhappy. I am not even uncomfortable, and you must not feel sorry for me, Aline. (ALINE *sobs on, and* MR. ATWOOD *continues, entreatingly.*) Suppose I were to marry you, my dear. Can't you see that I should be doing a very wicked thing?

Aline (*brushing away her tears*). No, you would not be wicked. If you knew how I hated the thought of being with Madame Armand, you wouldn't say so.

Mr. Atwood (*his expression relaxing suddenly into relief and amusement*). Child, what an unnecessary scare you gave me. Come, dry your eyes, and we will talk it all over. What a watery little woman it is! See how you have tear-stained your white glove. It is quite wet. Let me pull it off for you. (*He sits down again and draws her glove*

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from her hand, finger by finger.) Now we will talk this all out comfortably, and leave nothing to think of afterward. Did you suppose I could be tempted into robbing baby carriages? And what a baby you are, Aline!

Aline (*with dignity*). I shall be eighteen next autumn.

Mr. Atwood. And I shall be two score in a few years. How would you like being hampered with a gray-haired husband then?

Aline. I should like it dearly.

Mr. Atwood (*hastily*). You don't know what you would like when you are a woman. Do you know what even my best friends would say? That I had kept a little heiress in a pill-box, and married her before she had a chance to peep out; and it would be quite true.

Aline (*impatiently*). If having money is only to make me unhappy, I shall give it all to Madame Armand the day I come of age.

Mr. Atwood (*gravely*). Even then, my child, it would not be honorable for me to marry you.

Aline (*reproachfully*). And you care more for that than for me.

Mr. Atwood. No, you have been as my own child for so many years that I am afraid, if your happiness and my honor were put in the scales, my honor would kick the beam. But it is your happiness that I am considering now; for I could not make you happy, try as I might.

Aline. Why not?

Mr. Atwood (*decidedly*). Because you do not love me.

Aline. I do love you.

Mr. Atwood. No, you do not, or you would be less sure of it, and you would not tell me so. You are fond of me as I am of you, but you do not love me, my dear.

Aline. What is the difference?

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). You will know some day, and then I will let you marry him.

Aline. How shall I know?

Mr. Atwood. Ah, that was just the order of question I wanted to leave Madame Armand to answer.

Aline. No, tell me yourself.

Mr. Atwood. Well, first of all, you will know without asking, and deny it, even to yourself. You will stand in the shadow of a needle and fancy yourself concealed. You will be troubled when with him, and miserable when away from him. And then I will give you to him, and not before.

Aline. But I am miserable at the thought of being away from you.

Mr. Atwood. You are miserable at the thought of being with Madame Armand. Tell me the truth, Aline, do you ever miss me after I leave you?

Aline. Indeed I do.

Mr. Atwood. How much, and for how long?

Aline (*thoughtfully*). I don't have much time between lessons, but I want you to come back soon, and I always cry until the class-bell rings after you go. (MR. ATWOOD *stoops and kisses her hand with exaggerated gallantry.*)

Mr. Atwood. That is good of you, Aline; you miss me more than I thought, my dear. But some day, although your eyes may cry less, your heart will cry more. You won't want him back *soon*, but at once and forever. And no lesson-books or class-bells on earth will be able to make you forget. Then you will remember your old guardian's words, and laugh at the idea of loving me.

Aline. No; for indeed I do love you.

Mr. Atwood (*tenderly*). I know you do, and I love you dearly, my child. We are not ashamed to confess our loves, are we? There lies the defect.

Aline. You don't love me, or you wouldn't let me be so unhappy.

Mr. Atwood. You are not to be unhappy.

Aline. I shall be unhappy with Madame Armand.

Mr. Atwood. You are not to be left with Madame Armand.

Aline (*radiantly*). You mean to keep me yourself, after all.

Mr. Atwood. Practically, since you are foolish enough to want me. I don't see it all quite clearly yet, but do you think you would like to live with my sister?

Aline. With your sister? I thought you said——

Mr. Atwood. I will take a house for you both near my own rooms. She is

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"No, we will keep those for the lover to come."—Page 310.

a widow, you know, and, as she is quite as mistaken as yourself regarding me, will do all I wish. You will see me every day, and oftener, perhaps. That will be your own home, and my second home. Will that satisfy you?

Aline (*starting to her feet*). You are in earnest?

Mr. Atwood (*rising also*). In dead earnest.

Aline. I can't—no, I can't believe it.

Mr. Atwood (*laughing*). Shut your eyes and try hard, and whatever you do, don't cry again. You have been a naughty child and gotten all you cried for. Now be good and thank me pret-

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tily. (ALINE, *with a cry of delight, clasps her hands on his arm and lifts her face, offering him her lips.* MR. ATWOOD *looks at her and hesitates. He lays his finger lightly on her lips.*) No, we will keep those for the lover to come. You are pleased then? You want nothing more? Think now while I am in the melting mood.

Aline (*knitting her brows with difficulty*). I don't think of anything more that I could want.

Mr. Atwood (*quizzically*). Not even me?

Aline. You said I should see you.

Mr. Atwood. And you don't want to marry me now?

Aline (*shyly*). I do, if you want me to. You have been so good.

Mr. Atwood. Aline, confess the truth. Now that you have escaped Madame Armand, you want to throw me over. You never loved me at all.

Aline. It was you who said that. I told you I did.

Mr. Atwood. In the past tense already, I vow! *Do* you?

Aline (*hanging her head*). If all that you told me just now is true, then perhaps I don't.

Mr. Atwood (*laughing aloud*). Very well, then, I shall never ask you to marry me again. I have been refused by a chit of seventeen, on this first day of April.

Aline (*looking at him thoughtfully*). You have been so good to me. Will you take me home now? (*She moves apart from him and speaks softly, lowering her eyes.*) I shall love you forever for what you did then. But all the same——

Mr. Atwood (*looking at her keenly. Aside*). Have I said too much? (*Aloud.*) Here is your hat, Aline. (*He lifts her hat from the floor and watches her tie it on.* ALINE *avoids his eyes. They move to the door, which* MR. ATWOOD *opens. As he stands aside for her to pass out,* ALINE *glances back over her shoulder.*)

Aline (*mischievously*). You must never tell anyone that I offered myself to you, you know.

Mr. Atwood (*following her*). Aline!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *the Same.*

Time: One year later.

Curtain rises on MR. ATWOOD *seated at his desk, looking at the calendar he holds in his hand. The date marked is April 1st. He lays down the calendar thoughtfully, draws his paper toward him, dips his pen in the ink, and begins to write. The door at the back of the room opens softly.*

Enter ALINE, *dressed in walking costume. She crosses the floor on tiptoe, and stands laughing at the other side of the desk.*

Aline. How angry are you this time? (*As* MR. ATWOOD *looks up and attempts to rise, she motions him back.*) Don't move, I am coming to you. (*She rounds the desk and drops in a chair by his side, still laughing and holding out her hand.*) You have not bade me good-morning yet.

Mr. Atwood (*holding the hand she offers*). Aline, you are incorrigible. How did you get here this time?

Aline. In the same way — a cab. Now, why don't you scold?

Mr. Atwood. Because I cannot, and you know it. This is a flagrant abuse of power. Is my sister in town?

Aline. Oh, no, she is at the seaside, where you left her.

Mr. Atwood (*reproachfully*). And where I left you.

Aline. I know, I have run away again. I took the early train this morning. I wanted to see you.

Mr. Atwood. I should be more than human to scold now. That was cleverly done, Aline. What do you want? Experience, alas, has taught you that you have only to ask.

Aline. I wanted to see you——

Mr. Atwood. You saw me three days ago.

Aline. I wanted to see you again. Are you busy?

Mr. Atwood. No—as usual, I am at your disposal.

Aline. You were writing when I came in.

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Mr. Atwood. Did you expect to find me kicking my heels? No, to tell the truth, if a penny postage stamp had been put on my thoughts, I am afraid you would have received them.

Aline (*opening her purse laughingly, selects a coin which she lays on the table*). A penny for your thoughts, then, as you have put your price on them.

Mr. Atwood (*taking possession of the coin and laughing also*). I will give you an I. O. U. See here. (*He takes up his pen and writes rapidly.* ALINE *looks over his shoulder.*)

Mr. Atwood (*reads*). "I. O. U. my thoughts, to be delivered in ripe season." Does that answer? (ALINE *takes the paper, folds it, and lays it away in her reticule with mock carefulness.*)

Mr. Atwood (*watching her*). And now what? I am not vain enough to believe that you only wanted to see me. Let me think. You were afraid I would buy your new dining-room table without you, after all. Is that it?

Aline. I told you I didn't care about selecting it.

Mr. Atwood. And I told you I would not buy it without you. I am a creature of habit. The old table is just right. Suppose your new table proved too wide for you to hand my coffee cup across, yourself. I should never dine with you again if you invited me every night. You must go with me and test it.

Aline. Indeed I shall not. What would the cabinet-maker think?

Mr. Atwood. He would think me an old fool, I imagine, and (*pausing and looking at* ALINE) I fear he would be quite right. I must content myself with taking him the measurement, I suppose. But come, Aline, I want you to sit over there in the arm-chair by the window, where you sat the first time you came here, one year ago to-day. I have held it sacred to you since then. (*He leads* ALINE *to the arm-chair and seats himself near her.*) I sat just here opposite to you, did I not? But then you were my obedient ward—and to-day I am your obedient guardian.

Aline (*lifting her hat from her head and laying it on her knee*). You have not told me that I might take off my hat yet, and you did the time before. (*She passes her hands over her hair.*)

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). Mark the year's difference! Then you humbly asked my permission. To-day you don't wait for it. Time flies, but we fly also. Are you satisfied with the changes of your year, Aline?

Aline (*using the crown of her hat as a cushion for her bonnet-pins, thrusting them in and out as she talks*). Yes, I am satisfied, but your sister is not satisfied for me.

Mr. Atwood. What displeases her?

Aline. That I am not married.

Mr. Atwood (*quickly*). Did she say that to you?

Aline. Not that exactly, but I know how anxious she is to see me settled. She thinks I am in danger of throwing myself away, you know.

Mr. Atwood. Why?

Aline (*indifferently*). Oh, because I am wealthy and because I am pretty.

Mr. Atwood (*laughing*). You know that you are wealthy, because I could not well keep that from you. But how do you know you are pretty?

Aline (*demurely*). I have been told so.

Mr. Atwood. I never told you so.

Aline (*looking up at him and raising her eyebrows*). You are telling me so now.

Mr. Atwood (*drawing back slightly*). What kind of discipline does this show? You ought to stand in awe of me, Aline.

Aline. I do sometimes. I was horribly afraid of you the night before I left home. I was afraid you would be angry as your sister was.

Mr. Atwood. Was she angry with you—and why?

Aline (*thrusting the pins into her hat and looking down*). Because I *couldn't* do what she wanted me to—you remember. I was afraid to tell you I had sent him away, because I knew you wanted it so much too; but indeed I had tried my very best.

Mr. Atwood (*leaning toward her*). And you thought I should be angry! That I wanted you to marry!

Aline. But you did, did you not? You kept asking him here and there, and making me go about with him. I didn't want to.

Mr. Atwood. No, Aline, I did not want you to marry him. When you

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told me you could not, I was indecently happy to hear it.

Aline. Then why did you feel one way and act another? Of course I misunderstood you.

Mr. Atwood. Can you see no reason?

Aline. I call it very unreasonable.

Mr. Atwood (*earnestly*). No, he had everything to offer you, strength of body and mind, a real devotion, I think, wealth, position—and youth. I determined that he should have every chance, but as for wishing it—no, Aline. (*He rises and moves to the desk, where he unlocks a drawer and takes from it a long white glove which he hands* ALINE.) You left it here on your last visit. Do you remember?

Aline (*puzzled and turning the glove over*). No—why, yes, I do remember. I searched everywhere for it afterward, and finally threw away the mate. Why did you not give me this before?

Mr. Atwood. I have not given it to you now.

Aline (*turning the glove over again, laughs*). It may not be wasted after all, as it happens to be a right-hand glove. It will do for my wedding-day. Keep it for me. When I want it I will ask you for it. (MR. ATWOOD *takes the glove from her and puts it in his pocket silently.*)

Aline (*laughing*). How seriously you take it!

Mr. Atwood. I am thinking of a confession I have to make to you. I was going down to the seaside to see you this afternoon.

Aline. But you wrote that you were very busy, and that you couldn't possibly come!

Mr. Atwood. And it was quite true.

Aline. Then how could you?

Mr. Atwood. I can't from that point of view, but I was coming. I wanted to see you.

Aline (*mischievously*). You saw me three days ago. That was your reply to me.

Mr. Atwood. I wanted to see you again. That was your answer.

Aline. Then you do miss me a little?

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). A little.

Aline. Only a little?

Mr. Atwood (*taking her two hands in his and raising them to his lips*). I have not paid you that homage since the day when you last sat in this chair. You say that you have wanted me, Aline. Multiply that tenfold, and you will know how I was wanting you. I told you I was a creature of habit. Three days ago, when you left town, I turned back again to my old lines of life and it was as if they had never fitted me. I had drifted from them and in revenge they would not have me again. My old haunts were but places revisited. Do you know what I mean? What am I to do? I was coming to ask you.

Aline (*touching the reticule at her side*). Was that the thought you sold me?

Mr. Atwood. That and something further. Will you present your paper now, Aline? I am more than ready to tell my thought.

Aline. Let *me* tell something first. I was not quite honest when I said I came for nothing. (*She turns her face from him as she continues, speaking softly.*) Last year when I sat in this chair, you told me that if I really cared, I would be so unhappy in a separation that nothing could make me forget——

Mr. Atwood (*eagerly*). Yes!

Aline (*her face still averted*). And that I would then learn the difference between—just being fond of someone—and something else.

Mr. Atwood (*bending nearer and half circling her with his arm*). Go on, Aline!

Aline. And that when my eyes cried less than my heart, I would understand.

Mr. Atwood. And now, dear?

Aline (*turning to him suddenly and hiding her face against his arm*). You told me then that if I cared really, I couldn't say it, and I don't think I can say it at all.

Mr. Atwood. Let me say it for you, Aline.

Aline. That was what I came for. When we were separated, then I knew, as you said I would—Will you bring him back to me? (MR. ATWOOD *bends over her in silence. As* ALINE *attempts to rise he gently prevents her by laying his hand on her head. Once his lips touch her hair, and then he releases her and stands beside her.* ALINE *rising also, glances up at him eagerly. As she clasps*

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her hands appealingly on his arm, he looks down at her.)

Mr. Atwood (*slowly*). Yes, I will bring him back to you.

Aline (*anxiously*). You are not vexed with me?

Mr. Atwood. No, my child.

Aline. And you will still love me?

Mr. Atwood. Always, Aline. (*As she still clings to him he rouses with effort.*) All is as it should be. I shall do my part. I will give you to him as I promised, and dance at your wedding, dear. Are you satisfied?

Aline. How good you are to me! (*She lifts her face, offering him her lips.*)

Mr. Atwood (*framing her face in his hands*). No, those are not for me, Aline. (*As he releases her and turns away, a rap at the door calls him.* MR. ATWOOD *crosses the room and opens the door to receive a card which is handed in to him. He reads it and then looks at* ALINE. *Returning to* ALINE'S *side he speaks steadily.*) Aline, someone is waiting to see me in the outer office, someone who can offer you a great deal, my dear—an honorable name, an eager devotion, and the pride of strength and youth. He asks me if I can spare him a few moments. What shall I tell him, dear? Shall I say that I will spare him far more than that—and that it is waiting for him here? (*He takes her glove from his pocket and holds it toward her.*) Take your glove if that is to be my answer. (*As* ALINE, *with bowed head, holds out her hand,* MR. ATWOOD *lays the white glove across her palm, and gently opening her reticule, draws out the written form. As he passes the open window on his way from the room he pauses to tear the paper into fragments, fluttering the white scraps out into the air.*)

CURTAIN.

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A Foreman Explaining a Detail to a Workman.

THE MACHINIST.

By Fred J. Miller.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY OTTO H. BACHER.

IN former times, when the waging of battle, offensive or defensive, seemed to be the principal, or, at least, the most important occupation of men, the soldier was naturally the most honored among them. History is largely made up of the exploits of soldiers ; not only because the successful soldier has been regarded as the highest and noblest type of man, but chiefly because upon the arbitrament of war largely depended mental, moral, and social development.

In these days the changes going on in the condition of man depend much more upon machinery and machinists ; even our wars being now largely contests of machines against machines, as anyone may see who visits a modern naval vessel, for instance, and notes the fact that it is literally a monster fighting machine of the most complex character—the turning of a small crank, the movement of a lever, or the touching of a button, causing this machine to perform its appointed tasks.

Turning from war to more peaceful pursuits, we find the handiwork of the machinist occupying an equally prominent position, it being now the fact, not so generally recognized as it should be, perhaps, that our magnificent and world-feeding crops of corn and wheat, are largely machine products so far as man's agency in their production is concerned ; nearly everything necessary to their production, from the preparation of the ground to the seeding, cultivating, harvesting, transporting, and final preparation for food being done by machinery ; much of it driven by steam-engines, and a very large proportion of it entirely automatic in its action.

There are sufficient reasons, probably, why the machinist will never be so highly regarded, relatively, as the soldier has been, even though his work

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becomes far more important; but it is quite certain that his importance and usefulness are being better understood as the world's work and our modern civilization depend more and more upon him. And this ought to be especially true in America, where machinery is more generally used than in any other land, and where the first thought, upon the introduction of any new industry or any new and desirable article, is not, Can we find men, women, and children to do the work at a profit-permitting cost, but, Can our machinists build for us machines for doing the work?

Hand-rolled cigarettes were smoked by Spaniards and Cubans for many years before the custom began to prevail in this country; but when the demand arose for them here, machines for making them were almost immediately devised, and in a Waterbury machine shop about one hundred and fifty of such machines have been built; most of them capable of making two hundred and ten cigarettes per minute, though others make but sixty — perhaps because they are employed upon a "strictly hand-made" brand; the machine, however, closely imitates hand work, and thus, I suppose, satisfies the youths who imagine that the portrait of the maker is enclosed in every package.

This is not mentioned as an especially or particularly glorious triumph of the American machinist, but as being one of the latest, and perhaps also one of the most difficult, problems solved by him in his never-ceasing effort to do by machinery what others have been apparently satisfied to do by hand.

No matter what we may wish to accomplish within the limits fixed by nature's laws, the machinist stands ready to lend his mighty aid. To the humblest and to the noblest service of man, his work is alike applicable. A product of the machinist's art pares apples for a farmer's wife, another propels a mighty ship around the world, while still another, placed at the top of Mount Hamilton and used to control the motions of a lens, strengthens and extends our vision more than thirty-thousand-fold into the mysteries of space.

But it is to be observed that while all these are machines for the construction of which the machinist is alike, primarily, to be credited, there is this difference between them, that while such machines as the marine engine or the Lick telescope, requiring a high grade of workmanship and made in limited numbers, are constructed by the machinist himself, the apple-parer and other machines made in very large numbers, are not made directly by the machinist, who only constructs the first or the first few machines of the desired pattern, which, in shop parlance, are called the model machines; he then further constructs the special tools, appliances, and machinery by which the model machine can be duplicated in infinite numbers; after which his work in such manufacturing operations is that of supervision, inspection, renewal, and repairs of tools and special machinery; such men, though pri-

In Line at the Tool-room.

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marily machinists, being known in the factories as "tool-makers," while the men who do the direct work upon the machines are, for the most part, those who have learned to do only one, or, at most, a few operations, many of which, when combined, produce the completed machine, be it an apple-parer, a reaper, a rifle, a sewing-machine, or a watch; one of the curiosities of our modern industrial system being that a watch is no longer the product of a watchmaker, but of the machinist, who designs and constructs the special machinery for producing watches, and directs its operation. As will be readily surmised, the very highest grade of skill is required for such work as this, the chief requirements for its accomplishment, besides this skill, being patience and that degree of conscientiousness which will not allow a man to permit a piece of work to leave his hands until he can no further improve it. For it is to be remembered that, notwithstanding all we hear of the vast superiority of machine over hand work, this machinery must itself possess as great, if not greater, accuracy and refinement than the product manufactured by it. No machine can, in this respect, be superior to its maker; it can only produce sufficiently accurate and good work at a lower cost than if made by him. The first sewing-machine of a kind, built by skilled machinists or tool-makers, is at least as good and as accurately made as any subsequently manufactured by machinery, and the same men can duplicate it more exactly than can any machinery; but machines built thus would cost far more than people could afford to pay for them; and that is all there is to the talk of the substitution of the "certainty and accuracy of machinery for the uncertainty and inaccuracy of hand-work."

A Workman's Device for a Hot Luncheon—Heating Coffee on Red-hot Steel.

But your genuine skilled machinist would not care to work at manufacturing sewing-machines for the market, even if people could afford to pay for sewing-machines thus produced, for he abhors work that is drudgery, and that involves repetition of the same operation over and over again. Unskilled men can be trained to do such work well enough, while he prefers to work at something not manufactured in large numbers, something which calls for the exercise of his judgment, skill, and ingenuity at every step of its progress; the making of a complicated and novel machine presenting new problems to be solved in its construction; work, in short, that requires the application of brains and discriminating skill; something that machines can never be

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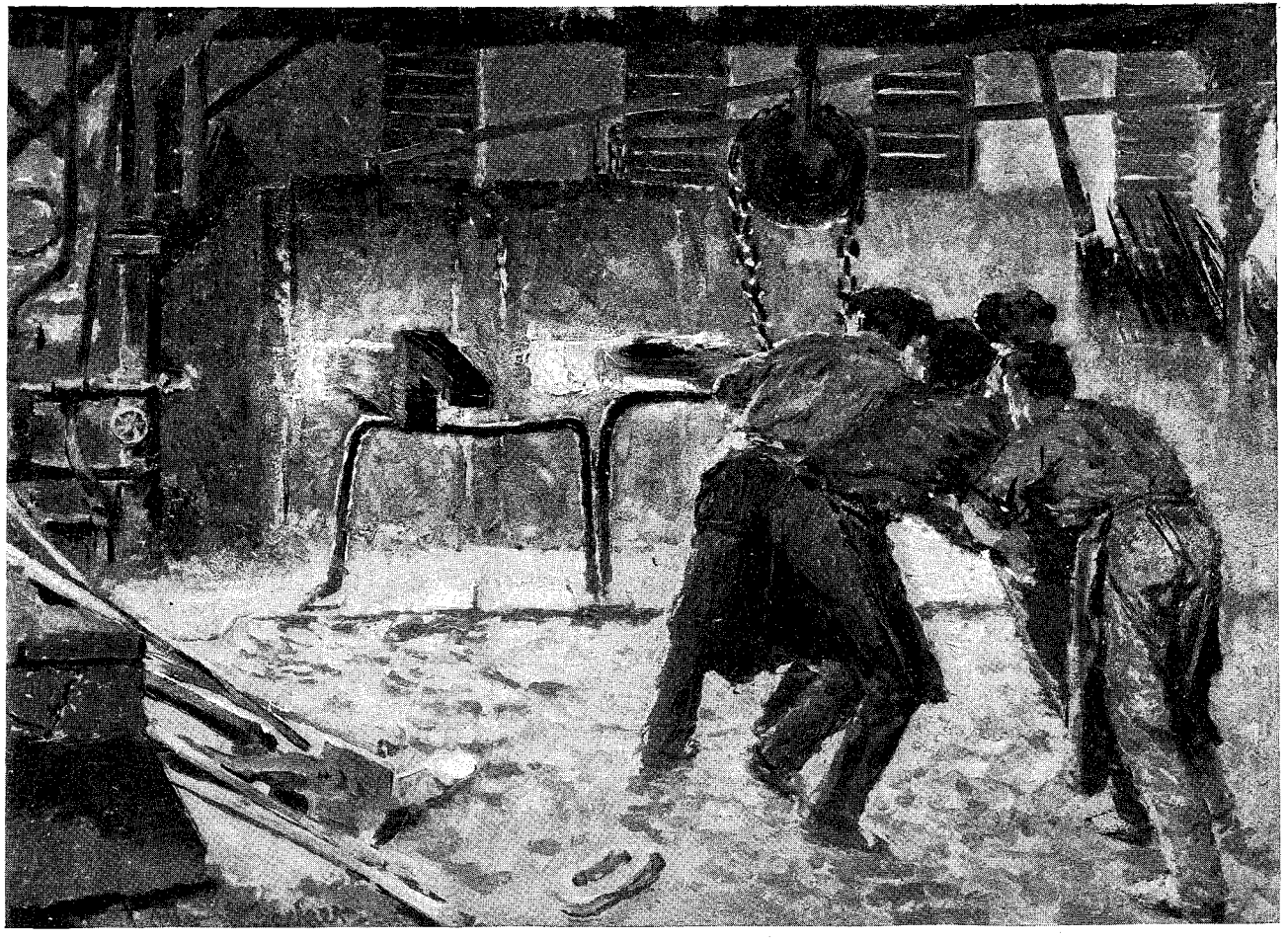

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

At the Furnace in the Blacksmith Shop of Locomotive Works.

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endowed with, and the lack of which prevents them, for instance, from being able to produce so apparently simple a matter as a perfectly plane surface; the best they can do being an approximation to this which, when necessary, is brought to perfection by the highly skilled hand labor of the machinist, applying the principle by virtue of which no three surfaces can each fit both the others accurately, unless all are perfect planes.

Machines, however, usually improve on such hand-work, as is done in large quantities by comparatively unskilled labor, and by doing this perform a great service in relieving men from monotonous and non-brain-using occupations. A recent instance of this is seen in the matter of the cancellation of postage-stamps upon letters. Nothing can well be imagined as an occupation for sentient beings, more laborious, monotonous, and uninteresting. The machinist has recently developed and is now perfecting a machine which cancels more than ten stamps to the man's one, and does it so that the stamp showing the time and place of mailing can actually be read; thus accomplishing the purpose for which the work is done; which, for the hand stamper, is only an occasional or very rare attainment.

In a strict sense, a machinist is one who is skilled in the art of building machinery, one who is capable of taking a drawing of a machine, correctly interpreting it, and, from the raw materials, *i.e.*, forgings and castings—the machinist's raw materials—making a complete and finished machine, ready to do its ap-

Casting.

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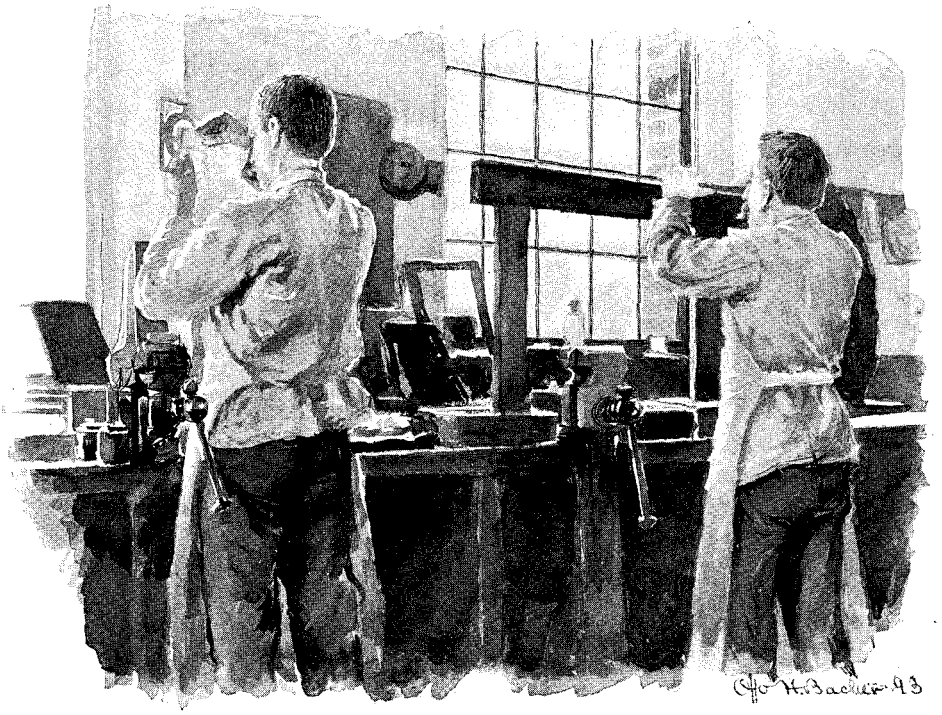

Measuring and Gauging Fine Work.

pointed work. If he be also capable of making the drawing, he is so much the better machinist; and, in fact, a very large proportion of the best machinists are in these days also draughtsmen—not the sort of draughtsmen whose work the general public is familiar with, but makers of drawings composed of conventional arrangements of lines, which to the initiated tell everything, but to the uninitiated mean nothing whatever; such a drawing—an excellent one, of a steam-boiler—having been actually interpreted by a young lady as a plan of a freight-yard, showing the location of the tracks and switches.

The larger cities have, for a long time, offered to young and ambitious machinists, and machinists' apprentices desiring to learn drawing and mathematics, superior advantages in their night schools and special evening classes; but this is an advantage which is fast disappearing by the establishment of similar institutions in the smaller places, these being taken advantage of by machinists' apprentices and young machinists more than by any other trades, for the reason that the importance of a knowledge of such things is more plainly seen in that trade than in any other, with one or two possible exceptions.

With the knowledge of drawing goes also the importance of some knowledge of mathematics, and the machinist who would attain the highest success must, whether a developed mathematician or not, be possessed of a mathematical mind; for machinery is the embodiment of mathematics, every movement of every machine being a demonstration of mathematical laws. It is not meant to say that the machinist must necessarily understand or even be aware of the existence of all of these, or that he must be acquainted with differential and integral calculus; but he must at least have the mathematical faculty to enable him to readily grasp and understand the principles and method of operation of an intricate machine, even before the machine is constructed; and merely by an inspection of the combination of geometrical figures known as a mechanical drawing.

A large proportion of machinists are

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developed from boys who conceive in early life more or less of a passion for machinery. They are the boys who are always sure to be present, to their own imminent peril, where pile-drivers, excavators, dredges, and other heavy and powerful machines are being used. They envy the locomotive engineer; imagine him a hero, and necessarily an altogether superior being, unhampered by the ordinary weaknesses of poor humanity; an opinion which is somewhat modified when, in after-years, the boy, now grown, has learned to construct locomotives; when former wonders and mysteries of the machine have become every-day and familiar companions, and he sees how great a proportion of the necessary repairs upon locomotives are occasioned by the very human limitations and fallibility of the men who manage them.

The machinist's work, unlike that of the carpenter, the mason, and others, is not done where its doing can be much seen by the public, and for this reason, as much perhaps as on account of its complexity and extremely technical character, is but little understood or appreciated by the great body of the people. They comprehend the processes of wood turning and planing, because they see them done and perceive their utility. It is not so easy for them to understand that iron, steel, and other metals must be worked by similar or analogous processes, while cold, in order to remove the unavoidable imperfections of the forgings and castings, and fit them to become parts of intricate yet smooth-working mechanisms. But machinists in doing this work must use tools adapted to the more refractory materials; and instead of their lathe tools, for instance, being wooden-handled chisels held easily in the hand of the operator, as in wood-turning, they must be heavy and strong bars of the best and hardest steel, supported entirely by the machine itself, yet in such manner as to permit adjustment and control by the workman, and, in the heavier machines, capable of withstanding a strain of tons. The speed, too, must be much slower than allowed by the less refractory materials; twenty feet of cutting speed per minute being seldom exceeded.

What these machines lack in speed, however, they make up in strength and power, their movements being so regular, so quiet, so apparently deliberate, yet irresistible, as to be very impressive to one who beholds them for the first time. And they probably have their influence upon the men who guide and control them; for it is noticeable that the men who manage such machinery are, as a rule, quiet, contemplative, methodical, systematic, and almost entirely free from every trace of nervousness or impulsiveness. The operation of the law of natural selection and survival of the fittest may have something to do with this, however, for there is probably no place where a man who has not absolute control of his nerves is more completely out of place than in a machine shop, where the movements of men, to be effective, must be, in a sense, rhythmic with those of machines, moving with the regularity and precision of clockwork; with neither hurry when entirely relieved of load, nor hesitation when meeting tons of resistance.

The machinist's work is rarely laborious, and much of it the opposite; many of the tools he uses having been developed by members of the craft into machines which are mainly or quite automatic in action, and are in fact called "machine tools" to distinguish them from the simpler tools used in the hand. Though the self-acting features of these tools have for their main object greater steadiness and smoothness of operation than would be possible without them, they have resulted in other benefits; not the least of these being the relief afforded from tedious and tiresome tasks which would, by inducing fatigue, in a measure unfit the workman for those delicate manipulations which are necessary in measuring and gauging fine work, and in which a steady nerve and a uniformly sensitive touch are vitally important. This will be the more readily understood when it is considered that many, and perhaps most, of the measurements made in machine shops are those known as "contact measurements," *i.e.*, measurements in which a caliper or gauge is set to the desired size and then the sense of touch depended upon to

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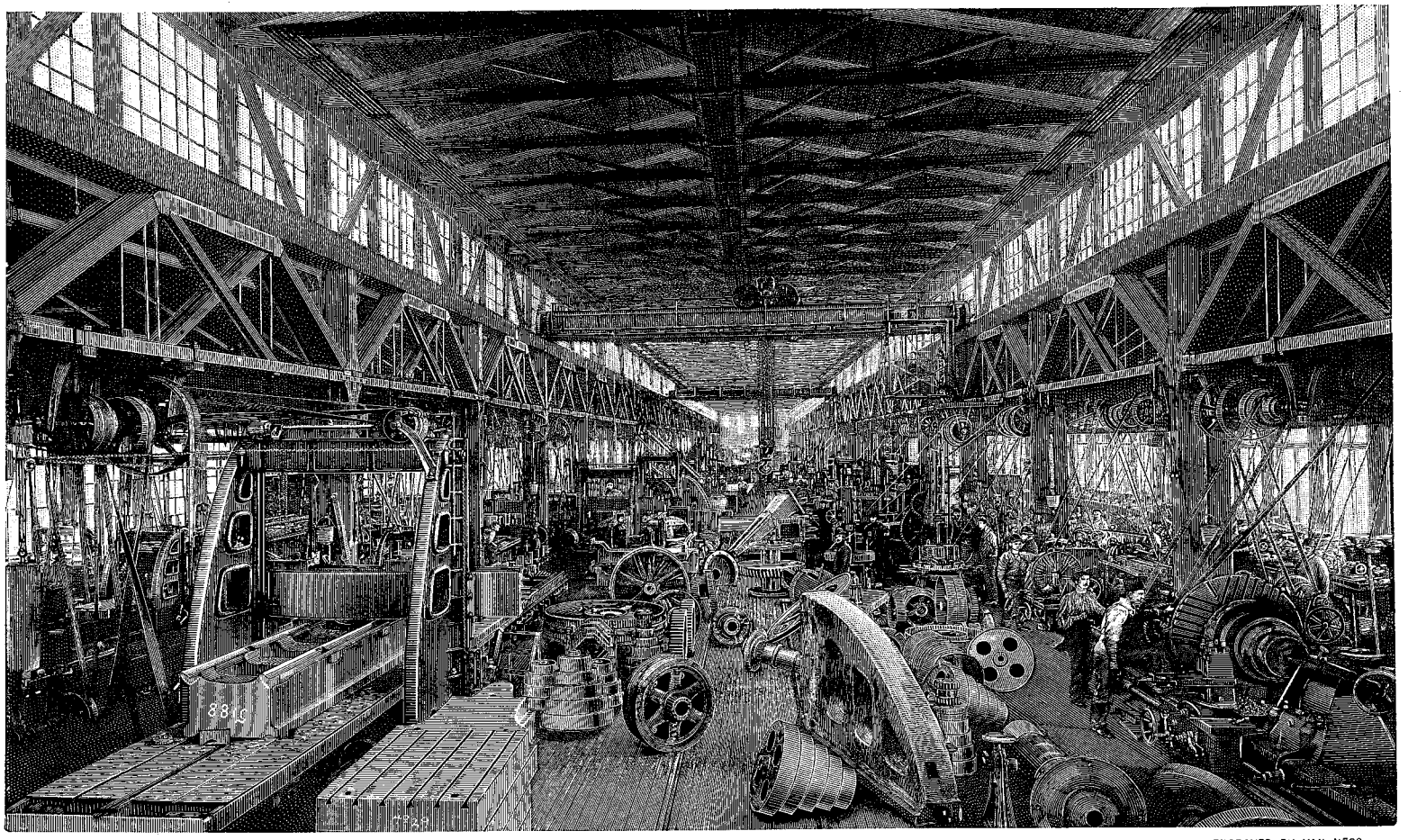

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A Typical Machine-shop Interior.

(Showing electric cranes.)

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

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determine when the work has been, by the cutting tool, the grinding operation, or the file, reduced to the proper fit within the caliper. There are plenty of men who will thus, by the impression carried through a pair of calipers and the fingers' ends, determine, within a very small percentage, the amount of pressure which shall be required to be exerted by a hydraulic press in order to force onto its shaft an engine crank or a locomotive driving-wheel; a measurement in which a thousandth part of an inch variation in diameter causes much more variation in pressure than is permissible. Indeed, on some kinds of work done in machine shops, a thousandth of an inch has now become the most commonly employed unit of measurement; a unit which is divided and subdivided into at least ten parts in order to express the degree of refinement arrived at. This, of course, far surpasses the frequently mentioned but supposedly superfluous hair-splitting operation, since an ordinary human hair is about two and a half thousandths of an inch in diameter. The paper upon which this page is printed is about three thousandths of an inch thick, and one ten-thousandth part of an inch is therefore one-thirtieth the thickness of this sheet. Considerably smaller variations of size can be detected by the trained sense of touch, or rather by the variation in resistance of a pair of calipers passed over the work, and it is even possible for the sense of magnitude and the sensitiveness of the finger ends in relation to it, to be so highly developed as to detect, unaided, and by merely rolling a small steel ball between the thumb and finger, a variation from true sphericity amounting to $\frac{1}{12500}$ of an inch, or about one thirty-seventh part of the thickness of the paper of this page; Ambrose Webster, a machinist of Waltham, whose business is the making of machinery and tools for watch manufacture, having demonstrated his ability to do this.

From this it will be inferred that, in machine shops, skill, accuracy, and delicacy of manipulation are highly esteemed, while mere brute force is at a discount. Machinists have been accused of being lazy because they usually much prefer to devise some easy way of doing a thing, or some way of applying steam-power to it, rather than to do it themselves by the application of muscular force. But the fact is, that to this disposition, which has become one of the traditions of the craft, the world owes much of its progress, and it is far better for a machinist to be opposed to hard work than to be opposed to hard thinking in order to get around the necessity for hard work. Pride of skill permeates the shop and reaches even those whose calling in life is a very humble one. A son of Erin—professional wielder of the broom—who had been given to assist him a younger, less experienced, but far more energetic "understudy," was warned by a suspiciously solicitous machinist around whose bench he was operating, that the new man was trying to supplant him. But the Irishman had confidence in his superior skill, and showed no alarm; he merely suspended operations a moment to observe that the new man "moight do well enough for plain shwapin', but wait till he comes to shwapin' aroond the leg of a lathe; that's phwat gits him."

The typical machine-shop foreman, trained as he is to regard skill far higher than brute force, makes use of it in directing the work of those under him, and the really successful, the highest type of such a man is one about whom there appear none of the attributes or characteristics of the "boss." He seems rather the natural leader and adviser of the men, letting them very much alone, except for the making of a suggestion here and there, until some difficult problem presents itself, or a question of method arises which both the journeyman and himself recognize as his province to decide.

The leisure which results from the self-acting operation of many of the machinists' tools has resulted in very many useful and important devices and inventions, though not all of this leisure time is so seriously employed, some of it being very naturally devoted to pranks of various kinds, especially if the work is being done at night, when men somehow feel as though the hardship of being called upon to work when they

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Twelve o'clock.

should be asleep, gives them the right to a little diversion. It is then that the tired machinist, who for perhaps half an hour has been adjusting a piece of work and has started a cut upon it, finds upon sitting down to take what he considers a "much-needed rest," that most of the nails which should hold his stool together have been withdrawn, and it collapses under him, every man in the shop being singularly solemn and innocent, as well as uncommonly interested in his work, when the victim, after picking himself up, looks about and questions faces. Or, upon quitting work for the night, he may reach for his coat, hung upon a near-by post, and see it quietly and very mysteriously glide out of his reach and hang next the ceiling, as though in defiance of all of Newton's laws; the string which he finally finds attached to it, passed over a nail at the top of the post, and tied in a distant part of the shop, giving no hint of the identity of the practical illustrator of the "Tale of Negative Gravity."

At such a time, too, the innocent apprentice is sent out to the tool-smith with a cold chisel to be tempered, said cold chisel, when it is withdrawn from the fire, being found to be composed of lead instead of steel, and to have melted off and mostly disappeared in the fire; about which time the apprentice is much better off if well out of reach of the outraged smith, for in such a case virtue is not its own reward, nor is he "armed without that's innocent within."

Your genuine machinist has a genuine admiration and even affection for well-designed and well-constructed machinery, for its own sake and independent of the money to be made by its use. While others would value a machine solely in proportion to the number of dollars per day it is capable of earning, the machinist has a pride and an interest in it far beyond this—a pride and interest born of a knowledge and understanding of the difficult problems encountered and solved in its construction. He regards a fine machine in much the same light as an artist regards a fine painting or a statue. To

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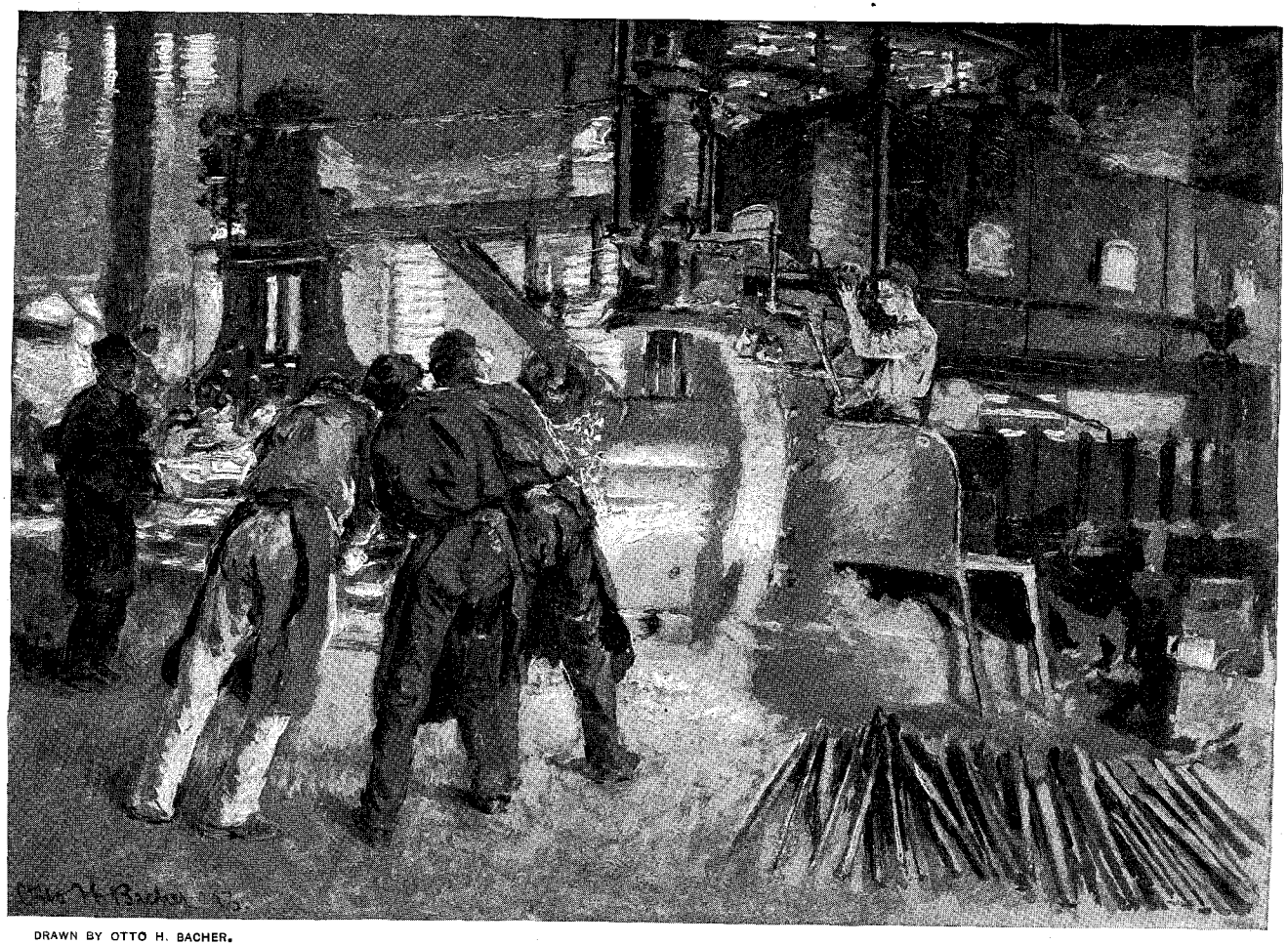

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

Forging a Locomotive Frame under a Steam Hammer.

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him the machine is a real work of art, though one which only he fully understands and appreciates. To such an extent is this feeling of devotion to his art for its own sake sometimes developed, that the machinist has been known to despise the production of what in paintings are mere "pot boilers;" and a famous machinist, in response to a friendly inquiry as to how matters were progressing in his shop, said: "Well, for some time past we have been so busy that we have accomplished nothing worth speaking of; we have been just building engines and making money, and I am tired of it;" a complaint utterly unintelligible to the purely commercial mind, but delightfully expressive to him who has much genuine appreciation of the peculiar charms of mechanical science.

Machinery constantly teaches and impresses the fact that there is a cause for every effect, and that desired effects are best secured by those who most clearly comprehend underlying principles. The machinist who should attempt to correct or perfect the operation of a complicated machine by mere guess work alone, might easily try a thousand adjustments or modifications without hitting upon the right one. He knows this, and when in doubt as to what to do, thinks about it until he feels reasonably certain that he *knows* what to do. The mechanical mind is naturally, or by training and necessity, a reasoning mind. The machinist has a most clear and comprehensive grasp of the truth that "there is no effect without a cause;" it is a necessary part of his work to reason from one to the other, the fact that much valuable property, many precious lives, and, what is often a still more potent stimulus, his reputation as a mechanic, may depend upon his correct reasoning, teaching him caution and to be sure of his ground. The wonder of the lay mind is often excited by a published interview with a locomotive engineer, in which he declares that locomotives are subject to fits of sulkiness, during which they refuse to respond to ordinary methods of management, and must be humored in various ways; sometimes even going so far in their perverseness as to refuse utterly to pull trains until they have been laid aside for a while and have recovered their normal condition; which they do by themselves as though by sentient volition. Newspaper reporters, and even the less skilled and more imaginative locomotive engineers, may believe this, or the equally nonsensical theory that two locomotives built in every respect precisely alike may not behave alike, and that while one may be a good machine, satisfactory in every respect, the other may never work properly. But no machinist ever believes such stories, for it is of the essence of his vocation that identical combinations of identical pieces of metal, will, with the same management, uniformly produce identical results, and when they apparently do not, that there is a good and sufficient cause for it — a cause which it often becomes his duty to discover and remove.

In the smaller country towns the machinist is almost unknown and, indeed, usually entirely so, except through such specimens of his handiwork as may occasionally be brought into them. The millwright builds and repairs the grist-mill, which is driven by a water-wheel, and the small boy with wheels and cranks in his head must satisfy himself with such providential periods of worship at this shrine as the exigencies of school holidays, the family wood-pile, and the good-natured tolerance or temporary relaxation of vigilance on the part of the miller will permit. He watches the miller, envies him, and wonders how he can be interested in such commonplace affairs as the texture and quality of flour or meal, or in the latest gossip from Brown's Corners brought to the door by loquacious farmers; when it is his glorious privilege to spend his entire time, if he chooses, in contemplation of the wondrous beauties of revolving wheels. A memorable occasion is that when the stream, which, by its fortuitous descent from a higher to a lower level, has from time immemorial given motion to the water-wheel, at last begins to show the effect of forest cutting and of ground drainage, and fails, giving way to a steam-

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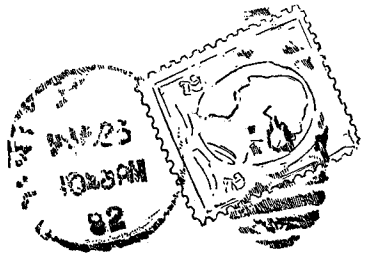
engine which comes from the city to take its place. The miller then sinks into inglorious eclipse, while the machinist who comes from the city machine shop to set up and start the mys-

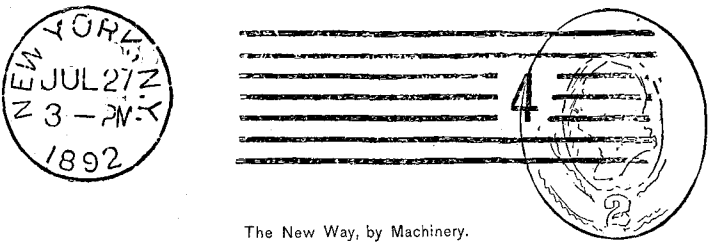


Postage Stamp Cancelled by Hand.

terious engine, becomes the hero of the town. One such transformation that fortunately took place during the long summer vacation, made a lasting impression upon the mind of one small boy, who, deeply interested, hung upon every word of the wonder-working creator of machinery and fairly worshipped him, until at the last, when, steam being turned on, it was found that, by some miscalculation of the gearing, the mill turned backward, and the ludicrous element in the scene and in the faces of the men who had expected it to turn forward, appealed so strongly to the risibilities of the small boy as to make him suddenly, and I am bound to say discreetly, retire to where he could laugh without danger of being detected. In the excitement which followed, the machinist, changing the eccentric to reverse the direction of motion of the engine, jammed his finger slightly, and, happening to look around, discovered the ghost of a suppressed smile upon the face of the small boy, who was immediately banished from the presence in sorrow and disgrace; a banishment which, however, was but temporary, and did not prevent his seeing the subsequent starting of the wheels in the good old way in which the water-wheel had been wont to drive them—a thing which the village wiseacres had been quietly assuring each other the new-fangled engine could never be made to do.

Afterward, when the small town has grown somewhat, and the use of the steam-engine has increased, a machine shop is added to its industries, and the natives then begin to understand something of the nature of the difference between castings and forgings, and between these and the finished parts of machines; to gain some idea of what is meant by truly cylindrical and plane surfaces; how they are produced in machine construction, and why they are necessary; though usually such things have not the meaning in the country repair shop that they have in places where the finest machinery is constructed, and where the closest possible approach to mathematical exactness is often not too great a degree of refinement.

To the country shop comes the farmer with his reaper, that is almost invariably shamefully abused, and given no attention whatever until it utterly refuses to work; this usually occurring in the midst of harvest, when the over-



The New Way, by Machinery.

ripe grain demands that the machine shall resume its clattering march as soon as possible; and the bill for repairs is probably never quite understood by the farmer, who cannot see why there should be so much difference between the value of such work and that done in building fences, or in breaking colts—which, to his mind, require a far higher grade of skill.

Here, too, comes the engineer of the threshing-machine engine, who doffs his suit of bed-ticking overalls and lays in a supply of country grocery cigars

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for the trip to town, to "see if that there machinist can tell what's the matter with this ingyne." But when he gets there the chances are he knows a great deal more about the trouble with the engine, and how to fix it, than the combined wisdom and experience of all the machinists in the universe could tell him; and while this particular machinist goes over the machine with a view to discovering its ailments, he is entertained by a discourse on the design, construction, repair, and management of engines, which, for exhaustiveness, self-complacency, and utter hopeless ignorance, has no parallel except in similar discourses delivered at the doors of other country machine shops by similarly equipped engineers. Such an engineer will complacently and innocently explain how much he has improved the action of the engine by the insertion of a block of wood between the cross-head pin and the connecting-rod strap to "fill up that gap;" all in blissful ignorance of the fact that, by this boast he shows that he is unable to detect the wearing away and actual loss of the rod-brass, an important part of the engine—a part the loss of which would, in fact, wreck almost any engine in which economy of steam-consumption, and about everything else, had not been sacrificed to obtain the one quality of being able to keep in motion under the most adverse conditions of abuse and neglect.

Another one will complain of the piston-rod heating, under the mistaken impression that this is not the proper thing for piston-rods to do. These men are not worse than others who possess that amount of knowledge which, since the days of Pope, has been recognized as a dangerous thing. They are engineers, or rather they occupy the position of engineers, not by natural selection and qualification, but because they own the engine, or at least have an interest in it; and the salesman who sold it to them was their instructor, assuring them that so long as they kept plenty of oil on it, and plenty of water in the boiler, nothing could possibly go wrong; a statement implicitly relied upon until the fatal day when, the safety-valve becoming inoperative for the want of a little intelligent care, or the sheets of the boiler becoming so deteriorated from neglect as to be no longer able to withstand the normal pressure, "let go," and the engine is in an instant placed beyond the skill of the machinist to repair, while the engineer, and perhaps several of his too trustful and always admiring companions, are equally beyond the surgeon's skill. We cannot safely harness, confine, and use the forces of nature unless we inform ourselves and observe the laws in accordance with which it may be done; and this particular form of manslaughter will probably go on until every man in charge of an engine has to show to the satisfaction of a proper authority that he understands these laws so far as they apply to his work, and that he is competent for the responsibility he proposes to assume.

The particular manner of the machinist's life naturally, and as with other people, depends largely upon his environment. The machinist who works for daily wages lives much as other wage-workers do; regards as scarcely attainable luxuries things which many others —not wage-workers—look upon as the common necessaries of life; but nearly always possesses an ambition born of the fact that his employment is one which demands a high order of intelligence in those who follow it with any degree of success, and holds out ample inducement in the way of honors, social position, and competence to those who attain its highest places. It is a vocation which no one need forsake for a wider field in which to exercise superior mental ability. Like all true sciences, the science of machinery is one which seems to broaden the horizon as one rises in it, and no man ever yet could truthfully say that he knew more than a small part of what there is to be known about machinery. No vocation, perhaps, better repays study in connection with it, and few exert the same degree of stimulus to investigation and study. The demand for technical books and journals is an active one among machinists, and their own contributions to that literature are highly creditable to them, showing plainly the evidence of study and logical thought. This natur-

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ally results from such facts as that there are machine tools, regularly used by machinists, that have, accompanying each, a book dealing with the deeper problems involved in their operation; a book which necessarily contains a considerable amount of applied mathematics and has very complete tables of tangents, sines, etc., for convenience in solving the problems presented in connection with the work.

This characteristic of his employment is reflected in the man, and its influence is seen in every domestic and social relation. There are numerous communities — usually noted for their production of the finest machinery, or its products—in which the machinist occupies much the same relative social position as that of teachers and professors in a college or university town.

In the ordinary factory village the machinist is very weak numerically, and may number only one to a hundred, or even to a thousand, employees, most of whom are engaged directly upon the factories' products. Here his work usually is supervisory and largely inventive in character. It is his business to see that everyone of the thousand or more intricate and often delicate machines used is kept in proper condition for doing perfect work, and he must so thoroughly understand all these machines and their working, as to be able largely to anticipate defective action and apply the appropriate remedy; which, oftentimes, may be likened to the most heroic surgical operations—remedies which are often designed not merely to restore the machine to its normal condition of efficiency, but to improve it much beyond the standard of its original builder.

The machinist's studio, as he sometimes facetiously styles the workshop set apart for his use, either within the main factory building or near it, is really a hospital for disabled machines, where they are usually to be found in all stages of many ailments, varying from constitutional defects, or general debility caused by long and faithful service, to compound fractures of important members, the result of accident or abuse. Here come the complaints and calls for assistance from every department where machines are used. Something goes wrong with an important machine, and it refuses to do its work; its work is of the greatest importance, and something must be done at once, or the entire factory may be obliged to shut down. Our machinery hospital then receives one of its emergency calls, and the doctor when he arrives must be able to decide at a glance not only what the matter is, but the cure, and how long it will take to bring it about. Sometimes this is the work of but a few moments, while under other circumstances, days and—a more unpleasant feature — nights, perhaps, of hard work, physical and mental, are required before the machine can be again put into service.

Men in such positions have large responsibilities of life as well as property, and must possess qualities that distinguish them somewhat, and that also often enable them to rise to positions of still greater responsibility and trust. There are opportunities for such men to go into business for themselves by setting up machine shops in factory towns, where they may get the work of such factories as, by reason of their comparative smallness, or, for some other cause, do not find it advantageous to maintain machine shops of their own. It is not, however, so easy for the machinist to get started in business for himself as is the case with some other artisans, because the equipment of a shop is necessarily expensive, and when this equipment is in his possession, it cannot be made to pay unless it be kept quite regularly employed; which means that a shop prepared to do almost any kind of work presented, must have enough work to keep several men employed about all the time; machine tools and power plant, both of which are necessities, imposing, when idle, a very serious burden in the form of what are known as "fixed charges," *i.e.*, charges against the profits of a business which must be met in any event, regardless of the amount of work done, and which consist of such items as interest on investment, rent, insurance, maintenance, etc.

In the railroad town the machinist performs much the same office with re-

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spect to locomotive and train service; a great deal depending upon his knowing what to do, and how and when to do it. Here the character of his duties usually requires that he be in readiness to be called upon at any time. In the round house there is always employed the regular "night gang," which includes a number of machinists whose duties consist of making such slight repairs as may readily be made during a few hours of darkness, made visible by a brace of kerosene-burning torches, remarkable much more for their smoking than for their illuminating powers. But the other men employed in the round-house and in the "back shops" by day, may be called out in emergencies from bed, from church, or even from a visit to their sweethearts; for railroad trains, like Tennyson's brook, must go on forever, and locomotives must be ever ready to pull them. If a rod-brass heats during a run, or if anything else about the engine goes wrong, the engineer very properly sacrifices every other consideration to making his time, and leaves the defects to be permanently remedied at the end of the run by the machinists. Usually the defects are real enough, but it is a regular article of faith with the machinist to charge that many of the complaints entered against engines by their runners are founded upon imaginary defects, and many of the jobs of repairing are accordingly equally imaginary; experience showing that the imaginary repairs often completely cure the imaginary defects—a simple case of adapting the remedy to the disease—something which all true machinists make a specialty of.

Another effect of the circumstance that the machinist is not so much in evidence as other men, is seen in his connection with railroad work. We see the locomotive engineer, for instance, and understand something of the important duties he has to perform; there is a far less adequate conception of the importance of the work of the machinist in making and keeping in repair the locomotive and its appurtenances. To the travelling public it is as important that the engineer should have an engine ready to respond to his guidance as that the engineer himself should be ready to perform his duty; but the highly skilled and exacting work of the machinist, executed perhaps at night, and often under the most disadvantageous and discouraging conditions, yet necessary to be performed in order that the resplendent machine may be able to take out its early morning express, is little thought of, because unseen.

The captain of an ocean steamer is directly associated with the passengers, and impresses them with his importance. In their eyes the safety of the ship with all it contains, and her safe and speedy arrival in port, depend primarily and almost solely upon him. The fact is that in these days of floating machines the speed and safety of a sea-voyage depend equally, if not more, upon a few highly skilled machinists which every large and important steamship numbers among her complement of officers, and who, under the title of engineers, are responsible for things in the engine- and boiler-rooms. Sometimes, but not often, the passengers are brought to a vivid realization of this truth. A few months since two hemispheres awaited in deepest anxiety tidings from one of the largest and most important trans-Atlantic steamships, days overdue, and with many valuable lives on board. In this case Chief Engineer Tomlinson with his assistants, by their watchfulness, not only detected the fracture of the shaft through its effect upon the running of the engine before it had become totally destructive, but working night and day with insufficient room, materials, and appliances, succeeded, by virtue of skill and ingenuity of a high order, combined with absolute devotion to duty, in repairing the shaft and running the engines until port was reached —winning victory in a contest with the elements where many hundreds of human lives were the prize to be won or lost. It was not the captain who, at the end of the voyage, was embraced by tear-blinded women, invoking Heaven's choicest blessings upon their deliverer, but it was the machinist, who, bearing the title of Chief Engineer, had done simply what the duties and

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responsibilities of his position called upon him to do. And the facts are as this machinist has stated them ; he did nothing more than his duty, nor better than almost any competent machinist and engineer would have done under like circumstances. Such machinists as he, who first gain their experience in building engines for steamships, are employed to run them afterward, for the very reason that it is known that serious and disabling accidents may be avoided by their skilled watchfulness, or that when the well-nigh inevitable emergency arises, a competent, a masterful man may be there to meet it.

How little the skill required for such service and the weight of responsibility borne are sometimes appreciated is shown by the experience of another engineer, this time of a modern freight steamer, whose shaft broke in such a manner as to make its repair considerably more difficult than that of the Umbria, and where twelve days of unremitting labor by the machinists were required before the vessel could proceed. In this case no passengers were aboard to generously award credit where credit was due, and little or no notice was taken of the feat even by the owners and underwriters who were saved many thousands of dollars by it. In another case, where an especially fast trip was made because the engineer stood by his engines almost constantly, day and night, nearly wearing himself out in the effort of seeing to it that every possible revolution was gotten out of them, while the captain valiantly wore his beautiful uniform and did about as usual, the "commander of the vessel" was rewarded by $50 a month increase of pay, while the engineer, to whom the fast trip was almost entirely if not solely due, was presented with a new hat.

Mining being so largely done by machinery, there is, of course, necessity for the machinist's services wherever regular and systematic mining operations are carried on ; and the machinist has played an important part in the development of California, Nevada, and Colorado gold and silver mines, as well as those farther East from which the more prosaic but also more useful coal, iron, and copper are taken. His experience in a Western mining country is, of course, different from that in any other locality, and different also from that of any other men who have to do with mining ; blending, as it does, the rough-and-tumble life of the frontier with the practice of an art not wholly indigenous, but transplanted from entirely different conditions. To hold his own among the miners, the machinist must not only know his own business, but a good deal of mining besides, and must especially be resourceful, self-reliant, and quick in deciding upon a line of action in an emergency.

Most of the work of machinery in connection with mining is in hoisting ore from the mine, freeing the mine of noxious gases, or in pumping from it the water which would otherwise more or less quickly flood it and stop all operations. The same machinery that hoists ore to the surface lets down the supplies and tools, and serves also as a means of bringing up and letting down the men when a change of "shifts" occurs. The operation of a mine and the lives of those who work in it therefore depend largely upon the machinery and its efficient working. For these the machinist must be in a large measure, if not solely, responsible, and many are the occasions when much valuable property and numbers of lives depend upon his correct action, with perhaps but an instant to decide what that action shall be.

Most mines rapidly fill with water when pumping stops, and it is sometimes necessary to so place the plant of pumping machinery that if it fails to work but for a short time, not only the mine but the machinery itself becomes submerged and useless. In such a case pumping must never cease for any considerable period of time, day or night ; and when anything occurs to stop it, the urgency of the call received by the machinist may be measured by the fact that there may be just sufficient time to remove the difficulty before the plant disappears under the rising flood and a supplementary plant, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, becomes necessary to lower the water-level to a point which will enable the original plant to be re-

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paired and again put into service. Such a pumping plant must, like the work-refusing convict who is placed in a tank in which the water steadily rises, pump or be overwhelmed.

On a certain bitterly cold day, a pump on one of the lower levels of a Colorado mine refused to work, and the machinist called to diagnose and treat its malady found, after going several hundred feet down the ladder to the shaft, almost in contact with hot steam pipes and in an atmosphere much like that of a Russian bath, that the fast-rising water had already nearly submerged the pump, and there was no time to lose. Standing in water up to his waist, he was forced to adopt the blind man's method of gaining information, and by his sense of touch, working under water, determine the difficulty. Having found it, the remedy, which involved still greater difficulties and several temporary suspensions of respiration, was effected just as the rising water reached the level of his chin; and the pump, being started to work, soon brought itself to view. Then followed a weary climb to the top, burdened with saturated clothes which there had been no time to remove, and a walk of half a mile at the surface, during which the saturated clothing was frozen hard and stiff. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of machinery was saved by this, besides much valuable time during which the mine would have been entirely unproductive.

There is legal warrant for comparing the services of a machinist with those of a physician or surgeon—at least when the machinist is employed in a mining country—as is shown by the fact that such a machinist, being called for jury duty, pleaded the exemption of a physician, and, in answer to the judge's incredulity, stated that he was a doctor of pumps and similar things, inanimate, it is true, but nevertheless in that country and at that time regarded as scarcely if at all inferior in importance to human life. The excuse was accepted, and the medical title duly though informally conferred.

Compensation for this work, though liberal, as became its importance, was based less upon that importance perhaps than upon the fact that the machinist as well as others had the opportunity, now mostly gone, to file claims, and by mining on his own account make money upon nature's terms—terms which here, as elsewhere, are far more liberal than those which must be made with human intermediaries. In case of difficulty in collecting wages or fees, the machinist in a new mining country was usually not lacking in resources, and knew just where to strike at a vital point. One of them who wanted his overdue wages and had failed to secure them by such gentle arts of persuasion as he was master of, unscrewed and took away the safety-valve—a procedure which placed an effectual injunction upon further proceedings until he was paid.

In many trades the skill required of the workman is only that needed to do over and over again certain operations which differ little or not at all from one week's or year's end to another; and, though some operations connected with machine building are of this character, the real machinist's work is of a nature that requires the constant exercise of inventive faculties, and it is quite frequently the fact that the methods adopted and the devices used in building a machine involve more real invention than the machine itself, even though that, when completed, may be looked upon as quite wonderful. Such invention is taken much as a matter of course in machine shops, and there are plenty of men employed in them who possess, and in the course of their every-day work constantly employ, inventive faculties of a high order, yet who never figure as inventors, because their inventions are used mostly for temporary and special purposes, and are seldom or never patented.

Other kinds of inventions of theirs are those made while working as machinists for that class of so-called inventors whose idea of invention is little more than to conceive an idea that a machine is wanted for a certain purpose, and then to leave to the machinist all such apparently trifling matters as the selection and combination of mechanical elements needed to perform the required functions. The general public would

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in fact be much surprised were I to name some of the very well-known and very successful machines now on the market, the patentees of which are not their real inventors, but have simply employed machinists in their own or others' shops, who, working as machinists, have done the real inventing, often indeed being under the necessity for so far recognizing the peculiarities of human nature as to make their suggestions in such a roundabout way as to lead the "inventor" to actually suppose himself to be the originator of it all. Indeed, in such work as is done in developing inventions, study of and insight into human nature are by no means the least important of the requirements. An inventor who proposes to go far astray in the employment of utterly impracticable devices, must usually be very gently led within the realms of approved practice, or he will refuse to go there, and attribute the consequent failure of his machine to the machinist's incompetence. For one of the crosses machinists have to bear is the knowledge that many sincere, but mechanically blinded, men, really believe that the only obstacle to the success of their utterly wild and impracticable schemes, lies in the fact that the machinist cannot construct the machine with sufficient accuracy. Even the redoubtable Keeley has as a last, or, at least, the latest, resort, fallen back upon this time-worn excuse for failure, and announced that the complete success of his long-looked-for machine which is to develop prodigious amounts of energy from nothing, through the medium of sympathetic vibrations, is delayed only until the machinist can construct for him a perfect machine; something which no machinist with any clear idea of what perfection really means ever pretended to be able to do, or to have the faintest hope of accomplishing.

Not all mechanical visionaries are equally successful in obtaining financial support, and many of them are forever prevented from showing the world its indebtedness to them by the hard-heartedness of machinists, who demand pay in advance, or as the work progresses; experience having shown that this is the only safe way, and, also, that to spend time in convincing such a man of the error of his way, while it may be beautifully charitable, is too expensive; aside from the fact that the chances of doing it in any other way than by the construction of an experimental machine are very remote. So, when a wild-eyed and long-haired individual comes into the shop and, after enjoining and receiving solemn assurances of profound secrecy, unfolds his plan for enabling farmers to carry on harvesting operations at night by means of an immense mirror supported at a sufficient distance from the earth's surface to receive a portion of the sunlight, which would otherwise wander aimlessly off into space, and reflect it down into the night-shrouded harvest fields, there is usually no attempt at instruction in practical astronomy; but, instead, either a flat refusal to construct the desired model, or a careful investigation to determine the amount of coin of the realm at command of him who, in a new sense, proposes "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

In like manner, when the man who insists that he has solved the problem of perpetual motion wants, first of all, a specially strong and powerful brake constructed to arrest the otherwise irresistible motion of his proposed machine, there is no attempt to convince him that the greater problem of producing the motion had better be attacked first; not only because this would probably be a useless and thankless task, but because the brake may turn out to be useful for some purpose, if not for its intended one. For it is to be noted in passing that, while the chances of a machine being useful for what it is intended for are generally much better than for its being useful for some entirely different purpose, there are exceptions to the rule. A case in point is that of the man (not a machinist) who started to invent an improved churn, and who, after working at it for some time, was asked by a friend how the new churn was coming on. The inventor's reply was: "She ain't worth a cent for a churn, but she's the best water-wheel you ever saw." Though this may have been overstating

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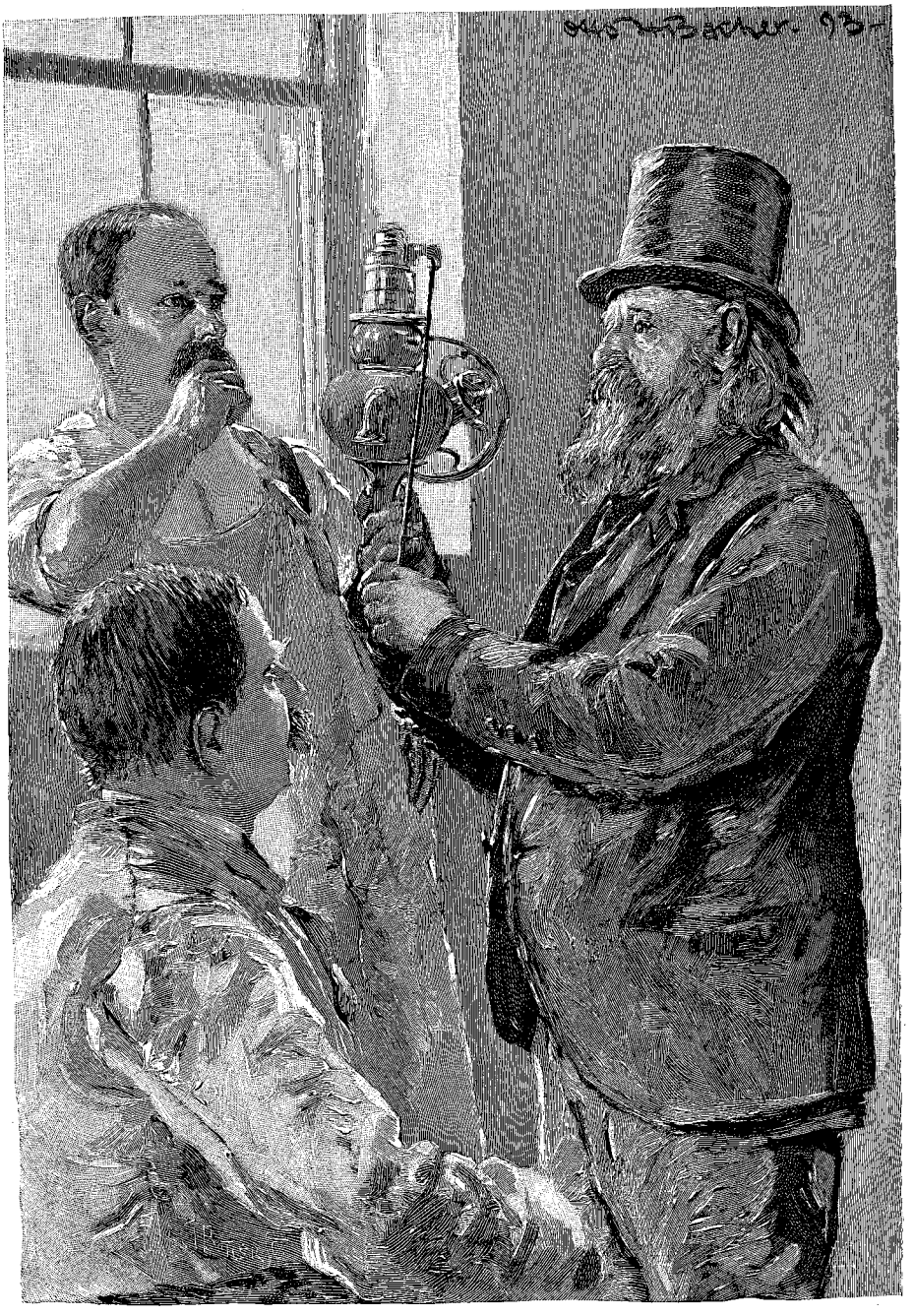

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

An Inventor Explaining a Device to a Sceptical Machinist.

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the case somewhat, the fact remains that "she" was a good water-wheel, and the business of manufacturing it as such was afterward successfully carried on for many years.

In the machine business, as in other lines of trade, it is important that travelling representatives employed in the commercial department of the business should thoroughly understand the articles in which they deal, and their use; this fact having led to the employment of many machinists as travelling representatives of machinery builders, and of those who make articles used in machine building or manufacturing. Such men are, it is true, usually those who have proved better adapted to commercial affairs than to mechanics; but they usually know sufficient of the latter to avoid making such blunders as would be inevitable with those lacking in practical shop experience, and many of them are well-posted men, who, by looking through a shop, can perceive whether or not the machines or articles sold by them are adapted for use there, and, if so, then under what conditions and with what modifications, if any, to suit special requirements. Such a man becomes, so to speak, a travelling missionary of mechanical enlightenment. He is more than a travelling salesman; he is, besides this, an expert, and, in many cases, a mechanical engineer, whose visits to a shop are suggestive and beneficial, whether sales are made or not. Such a travelling man is seldom looked upon as a bore, but, on the contrary, is welcomed by the relatively limited number of men with whom it is his mission to establish or maintain business relations. Machinists as travelling men form a distinct class, different from any other travellers, because, to begin with, they must be different men, reared in a different school; and their business depends little or not at all upon whims, fashion, personal relations, the ability to tell the latest story in the best manner, or, in short, upon any of the arts of the ordinary drummer. In order to succeed, they must know exactly the limitations, as well as the capacities and adaptations, of the machines they sell. They must also know those of other similar machines built by other establishments. Because they deal mainly with men who are also experts, if for no other reason, they indulge in little extravagance of statement, every claim made being subject to mathematical or similarly exact test and proof. No specious argument or eloquent discourse will explain away the failure of a machine to fulfil the contract or promises made for it; nor have any effect whatever upon the matter-of-fact specialist who has bought, or who may propose to buy, it. The accuracy or inaccuracy of every statement or claim made for or against a machine is usually capable of absolute and exact demonstration, and there is no other way to success for the machinist traveller than by thoroughly knowing his own and his competitors' machines, skilfully selecting the ground on which his own has the advantage, and then confining himself to absolute accuracy of statement.

It is doubtful if any other science has made such rapid strides within the last century, and has produced such profound and far-reaching results affecting our manner of life, as has the science of machine construction. One needs only to make some little study of the state of the art in the days when my grandfather made wooden-framed machinery for use in Rhode Island print-works, comparing it with the wonderfully ingenious and efficient machinery of to-day; noting how few things are done without the aid of machinery, and how many are entirely dependent upon it; to be convinced that Archimedes' dream is almost realized, and that the world is moved, not by a lever alone, it is true, but by other mechanical elements combined with the lever, and called Machines.

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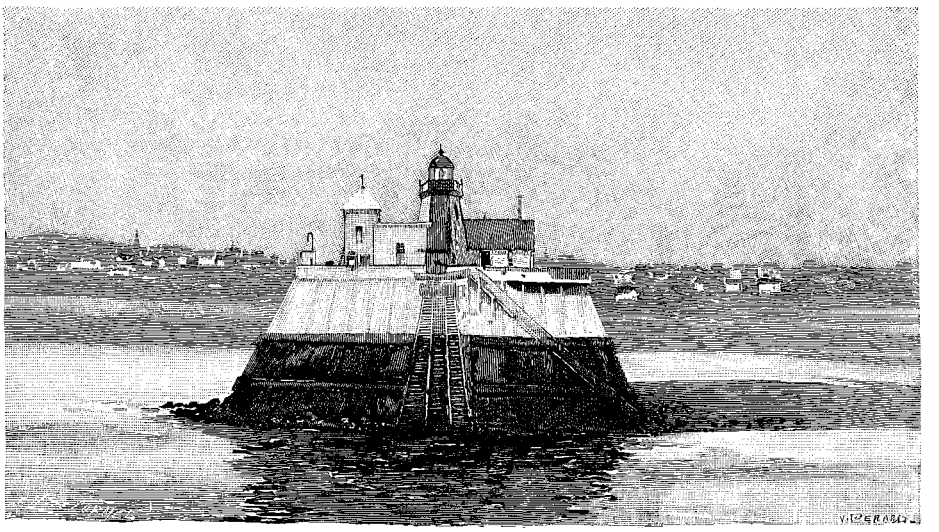
THE TIDES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

By Gustav Kobbé.

"Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy."

ALMOST everybody remembers in his school geography (and wonders, when he thinks of it, why he has seen so little other literature on the subject) the impressive statement as to the great rise and fall of the Fundy tides, which almost in the twinkling of an eye transform muddy flats into rivers, and on the ebb leave them muddy flats once more; and not only change the scenic aspect of the Bay, but also have a decided effect upon the industries carried on along its shores—an effect which is one of the most interesting features of the tidal phenomenon.

The Bay of Fundy is about one hundred and seventy miles long, and from thirty to fifty broad. Its mouth is on a line drawn from Brier Island, off the point of Digby Neck, Nova Scotia, through Gannet Rock and the southwest head of Grand Manan Island, to a point a little east of Cutler, Me. The Bay lies like a trough between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. At Cape Chignecto, a hundred miles from its mouth, the Cumberland peninsula divides it into two branches—to the southeast the Channel and Basin of Minas, on whose shores Longfellow laid the scene of "Evangeline;" to the northwest Chignecto Bay, of which the Petitcodiac River, with Moncton about thirty miles from its mouth, is virtually an estuary. The Maccan, flowing into Chignecto Bay, and the Avon and Cobequid, flowing into Minas Basin, are also mere estuaries. The little bay between the Nova Scotian main and Digby Neck is St. Mary's, which is connected not only at its mouth, but also by a narrow sluice—Petit Passage—through Digby Neck, with the Bay of Fundy. In the mouth of the latter lies the island of Grand Manan, with its beetling cliffs and dangerous ledges. To the west of this the Bay washes the coast of Maine, running through the Lubec Narrows, past Eastport and the Canadian Island of Campo-



Beacon at St. John, N. B., at Low-Water.

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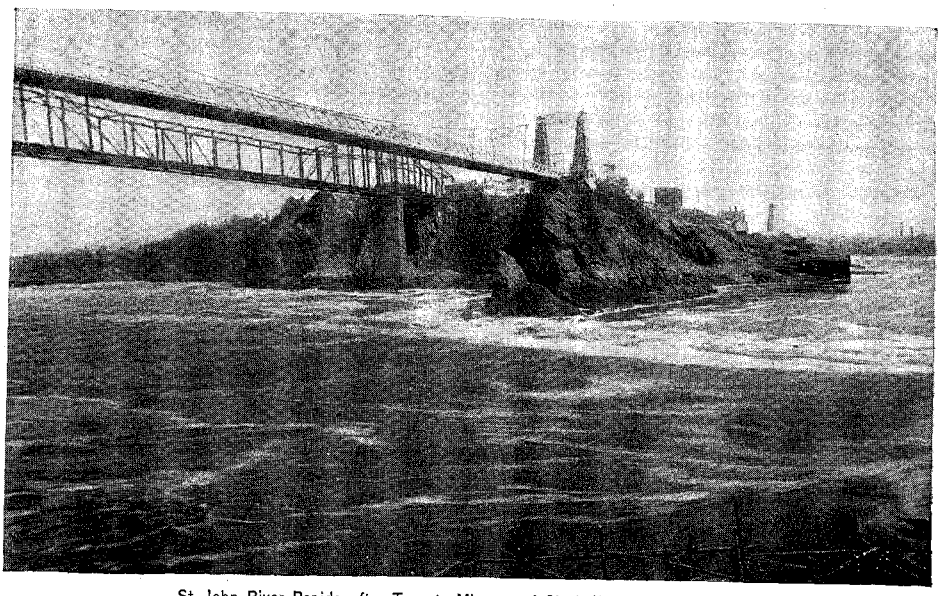

St. John River Rapids, after Twenty Minutes of Slack Water on Each Tide.
(Reversible according as it is ebb or flood; here shown on the ebb.)

bello, into Passamaquoddy Bay, which receives the St. Croix River. Here are Calais, Me., and on the New Brunswick side St. Andrew and St. Stephen. On the New Brunswick shore of the Bay, the northwestern, and about halfway from the mouth of the Bay to Chignecto, is the entrance of the River St. John. The harbor formed here mirrors the remains of the fort so valiantly defended in 1645 by Madame La Tour, who, even when the enemy had been treacherously admitted, led her little garrison with such bravery that she was allowed to surrender upon her own terms. On the north side of this harbor is the city of St. John, and opposite it Carleton.

The waters of the Bay of Fundy thus wash the shores of two countries—the United States and Canada. It is perhaps curiously characteristic of these two countries, so near topographically but so widely separated politically, that, where the Bay beats against the shores of the Dominion it should awaken historical echoes, while, where its tide sweeps past the most easterly towns of the United States, it should have been made tributary to a thriving industry—the conversion of herring into sardines at the rate of nearly a billion a year.

Statistics regarding the tides in the Bay of Fundy are so startling as to seem almost incredible. At Grand Manan the fall is from twelve to fifteen feet; at Lubec and Eastport, twenty feet; at St. John, from twenty-four to thirty feet; at Moncton, on the bend of the Petitcodiac, seventy feet; while the distance between high and low water mark on the Cobequid River is twelve miles—the river actually being twelve miles longer at high than at low water. Vessels can be run up so far on the flood, in this river and in the Avon, that the ebb will leave them high and dry for sixteen hours, so that they can be repaired between tides.

I witnessed at Moncton one of the most striking phenomena of the tidal rise—the "bore." This is well worth seeing, but unfortunately the topography prevents the extraordinary rise of tide from becoming impressively manifest. It is as if nature, having bestowed the "bore" upon Moncton, had concluded that it had been lavish enough, and shut up its wonder-box. At low water broad stretches of ooze, known locally as the "flats" or "quicksands," extend on either side of the narrow channel. In places which are not always overflowed, a thin crust forms over which it is pos-

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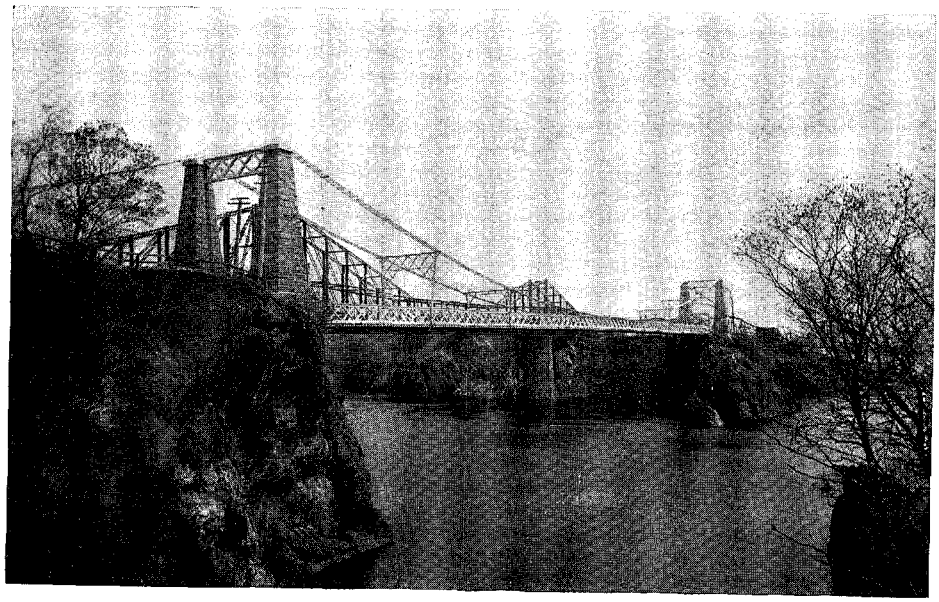

St. John River, Placid for Twenty Minutes at the Turning of the Tide.

sible to drive or walk at a rapid gait. A person standing still, however, begins to sink in less than a minute, and the ooze beneath the crust is so sticky that, if he sinks even only above his ankles, it becomes a matter of great difficulty to extricate him. From these flats the solid land slopes up gradually, and as the wharves are far up on this, it is not necessary to build them very high. Therefore their height conveys no idea of the great rise of tide. Below the bend the river broadens out considerably, and the swiftly flowing tide sweeping out of this basin around the narrower curve, seems to become heaped up and advances in a muddy wave whose yellow crust overhangs but never breaks. As it swept past the wharf on which I stood it seemed at least four feet high, and I understand that on the neap tides it attains a height of six and even eight feet. It is usually followed by muddy undulations known as the "working of the quicksands." After the "bore" and the undulations have passed, the tide runs in smoothly but rapidly, and it is considered great sport along the river to launch a boat upon the wake of the bore and be carried up the river without any expenditure of energy other than for the steering, and then come down on the ebb, which, by the way, is not attended by any extraordinary manifestations. The force of the "bore" may be judged from an occurrence a few years ago. The vessels at the Moncton wharves tie up, so that the wharves protect them from the "bore." The stern of one vessel was, however, through carelessness, allowed to protrude beyond the wharf. The "bore," as it struck the stern, tore the vessel from her moorings, snapped her anchor-cable, smashed her bow out against one of the wharf buildings, and then carried her under the bridge above the town, breaking her masts; and this in a river which, but five minutes before, had been an expanse of mud flats. They tell in Moncton of a French Canadian who, in attempting to launch his boat upon the wake of the "bore," was upset, and who, although he could touch bottom, was carried five miles up the river before he could gain a firm footing. On a quiet moonlight night, especially during the neap tides, the "bore" rushes in with spectacular effect, its roar being heard long before it is sighted, and its crest glittering in the white light as it sweeps up the river.

In the Maccan River, which flows from the east into Chignecto Bay, the tides,

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flooding the low shores and depositing upon them, during the slack, matter which they have gathered in their course up the river, gradually form embankments from ten to twenty feet high. The soil on these is very fertile, but unfortunately they are destroyed by the very agency which created them; and this even after they have been cultivated for several years. The tide, changing its course suddenly, will undermine the embankment, and large portions of it will fall into the river with a great noise; and so in a few days a fertile farm will be changed once more into a mud flat. The tide is absolutely lawless, building up and destroying where none may foresee.

But the most picturesque, as well as the most striking, manifestation of the tidal rise and fall is at the mouth of the St. John River, at St. John, New Brunswick. Here may be witnessed on every tide a change of conditions as sudden and as complete as a quick change of scene in a drama; the beauty of the landscape, enhanced by the handiwork of man, adding greatly to the impressiveness of the phenomenon. This is locally known as the "reversible falls," although "reversible rapids" would be more appropriate. In a map of St. John and its environs, drawn in 1784 by an officer of the St. John's Loyalists, the matter is referred to in a marginal note:

"The falls in this river are justly ranked among the curiosities of the world; they are at the mouth of the river, about one mile from the entrance, and are navigable four times in twenty-four hours, which commands great attention, as only a few minutes are required to pass in safety.

"The tide rising from twenty to twenty-four feet at high-water, is six or eight feet higher than the river, which occasions a fall in the river as well as out, the whole water of the country having to pass between two rocks sixty yards distant."

The scene of these rapids is a beautiful gorge, through which, in remote ages, the river appears to have forced its way. For twenty minutes, on each ebb and flood, the river here is as placid as a mountain lake on a tranquil day. Suddenly a streak of white spreads across the gorge, and in a few minutes the calm is succeeded by the turmoil of rushing, whirling waters. The reflections of the rocky shores and of the graceful outlines of the suspension and cantilever bridges which span the mouth of the gorge are obliterated as if a mirror had suddenly been ruthlessly shattered. The spectacle is grander on the ebb than on the flood. A few yards from the northern cliff, at the mouth of the gorge, a large rock juts out of the river, and the outward rushing waters being checked, spread out with a rise that resembles a bevelled cornice — an appearance that perhaps justifies the local appellation of "falls." The twenty minutes of tranquillity which occur two and a half hours before, and the same time after, high-water, are utilized by all shipping that is obliged to go up or down the river, sailing vessels being towed through the gorge by tugs. The velocity of the rapids has been estimated at twenty-five knots. Some years ago the harbor-master of St. John and the captain of a British war-ship ascended the gorge in a row-boat and made soundings. They found twenty-eight feet of water under the bridges and fourteen feet at the pitch at the head of the gorge. On exceptionally high tides the duration of the slack cannot be accurately calculated, and navigation through the gorge is not attempted. Not far below the gorge lies Navy Island, and between this and the gorge the inrushing tide creates a whirlpool into which all the refuse floating matter of the harbor is gathered. The "reversible rapids" are caused by the fact that the natural level of the river above the gorge is some twelve feet lower than that of the harbor. The incoming tide rushes through the gorge until it has filled up the river to a level with the harbor, the flood then, as it were, heaping itself up upon the river waters. After the tide there is another period when river and harbor are on a level, and then, as the tide empties itself out of the harbor the accumulated waters of the river come down through the gorge with a rush. This difference in levels produces a singular freak in the tides of the harbor. For two hours

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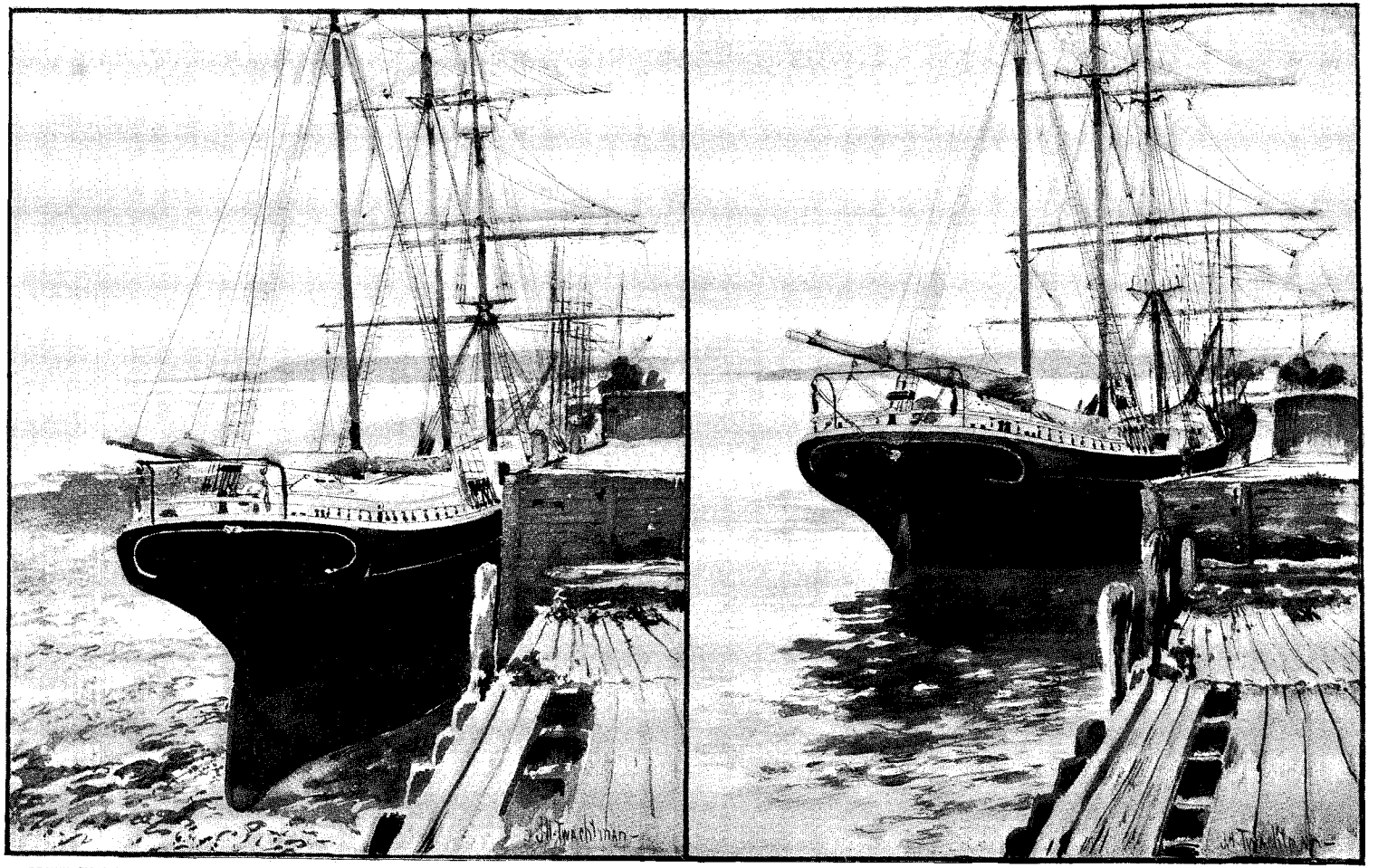

DRAWN BY J. H. TWACHTMAN.

Low-water. Windsor, Nova Scotia. High-water.

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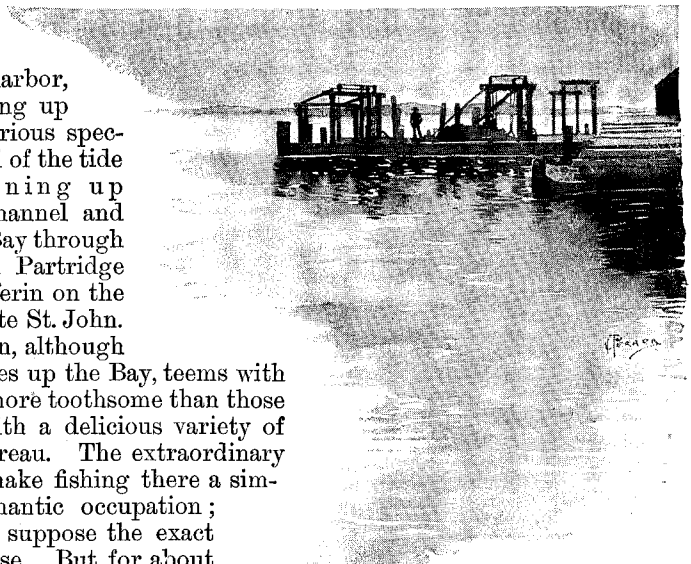
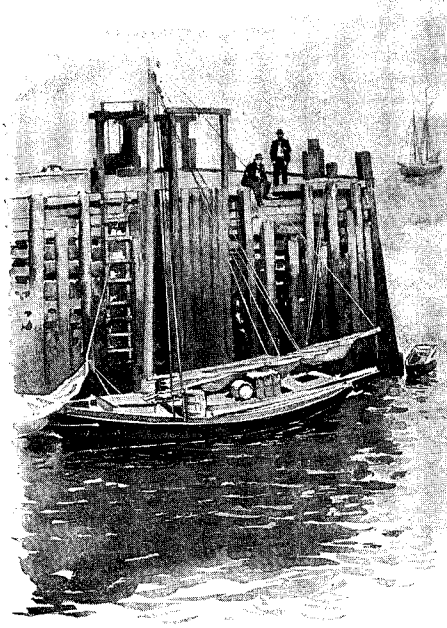
after high-water, and when the tide will have fallen four feet, or even more, in the harbor, it will still be running up into the river, the curious spectacle being presented of the tide simultaneously running up through the main channel and spilling out into the Bay through the channel between Partridge Island and Fort Dufferin on the Carleton side, opposite St. John. The harbor of St. John, although nearly a hundred miles up the Bay, teems with salmon, smaller but more toothsome than those of the rivers, and with a delicious variety of shad known as gaspereau. The extraordinary tides of the harbor make fishing there a simple, safe, and unromantic occupation; although one might suppose the exact contrary to be the case. But for about a mile along the Carleton shore the waters are literally fenced in by high net weirs, into which the fish swim at certain stages of the tide. Once in the weirs, they circle around from side to side without being able to discover the exit, and at low-water the fishermen row into the weirs and catch the fish with dip-nets. On the rocks



High and Low Water at Eastport, Me.

at the mouth of the gorge below the bridges is a small weir, stoutly built and very high. Yet at times the tide heaps itself up to such a height that it was found necessary to stretch a roof of netting over the weir to prevent the fish from being lifted out of the weir by the water. While at St. John, I inquired of the official in charge of the light-houses and buoys in the Bay of Fundy how many fathoms of cable were required to anchor the buoys in the deeper waters of the Bay. He informed me that it is necessary to use from sixty to one hundred fathoms. As a buoy swinging to such a long cable is apt to shift position considerably in the swiftly flowing tides, it is necessary to specify



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the length of cable in the notices to mariners. The difference between high and low water mark can be well observed on the quaint little white beacon in St. John Harbor.

On the Nova Scotian shore of the Bay the high tides have been restrained from overflowing the lowlands by light dikes of mud, with *aboideaux*-swinging gates which close on the incoming of the tide but open on the ebb, thus draining the rich alluvial meadows. When long cultivation threatens to exhaust the fertility of these, the *aboideaux* are opened to the flood, and the sediment left by one tide will refresh these lands for years. The usual yield is from one and a half to two tons of fine English hay to the acre. The most noted marshes are the Tantramar and Missiguash, near Amherst, and the Grand Pré, on the Basin of Minas. The two former embrace about fifty thousand acres of rich alluvial intervale — a wavy expanse of green reaching to the blue waters of the bay, to whose tides it owes its creation and continuing fertility. The Tantramar Marsh is nine miles in length and four in width. The Missiguash Marsh is traversed by the river of the same name, on opposite banks of which stood the forts Beau Séjour and Lawrence, whose garrisons courteously exchanged bullets to be returned from the muzzles of their muskets.

The tides of the Bay of Fundy have determined the method of carrying out an important enterprise, now nearing completion at Amherst. Shipping from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the south is now obliged to pass through the Strait of Northumberland and the Strait of Canso before entering the Atlantic. From Amherst across to Tidnish, on the shore of Northumberland Strait, is less than twenty miles, and the plan of building a canal from the Strait into the Bay of Fundy was broached many years ago, as it would save about four hundred miles. When, however, the project was seriously taken up, within recent years, the engineers were forced to the conclusion that the high tides of the Bay would create such a rush of water toward the Strait, where the rise was but a few feet, that the operating of a canal would be utterly impracticable. Therefore a ship-railroad is being constructed for the transportation of vessels up to a thousand tons. The vessel floats on to a cradle, which is then raised, run on to double tracks forty feet apart, and drawn by two locomotives across the isthmus.

From Tidnish to Amherst the distance by water is about six hundred miles. When the ship-railroad is completed it is hoped to make the trip within two hours.

The Basin of Minas lies on the opposite side of the Cumberland Peninsula. The broad marshlands from which Grand Pré derives its name fill the most southerly recess of this inlet. One looks out across this meadow and the sparkling waters of the Basin to the dark-red precipice of Blomidou. The dikes which rescued this "prairie" from the tides of the Bay were built by the Acadians.

> "Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
> Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
> Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows."

Through the passage between Blomidou and Cape Sharp the tide runs at the rate of from eight to ten knots an hour. The Avon River, which may be said to receive its waters from the Basin of Minas rather than to flow into it, is, at low-water, like the Petitcodiac at Moncton, a mere ooze-lined rent in the landscape, filling up suddenly, though without the phenomenon of a "bore," on the flood. It is of the Avon that Charles Dudley Warner remarks:

"I never knew before how much water adds to a river. . . . I should think it would be confusing to dwell by a river that first runs one way and then the other, and then vanishes altogether."

A southwesterly gale creates an unusually high flood-tide in the indentations about the head of the bay. The "Saxby" gale, named after the weather prophet who so accurately foretold it, which occurred October 5, 1869, is especially remembered for the destruction it wrought, although the disasters to shipping were few because Saxby's

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warning was generally heeded by vessels. Up to four o'clock in the afternoon the weather was calm; but before eight o'clock in the evening, a storm, such as had not raged within the memory of veteran shipmasters, had burst over the Bay of Fundy. A railroad train on the Western Extension (now Canadian Pacific) from St. John, collided with a barn which had been blown across the track; stretches of forest were literally mowed down; and the tide leaping up before the furious blast, burst through the dikes of the marshlands and covered these, carrying a schooner some three miles in upon Tantramar Marsh, and on receding, left it there high and dry. It was calculated that the Saxby tide was from six to ten feet higher than the neap tides.

While the most interesting manifestations of the tidal rise and fall in the Bay of Fundy are at the head of the Bay, and the scenic climax of the range of phenomena connected with the tides is found in the reversible rapids at St. John, a number of features near the mouth are worth observing. Near Dog Island, not far from Eastport, the meeting of the tides from the Bay with Indian River has created a whirlpool which sucks under logs and rowboats, has turned even a small steamboat completely around, and would have drawn it down, had its steam-power not enabled it to escape. The bodies of those who have been lost in this whirlpool have, I am informed, never been recovered, and of the boats only fragments have been found, as if they had been ground to pieces on the rocks at the bottom.

A tidal mill near Lubec affords a very picturesque illustration of the difference between the level of the bay at high and low water—in fact you can see both levels simultaneously. The mill stands on the shore of the Bay, the bed of the mill-pond being about fifteen feet above low-water. When the tide rises, the gates in the dam are opened and the water flows into the pond. At high-water the gates are closed with enough water in the pond to run the mill for about eight hours, the fall at low-water being fifteen feet. The view of this mill from the height behind it is extremely picturesque. A green field slopes down to the edge of the pond, which mirrors the pretty shores and the gray mill buildings, the hills in the background framing in the waters of the Bay. I utilized the opportunity to photograph this scene at low-water, the view showing the difference between the level of the pond and of the Bay. On my way to the mill I crossed a small stream—or rather the bed of one, for the tide had run out. Some farmers were gathering basketfuls of young pollock, which the receding tide had left floundering in the mud.

The wharves at the sardine factories in this vicinity afford excellent object-lessons in the tidal fall. The string-piece of the outer line of piles is about twenty feet above low-water. The tide usually rises to within a few feet of it. But at low-water vessels lie high and dry alongside the wharf, and carts are driven where at high tide the horses would drown. The illustrations showing the conditions at high- and low-water at Windsor, N. S. (p. 339) and at Eastport, Me. (p. 340), are typical scenes. The great fall of the tide makes it necessary for vessels to adopt special devices to land their passengers at low-water. At wharves which are built far out, only steps down the side of the wharf are required. At Lubec the steamboat which plies between that point and Campobello, cannot come up to the wharf at low-tide, and it is necessary to moor at the foot of the steps a floating bridge extending out about thirty feet, the passengers crossing this bridge and then ascending the steps. The herring which form the raw material for the numerous sardine factories about Eastport, are caught in weirs made of poles and brushwood, which they enter on the flood or the beginning of the ebb, and in which they are captured at low-water.

What is the cause of the remarkable tides in the Bay of Fundy? I have not seen a scientific explanation of it attempted. Ask the old sea-captains familiar with the Bay, and they will tell you that its peculiar, trough-like shape, narrowing from the broad reach between Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, and the

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coast of Maine, heaps up the waters it receives from this great arm of the ocean and thus produces the extraordinary tidal rise and fall. Certainly it is about the head, or rather heads, of the Bay, where it grows more narrow and trough-like, that the most phenomenal tidal manifestations occur. These head-waters being in themselves miniature bays of Fundy, would seem to bear out this simple theory—too simple perhaps for those who cannot realize that great ends are often the result of simple means. From the mouth of the Bay up there is a constant repetition of the tidal phenomena, but on a steadily growing scale. As we proceed up the Bay the difference between the levels of low and high water increases, until we reach Cobequid Bay, at the head of Minas Basin, with sixty square miles of mud-flats at low-water, and Moncton with a "bore" and a tidal rise and fall of seventy feet.

THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

VI.

IT must have been a fortnight before we learned that Jeff Beech and Byron Truax had been reported missing. I say "we," but I do not know when Abner Beech came to hear about it. One of the hired girls had seen the farmer get up from his chair, with the newly arrived weekly *World* in his hand, walk over to where his wife sat, and direct her attention to a line of the print with his finger. Then, still in silence, he had gone over to the bookcase, opened the drawer where he kept his account-books, and locked the journal up therein.

We took it for granted that thus the elderly couple had learned the news about their son. They said so little nowadays, either to each other or to us, that we were driven to speculate upon their dumb-show, and find meanings for ourselves in their glances and actions. No one of us could imagine himself or herself venturing to mention Jeff's name in their hearing.

Down at the Corners, though, and all about our district, people talked of very little else. Antietam had given a bloody welcome to our little group of warriors. Ray Watkins and Lon Truax had been killed outright, and Ed Phillips was in the hospital, with the chances thought to be against him. Warner Pitts, our other hired man, had been wounded in the arm, but not seriously, and thereafter behaved with such conspicuous valor that it was said he was to be promoted from being a sergeant to a lieutenancy. All these things, however, paled in interest after the first few days before the fascinating mystery of what had become of Jeff and Byron. The loungers about the grocery-store evenings took sides as to the definition of "missing." Some said it meant being taken prisoners; but it was known that at Antietam the Rebels made next to no captives. Others held that "missing" soldiers were those who had been shot, and who crawled off somewhere in the woods out of sight to die. A lumberman from Juno Mills, who was up on a horse-trade, went so far as to broach still a third theory, viz., that "missing" soldiers were those who had run away under fire, and were ashamed to show their faces again. But this malicious suggestion could not, of course, be seriously considered.

Meanwhile, what little remained of the fall farm-work went on as if nothing had happened. The root-crops were dug, the fodder got in, and the late apples gathered. Abner had a cider-mill of his own, but we sold a much larger share of our winter apples than usual. Less manure was drawn out onto the fields than in other autumns, and it looked as if there was to be little or no fall ploughing. Abner

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went about his tasks in a heavy, spiritless way these days, doggedly enough, but with none of his old-time vim. He no longer had pleasure even in abusing Lincoln and the War with Hurley. Not Antietam itself could have broken his nerve, but at least it silenced his tongue.

Warner Pitts came home on a furlough, with a fine new uniform, shoulder-straps and sword, and his arm in a sling. I say "home," but the only roof he had ever slept under in these parts was ours, and now he stayed as a guest at Squire Avery's house, and never came near our farm. He was a tall, brown-faced, sinewy fellow, with curly hair and a pushing manner. Although he had been only a hired man he now cut a great dash down at the Corners, with his shoulder-straps and his officer's cape. It was said that he had declined several invitations to husking-bees, and that when he left the service, at the end of his time, he had a place ready for him in some city as a clerk in a drygoods store—that is, of course, if he did not get to be colonel or general. From time to time he was seen walking out through the dry, rustling leaves with Squire Avery's oldest daughter.

This important military genius did not seem able, however, to throw much light upon the whereabouts of the two "missing" boys. From what I myself heard him say about the battle, and from what others reported of his talk, it seems that in the very early morning Hooker's line—a part of which consisted of Dearborn County men — moved forward through a big cornfield, the stalks of which were much higher than the soldiers' heads. When they came out, the rebels opened such a hideous fire of cannon and musketry upon them from the woods close by, that those who did not fall were glad to run back again into the corn for shelter. Thus all became confusion, and the men were so mixed up that there was no getting them together again. Some went one way, some another, through the tall corn-rows, and Warner Pitts could not remember having seen either Jeff or Byron at all after the march began. Parts of the regiment formed again out on the road toward the Dunker church, but other parts found themselves half a mile away among the fragments of a Michigan regiment, and a good many more were left lying in the fatal cornfield. Our boys had not been traced among the dead, but that did not prove that they were alive. And so we were no wiser than before.

Warner Pitts only nodded in a distant way to me when he saw me first, with a cool "Hello, youngster!" I expected that he would ask after the folks at the farm which had been so long his home, but he turned to talk with someone else, and said never a word. Once, some days afterward, he called out as I passed him, "How's the old Copperhead?" and the Avery girl who was with him laughed aloud, but I went on without answering. He was already down in my black-books, in company with pretty nearly every other human being roundabout.

This list of enemies was indeed so full that there were times when I felt like crying over my isolation. It may be guessed, then, how rejoiced I was one afternoon to see Ni Hagadorn squeeze his way through our orchard-bars, and saunter across under the trees to where I was at work sorting a heap of apples into barrels. I could have run to meet him, so grateful was the sight of any friendly, boyish face. The thought that perhaps after all he had not come to see me in particular, and that possibly he brought some news about Jeff, only flashed across my mind after I had smiled a broad welcome upon him, and he stood leaning against a barrel munching the biggest russet he had been able to pick out.

"Abner to home?" he asked, after a pause of neighborly silence. He hadn't come to see me after all.

"He's around the barns somewhere," I replied; adding, upon reflection, "Have you heard something fresh?"

Ni shook his sorrel head, and buried his teeth deep into the apple. "No, nothin'," he said, at last, with his mouth full, "only thought I'd come up an' talk it over with Abner."

The calm audacity of the proposition took my breath away. "He'll boot you off'm the place if you try it," I warned him.

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But Ni did not scare easily. "Oh, no," he said, with light confidence, "me an' Abner's all right."

As if to put this assurance to the test, the figure of the farmer was at this moment visible, coming toward us down the orchard road. He was in his shirt-sleeves, with the limp, discolored old broad-brimmed felt hat he always wore pulled down over his eyes. Though he no longer held his head so proudly erect as I could remember it, there were still suggestions of great force and mastership in his broad shoulders and big beard, and in the solid, long-gaited manner of his walk. He carried a pitch-fork in his hand.

"Hello, Abner?" said Ni, as the farmer came up and halted, surveying each of us in turn with an impassive scrutiny.

"How 'r' ye!" returned Abner, with cold civility. I fancied he must be surprised to see the son of his enemy here, calmly gnawing his way through one of our apples, and acting as if the place belonged to him. But he gave no signs of astonishment, and after some words of direction to me concerning my work, started to move on again toward the barns.

Ni was not disposed to be thus cheated out of his conversation: "Seen Warner Pitts since he's got back?" he called out, and at this the farmer stopped and turned round. "You'd hardly know him now," the butcher's assistant went on, with cheerful briskness. "Why you'd think he'd never hoofed it over ploughed land in all his life. He's got his boots blacked up every day, an' his hair greased, an' a whole new suit of broadcloth, with shoulder-straps an' brass buttons, an' a sword — he brings it down to the Corners every evening, so't the boy sat the store can heft it—an' he's——"

"What do I care about all this?" broke in Abner. His voice was heavy, with a growling ground-note, and his eyes threw out an angry light under the shading hat-brim. "He can go to the devil, an' take his sword with him, for all o' me!"

Hostile as was his tone, the farmer did not again turn on his heel. Instead, he seemed to suspect that Ni had something more important to say, and looked him steadfastly in the face.

"That's what I say, too," replied Ni, lightly. "What's beat me is how such a fellow as that got to be an officer right from the word 'go!'—an' him the poorest shote in the whole lot. Now if it had a' ben Spencer Phillips I could understand it—or Bi Truax, or—or your Jeff—"

The farmer raised his fork menacingly, with a wrathful gesture. "Shet up!" he shouted; "shet up, I say! or I'll make ye!"

To my great amazement Ni was not at all affected by this demonstration. He leaned smilingly against the barrel, and picked out another apple—a spitzenberg this time.

"Now look-a here, Abner," he said, argumentatively, "what's the good o' gittin' mad? When I've had my say out, why, if you don't like it you needn't, an' nobody's a cent the wuss off. Of course, if you come down to hard-pan, it ain't none o' my business——"

"No," interjected Abner, in grim assent, "it ain't none o' your business!"

"But there is such a thing as being neighborly," Ni went on, undismayed, "an' meanin' things kindly, an' takin' 'em as they're meant."

"Yes, I know them kindly neighbors o' mine!" broke in the farmer with acrid irony, "I've summered 'em an' I've wintered 'em, an' the Lord deliver me from the whole caboodle of 'em! A meaner lot o' cusses never cumbered this footstool!"

"It takes all sorts o' people to make up a world," commented this freckled and sandy-headed young philosopher, testing the crimson skin of his apple with a tentative thumb-nail. "Now you ain't got anything in particular agin me, have you?"

"Nothin' except your breed," the farmer admitted. The frown with which he had been regarding Ni had softened just the least bit in the world.

"That don't count," said Ni, with easy confidence. "Why, what does breed amount to, anyway? You ought to be the last man alive to lug *that* in—you, who've up an' soured on your own breed—your own son Jeff!"

I looked to see Abner lift his fork

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again, and perhaps go even further in his rage. Strangely enough, there crept into his sun-burnt, massive face, at the corners of the eyes and mouth, something like the beginnings of a puzzled smile. "You're a cheeky little cuss, anyway!" was his final comment. Then his expression hardened again. "Who put you up to comin' here, an' talkin' like this to me?" he demanded, sternly.

"Nobody—hope to die!" protested Ni. "It's all my own spec. It riled me to see you mopin' round up here all alone by yourself, not knowin' what'd become of Jeff, an' makin' b'lieve to yourself you didn't care, an' so givin' yourself away to the whole neighborhood."

"Damn the neighborhood!" said Abner, fervently.

"Well, they talk about the same of you," Ni proceeded, with an air of impartial candor. "But all that don't do you no good, an' don't do Jeff no good!"

"He made his own bed, and he must lay on it," said the farmer, with dogged firmness.

"I ain't sayin' he mustn't," remonstrated the other. "What I'm gittin' at is that you'd feel easier in your mind if you knew where that bed was—an' so'd M'rye!"

Abner lifted his head. "His mother feels jest as I do," he said. "He sneaked off behind our backs to jine Lincoln's nigger-worshippers, an' levy war on fellow-countrymen o' his'n who'd done him no harm, an' whatever happens to him it serves him right. I ain't much of a hand to lug in Scripter to back up my argyments—like some folks you know of—but my feelin' is: 'Whoso taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword!' An' so says his mother too!"

"Hm-m!" grunted Ni, with ostentatious incredulity. He bit into his apple, and there ensued a momentary silence. Then, as soon as he was able to speak, this astonishing boy said: "Guess I'll have a talk with M'rye about that herself."

The farmer's patience was running emptings. "No!" he said, severely, "I forbid ye! Don't ye dare say a word to her about it. She don't want to listen to ye—an' I don't know what's possessed *me* to stand round an' gab about my private affairs with you like this, either. I don't bear ye no ill-will. If fathers can't help the kind o' sons they bring up, why, still less can ye blame sons on account o' their fathers. But it ain't a thing I want to talk about any more, either now or any other time. That's all."

Abner put the fork over his shoulder, as a sign that he was going, and that the interview was at an end. But the persistent Ni had a last word to offer—and he left his barrel and walked over to the farmer.

"See here," he said, in more urgent tones than he had used before, "I'm goin' South, an' I'm goin' to find Jeff if it takes a leg! I don't know how much it'll cost—I've got a little of my own saved up—an' I thought p'r'aps—p'r'aps you'd like to——"

After a moment's thought the farmer shook his head. "No," he said, gravely, almost reluctantly. "It's agin my principles. You know me—Ni—you know I've never b'en a near man, let alone a mean man. An' ye know, too, that if Je— if that boy had behaved half-way decent, there ain't anything under the sun I wouldn't 'a' done for him. But this thing—I'm obleeged to ye for offrin—but—No! it's agin my principles. Still, I'm obleeged to ye. Fill your pockets with them spitzenbergs, if they taste good to ye."

With this Abner Beech turned and walked resolutely off.

Left alone with me, Ni threw away the half-eaten apple he had held in his hand. "I don't want any of his dummed old spitzenbergs," he said, pushing his foot into the heap of fruit on the ground, in a meditative way.

"Then you ain't agoin' South?" I queried.

"Yes I am!" he replied, with decision. "I can work my way somehow. Only don't you whisper a word about it to any livin' soul, d'ye mind!"

Two or three days after that we heard that Ni Hagadorn had left for unknown parts. Some said he had gone to enlist—it seems that, despite his youth and small stature in my eyes, he would have been acceptable to the enlistment standards of the day—but

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the major opinion was that much dime-novel reading had inspired him with the notion of becoming a trapper in the mystic Far West.

I alone possessed the secret of his disappearance—unless, indeed, his sister knew—and no one will ever know what struggles I had to keep from confiding it to Hurley.

VII.

Soon the fine weather was at an end. One day it was soft and warm, with a tender blue haze over the distant woods and a sun like a blood-orange in the tranquil sky, and birds twittering about among the elders and sumac along the rail fences. And the next day everything was gray and lifeless and desolate, with fierce winds sweeping over the bare fields, and driving the cold rain in sheets before them.

Some people—among them Hurley—said it was the equinoctial that was upon us. Abner Beech ridiculed this, and proved by the dictionary that the equinoctial meant September 22d, whereas it was now well-nigh the end of October. The Irishman conceded that in books this might be so, but stuck wilfully to it that in practice the equinoctial came just before winter set in. After so long a period of saddened silence brooding over our household, it was quite a relief to hear the men argue this question of the weather.

Down at the Corners old farmers had wrangled over the identity of the equinoctial ever since I could remember. It was pretty generally agreed that each year along some time during the fall, there came a storm which was properly entitled to that name, but at this point harmony ended. Some insisted that it came before Indian Summer, some that it followed that season, and this was further complicated by the fact that no one was ever quite sure when it *was* Indian Summer. There were all sorts of rules for recognizing this delectable time of year, rules connected, I recall, with the opening of chestnut burrs, the movement of birds, and various other incidents in nature's great processional, but these rules rarely came right in our rough latitude, and sometimes never came at all—at least did not bring with them anything remotely resembling Indian Summer, but made our autumn one prolonged and miserable succession of storms. And then it was an especially trying trick to pick out the equinoctial from the lot—and even harder still to prove to sceptical neighbors that you were right.

Whatever this particular storm may have been it came too soon. Being so short-handed on the farm, we were much behind in the matter of drawing our produce to market. And now, after the first day or two of rain, the roads were things to shudder at. It was not so bad getting to and from the Corners, for Agrippa Hill had a gravel formation, but beyond the Corners, whichever way one went over the bottom lands of the Nedahma Valley, it was a matter of lashing the panting teams through seas of mud punctuated by abyssmal pitch-holes, into which the wheels slumped over their hubs, and quite generally stuck till they were pried out with fence-rails.

Abner Beech was exceptionally tender in his treatment of live-stock. The only occasion I ever heard of on which he was tempted into using his big fists upon a fellow-creature, was once, long before my time, when one of his hired-men struck a refractory cow over its haunches with a shovel. He knocked this man clear through the stanchions. Often Jeff and I used to feel that he carried his solicitude for horse-flesh too far—particularly when we wanted to drive down to the creek for a summer evening swim, and he thought the teams were too tired.

So now he would not let us hitch up and drive into Octavius with even the lightest loads, on account of the horses. It would be better to wait, he said, until there was sledding; then we could slip in in no time. He pretended that all the signs this year pointed to an early winter.

The result was that we were more than ever shut off from news of the outer world. The weekly paper which came to us was full, I remember, of political arguments and speeches—for a

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Congress and Governor were to be elected a few weeks hence—but there were next to no tidings from the front. The war, in fact, seemed to have almost stopped altogether, and this paper spoke of it as a confessed failure. Farmer Beech and Hurley, of course, took the same view, and their remarks quite prepared me from day to day to hear that peace had been concluded.

But down at the Corners a strikingly different spirit reigned. It quite surprised me, I know, when I went down on occasion for odds and ends of groceries which the bad roads prevented us from getting in town, to discover that the talk there was all in favor of having a great deal more war than ever.

This store at the Corners was also the post-office, and, more important still, it served as a general rallying place for the men-folks of the neighborhood after supper. Lee Watkins, who kept it, would rather have missed a meal of victuals any day than not to have had the "boys" come in of an evening, and sit or lounge around discussing the situation. Many of them were very old boys now, garrulous seniors who remembered "Matty" Van Buren, as they called him, and told weird stories of the Anti-Masonry days. These had the well-worn arm-chairs nearest the stove, in cold weather, and spat tobacco-juice on its hottest parts with a precision born of long-time experience. The younger fellows accommodated themselves about the outer circle, squatting on boxes, or with one leg over a barrel, sampling the sugar and crackers and raisins in an absent-minded way each evening, till Mrs. Watkins came out and put the covers on. She was a stout, peevish woman in bloomers, and they said that her husband, Lee, couldn't have run the post-office for twenty-four hours if it hadn't been for her. We understood that she was a Woman's Rights' woman, which some held was much the same as believing in Free Love. All that was certain, however, was that she did not believe in free lunches out of her husband's barrels and cases.

The chief flaw in this village parliament was the absence of an opposition. Among all the accustomed assemblage of men who sat about, their hats well back on their heads, their mouths full of strong language and tobacco, there was none to disagree upon any essential feature of the situation with the others. To secure even the merest semblance of variety, those whose instincts were cross-grained had to go out of their way to pick up trifling points of difference, and the arguments over these had to be spun out with the greatest possible care, to be kept going at all. I should fancy, however, that this apparent concord only served to keep before their minds, with added persistency, the fact that there *was* an opposition, nursing its heretical wrath in solitude up on the Beech farm. At all events, I seemed never to go into the grocery of a night without hearing bitter remarks, or even curses, levelled at our household.

It was from these casual visits—standing about on the outskirts of the gathering, beyond the feeble ring of light thrown out by the kerosene lamp on the counter—that I learned how deeply the Corners were opposed to peace. It appeared from the talk here that there was something very like treason at the front. The victory at Antietam—so dearly bought with the blood of our own people—had been, they said, of worse than no use at all. The defeated Rebels had been allowed to take their own time in crossing the Potomac comfortably. They had not been pursued or molested since, and the Corners could only account for this on the theory of treachery at Union head-quarters. Some only hinted guardedly at this. Others declared openly that the North was being sold out by its own generals. As for old "Jee" Hagadorn, who came in almost every night, and monopolized the talking all the while he was present, he made no bones of denouncing McClellan and Porter as traitors who must be hanged.

He comes before me as I write—his thin form quivering with excitement, the red stubbly hair standing up all round his drawn and livid face, his knuckles rapping out one fierce point after another on the candle-box, as he filled the hot little room with angry declamation. "Go it Jee"! "Give 'em Hell"! "Hangin's too good for 'em!"

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his auditors used to exclaim in encouragement, whenever he paused for breath, and then he would start off again still more furiously, till he had to gasp after every word, and screamed "Lincoln-ah!" "Lee-ah!" "Antietam-ah!" and so on, into our perturbed ears. Then I would go home, recalling how he had formerly shouted about "Adam-ah!" and "Eve-ah!" in church, and marvelling that he had never worked himself into a fit, or broken a blood-vessel.

So between what Abner and Hurley said on the farm, and what was proclaimed at the Corners, it was pretty hard to figure out whether the war was going to stop, or go on much worse than ever.

Things were still in this doubtful state, when election Tuesday came round. I had not known or thought about it, until, at the breakfast-table Abner said that he guessed he and Hurley would go down and vote before dinner. He had some days before secured a package of ballots from the organization of his party at Octavius, and these he now took from one of the bookcase drawers, and divided between himself and Hurley.

"They won't be much use, I dessay, peddlin' 'em at the polls," he said, with a grim momentary smile, "but, by the Eternal, we'll vote 'em!"

"As many of 'em as they'll be allowin' us," added Hurley, in chuckling qualification.

They were very pretty tickets in those days, with marbled and plaided backs in brilliant colors, and spreading eagles in front, over the printed captions. In other years I had shared with the urchins of the neighborhood the excitement of scrambling for a share of these ballots, after they had been counted, and tossed out of the boxes. The conditions did not seem to be favorable for a repetition of that this year, and apparently this occurred to Abner, for of his own accord he handed me over some dozen of the little packets, each tied with a thread, and labelled, "State," "Congressional," "Judiciary," and the like. He, moreover, consented — the morning chores being out of the way— that I should accompany them to the Corners. The ground had frozen stiff overnight, and the road lay in hard uncompromising ridges between the tracks of yesterday's wheels. The two men swung along down the hill ahead of me, with resolute strides and their heads proudly thrown back, as if they had been going into battle. I shuffled on behind in my new boots, also much excited. The day was cold and raw.

The polls were fixed up in a little building next to the post-office—a one-story frame structure where Lee Watkins kept his bob-sleigh and oil barrels, as a rule. These had been cleared out into the yard, and a table and some chairs put in in their place. A pane of glass had been taken out of the window. Through this aperture the voters, each in his turn, passed their ballots, to be placed by the inspectors in the several boxes ranged along the window-sill inside. A dozen or more men, mainly in army overcoats, stood about on the sidewalk or in the road outside, stamping their feet for warmth, and slapping their shoulders with their hands, between the fingers of which they held little packets of tickets like mine—that is to say, they were like mine in form and brilliancy of color, but I knew well enough that there the resemblance ended abruptly. A yard or so from the window two posts had been driven into the ground, with a board nailed across to prevent undue crowding.

Abner and Hurley marched up to the polls without a word to anyone, or any sign of recognition from the bystanders. Their appearance, however, visibly awakened the interest of the Corners, and several young fellows who were standing on the grocery steps sauntered over in their wake to see what was going on. These, with the ticket-pedlers, crowded up close to the window now, behind our two men.

"Abner Beech!" called the farmer through the open pane, in a defiant voice. Standing on tiptoe, I could just see the heads of some men inside, apparently looking through the election books. No questions were asked, and in a minute or so Abner had voted and stood aside a little, to make room for his companion.

"Timothy Joseph Hurley!" shouted our hired man, standing on his toes to

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make himself taller, and squaring his weazened shoulders.

"Got your naturalization papers?" came out a sharp, gruff inquiry through the window-sash.

"That I have!" said the Irishman, wagging his head in satisfaction at having foreseen this trick, and winking blandly into the wall of stolid, hostile faces encircling him. "That I have!"

He drew forth an old and crumpled envelope, from his breast-pocket, and extracted some papers from its ragged folds which he passed through to the inspector. The latter just cast his eye over the documents and handed them back.

"Them ain't no good!" he said, curtly.

"What's that you're saying?" cried the Irishman. "Sure I've voted on thim same papers every year since 1856, an' niver a man gainsaid me. No good, is it? Huh!"

"Why ain't they no good?" boomed in Abner Beech's deep, angry voice. He had moved back to the window.

"Because they ain't, that's enough!" returned the inspector. "Don't block up the window, there! Others want to vote!"

"I'll have the law on yez!" shouted Hurley. "I'll swear me vote in! I'll —I'll——"

"Aw, shut up, you Mick!" someone called out close by, and then there rose another voice farther back in the group: "Don't let him vote! One Copperhead's enough in Agrippa!"

"I'll have the law—" I heard Hurley begin again, at the top of his voice, and Abner roared out something I could not catch. Then as in a flash the whole cluster of men became one confused whirling tangle of arms and legs, sprawling and wrestling on the ground, and from it rising the repellent sound of blows upon flesh, and a discordant chorus of grunts and curses. Big chunks of icy mud flew through the air, kicked up by the boots of the men as they struggled. I saw the two posts with the board weave under the strain, then give way, some of the embattled group tumbling over them as they fell. It was wholly impossible to guess who was who in this writhing and tossing mass of fighters. I danced up and down in a frenzy of excitement, watching this wild spectacle, and, so I was told years afterward, screaming with all my might and main.

Then all at once there was a mighty upheaval, and a big man half-scrambled, half-hurled himself to his feet. It was Abner, who had wrenched one of the posts bodily from under the others, and swung it now high in air. Some one clutched it, and for the moment stayed its descent, yelling, meanwhile, "Look out! Look out!" as though life itself depended on the volume of his voice.

The ground cleared itself as if by magic. On the instant there was only Abner standing there with the post in his hands, and little Hurley beside him, the lower part of his face covered with blood, and his coat torn half from his back. The others had drawn off, and formed a semicircle just out of reach of the stake, like farm-dogs round a wounded bear at bay. Two or three of them had blood about their heads and necks.

There were cries of, "Kill him!" and it was said afterward that Roselle Upman drew a pistol, but if he did others dissuaded him from using it. Abner stood with his back to the building, breathing hard, and a good deal covered with mud, but eying the crowd with a masterful ferocity, and from time to time shifting his hands to get a new grip on that tremendous weapon of his. He said not a word.

The Irishman, after a moment's hesitation, wiped some of the blood from his mouth and jaw, and turned to the window again. "Timothy Joseph Hurley!" he shouted in, defiantly.

This time another inspector came to the front—the owner of the tanyard over on the Dutch road, and a man of importance in the district. Evidently there had been a discussion inside.

"We will take your vote if you want to swear it in," he said, in a pacific tone, and though there were some dissenting cries from the crowd without, he read the oath, and Hurley mumbled it after him.

Then, with some difficulty, he sorted out from his pocket some torn and mud-stained packets of tickets, picked the cleanest out from each, and voted

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them — all with a fine air of unconcern.

Abner Beech marched out behind him now with a resolute clutch on the stake. The crowd made reluctant way for them, not without a good many truculent remarks, but with no offer of actual violence. Some of the more boisterous ones, led by Roselle Upman, were for following them, and renewing the encounter beyond the Corners. But this, too, came to nothing, and when I at last ventured to cross the road and join Abner and Hurley, even the cries of "Copperhead" had died away.

The sun had come out, and the frosty ruts had softened to stickiness. The men's heavy boots picked up whole sections of plastic earth as they walked in the middle of the road up the hill.

"What's the matter with your mouth?" asked Abner at last, casting a sidelong glance at his companion. "It's be'n a-bleedin'."

Hurley passed an investigating hand carefully over the lower part of his face, looked at his reddened fingers, and laughed aloud.

"I'd a fine grand bite at the ear of one of them," he said, in explanation. "'Tis no blood o' mine."

Abner knitted his brows. "That ain't the way we fight in this country," he said, in tones of displeasure. "Bitin' men's ears ain't no civilized way of behavin'."

"'Twas not much of a day for civilization," remarked Hurley, lightly; and there was no further conversation on our homeward tramp.

VIII.

THE election had been on Tuesday, November 4th. Our paper, containing the news of the result, was to be expected at the Corners on Friday morning. But long before that date we had learned—I think it was Hurley who found it out—that the Abolitionists had actually been beaten in our Congressional district. It was so amazing a thing that Abner could scarcely credit it, but it was apparently beyond dispute. For that matter, one hardly needed further evidence than the dejected way in which Philo Andrews and Myron Pierce and other followers of "Jee" Hagadorn hung their heads as they drove past our place.

Of course it had all been done by the vote in the big town of Tecumseh, way at the other end of the district, and by those towns surrounding it where the Mohawk Dutch were still very numerous. But this did not at all lessen the exhilaration with which the discovery that the Radicals of our own Dearborn County had been snowed under, filled our breasts. Was it not wonderful to think of, that these heroes of remote Adams and Jay Counties should have been at work redeeming the district on the very day when the two votes of our farm marked the almost despairing low-water mark of the cause in Agrippa?

Abner could hardly keep his feet down on the ground or floor when he walked, so powerfully did the tidings of this achievement thrill his veins. He said the springs of his knees kept jerking upward, so that he wanted to kick and dance all the while. Janey Wilcox, who, though a meek and silent girl, was a wildly bitter partisan, was all eagerness to light a bonfire out on the knoll in front of the house Thursday night, so that every mother's son of them down at the Corners might see it, but Abner thought it would be better to wait until we had the printed facts before us.

I could hardly wait to finish breakfast Friday morning, so great was my zeal to be off to the post-office. It was indeed not altogether daylight when I started at quick step down the hill. Yet, early as I was, there were some twenty people inside Lee Watkins's store when I arrived, all standing clustered about the high square row of glass-faced pigeon-holes reared on the farther end of the counter, behind which could be seen Lee and his sour-faced wife sorting over the mail by lamp-light. "Jee" Hagadorn was in this group and Squire Avery, and most of the other prominent citizens of the neighborhood. All were deeply restless.

Every minute or two some one of them would shout: "Come, Lee, give us out one of the papers, anyway!" But for some reason Mrs. Watkins was

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inexorable. Her pursed-up lips and resolute expression told us plainly that none would be served till all were sorted. So the impatient waiters bided their time under protest, exchanging splenetic remarks under their breath. We must have stood there three-quarters of an hour.

At last Mrs. Watkins wiped her hands on the apron over her bloomers. Everybody knew the signal, and on the instant a dozen arms were stretched vehemently toward Lee, struggling for precedence. In another moment wrappers had been ripped off and sheets flung open. Then the store was alive with excited voices. "Yes, sir! It's true! The Copperheads have won!" "*Tribune* concedes Seymour's election!" "We're beaten in the district by less'n a hundred!" "Good-by, human liberty!" "Now we know how Lazarus felt when he was licked by the dogs!" and so on—a stormy warfare of wrathful ejaculations.

In my turn I crowded up, and held out my hand for the paper I saw in the box. Lee Watkins recognized me, and took the paper out to deliver to me. But at the same moment his wife, who had been hastily scanning the columns of some other journal, looked up and also saw who I was. With a lightning gesture she threw out her hand, snatched our *World* from her husband's grasp, and threw it spitefully under the counter.

"There ain't nothing for *you!*" she snapped at me. "Pesky Copperhead rag!" she muttered to herself.

Although I had plainly seen the familiar wrapper, and understood her action well enough, it never occurred to me to argue the question with Mrs. Watkins. Her bustling, determined demeanor, perhaps also her bloomers, had always filled me with awe. I hung about for a time, avoiding her range of vision, until she went out into her kitchen. Then I spoke with resolution to Lee:

"If you don't give me that paper," I said, "I'll tell Abner, an' he'll make you sweat for it!"

The postmaster stole a cautious glance kitchenward. Then he made a swift, diving movement under the counter, and furtively thrust the paper out at me.

"Scoot!" he said, briefly, and I obeyed him.

Abner was simply wild with bewildered delight over what this paper had to tell him. Even my narrative about Mrs. Watkins, which ordinarily would have thrown him into transports of rage, provoked only a passing sniff. "They've only got two more years to hold that post-office," was his only remark upon it.

Hurley and Janey Wilcox and even the Underwood girl came in, and listened to Abner reading out the news. He shirked nothing, but waded manfully through long tables of figures and meaningless catalogues of counties in other States, the names of which he scarcely knew how to pronounce: "'Five-hundred and thirty-one townships in Wisconsin give Brown 21,409, Smith 16,329, Ferguson 802, a Republican loss of 26.' Do you see that, Hurley? It's everywhere the same." "'Kalapoosas County elects Republican Sheriff for first time in history of party.' That isn't so good, but it's only one out of ten thousand." "'Four-hundred-and-six townships in New Hampshire show a net Democratic loss of—' pshaw! there ain't nothing in that! Wait till the other towns are heard from!"

So Abner read on and on, slapping his thigh with his free hand whenever anything specially good turned up. And there was a great deal that we felt to be good. The State had been carried. Besides our Congressman, many others had been elected in unlooked-for places—so much so that the paper held out the hope that Congress itself might be ours. Of course Abner at once talked as if it were already ours. Resting between paragraphs, he told Hurley and the others that this settled it. The war must now surely be abandoned, and the seceding States invited to return to the Union on terms honorable to both sides.

Hurley had assented with acquiescent nods to everything else. He seemed to have a reservation on this last point. "An' what if they won't come?" he asked.

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"Let 'em stay out, then," replied Abner, dogmatically. "This war—this wicked war between brothers—must stop. That's the meaning of Tuesday's votes. What did you and I go down to the Corners and cast our ballots for?—why, for peace!"

"Well, somebody else got my share of it, then," remarked Hurley, with a rueful chuckle.

Abner was too intent upon his theme to notice. "Yes, peace!" he repeated, in the deep vibrating tones of his class-meeting manner. "Why, just think what's been a-goin' on! Great armies raised, hundreds of thousands of honest men taken from their work an' set to murderin' each other, whole deestricks of country torn up by the roots, homes desolated, the land filled with widows an' orphans, an' every house a house of mournin'."

Mrs. Beech had been sitting, with her mending-basket on her knee, listening to her husband like the rest of us. She shot to her feet now as these last words of his quivered in the air, paying no heed to the basket or its scattered contents on the floor, but putting her apron to her eyes, and making her way thus past us, half-blindly, into her bedroom. I thought I heard the sound of a sob as she closed the door.

That the stately, proud, self-contained mistress of our household should act like this before us all was even more surprising than Seymour's election. We stared at one another in silent astonishment.

"M'rye ain't feelin' over 'n' above well," Abner said at last, apologetically. "You girls ought to spare her all you kin."

One could see, however, that he was as puzzled as the rest of us. He rose to his feet, walked over to the stove, rubbed his boot meditatively against the hearth for a minute or two, then came back again to the table. It was with a visible effort that he finally shook off this mood, and forced a smile to his lips.

"Well, Janey," he said, with an effort at briskness, "ye kin go ahead with your bonfire, now. I guess I've got some old bar'ls for ye over 'n' the cowbarn."

But having said this, he turned abruptly and followed his wife into the little chamber off the living-room.

(To be continued.)

A BIRTHDAY IN AUTUMN.

By Annie Fields.

Sounds from the sands that front the eastern sky
Mingle their voices with the crisping leaves,
And tell me that the happy month is nigh
Where, in the sight of nature, nature grieves;
But for the seeing eye a garland weaves
Twined heavy with gay fruits and flowers, and kissed
By light more purple than fine amethyst
Born of the seas, even while earth's bosom heaves
With sighs at parting summer's loveliness.
In this strange month, of gladness wast thou born,
And ever as 'twere harvest-time dost bless
With thy rich love the needy and forlorn;
Giving thy treasures against winter's stress,
And singing, bird-like, leaning on a thorn.

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A LETTER TO SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.

By Andrew Lang.

[For a new Edition of Letters to Dead Authors.*]

Honoured Sir: It was the saying of a wise man, though a young one, that we do all of us travel through life with a donkey. You kept your donkey in a stable very private. The charger dwelt in that noted Diary of yours, a journal written in cipher, which has now for many years been transcribed in plain hand, and given to the world. Mr. Pepys, do not, I pray you, blush so fiery a red; not *all* the Diary hath yet been made public, and the world is still a stranger to many of those most private confidences between your donkey and yourself. Matters there be which I could mention, an' I would, but I write for a generation in which they who read not are very modest, and will raise a cry against you and me, if I keep not a bridle on my pen. The record of a whole day in the sad story of Deb is omitted, concerning Knip and Pierce, and *a certain other lady* (oh fie, Mr. Pepys!) the world knows no more than the worthy minister, your editor, chose to tell it.

You, sir, of all men, have been, thanks to the companion of which I spoke, your own Boswell. You know James well, I make no doubt, and have spoken with him and Dr. Johnson, ere now, concerning the *Deuteroskopia*, or Second Sight of the Highlanders. It was a topic, you remember, whereon my Lord Reay corresponded with you, giving several singular instances, as that, a woman having foretold a certain man would be hanged, hanged he was, though once "enjoying the repute of an honest man." Give me leave to break off in what I had to say of Mr. Boswell of Auchinleck, that I may mention a curious little circumstance. To another I would not speak of this, but Mr. Pepys is curious. Mr. Pepys loves an old book, a rare book, a grave, innocent book, as well as "a roguish French book." Of late I have busied myself to publish again "The Secret Commonwealth" of the Rev. Robert Kirk, of Aberfoyle, written by him in 1691. Some other curious person printed one hundred copies of this treatise on "The Second Sight," in 1815; but the learned believed that there was a printed edition of 1691. No copy thereof could be found in any of our libraries, and now I surmise, from my Lord Reay's letter to you, that it never was printed before 1815. For his lordship says, in 1699: "I have got a manuscript, since I last came to Scotland, whose author, though a parson, does, after giving a very full account of the Second Sight, defend there being no sin in it." This is the precise argument of Mr. Kirk, "a parson," whose book, it seems, was still in manuscript. But my lord appears to think that, in 1699, he is yet alive, whereas his neighbors declared that he was carried off by the Daoine Shie, or People of Peace, in 1692. My Lord Clarendon and Dr. Hickes also corresponded with you, but I gather, from your courteous replies, that you thought "the discourse well writ, in good style, but not very convincing," as you say concerning Dr. Glanvil's tale of "The Demon Drummer of Tedworth." But whether my Lord Reay wrote concerning Mr. Kirk, or not, I am not yet confirmed. My Lord promised to send you the manuscript, which I have vainly inquired for among your treasures at Magdalene College. Perchance my Lord Reay had in his mind the treatise of Mr. Frazer, the parson of Coll and Tiree (1707).

Pardon this divagation into affairs which amused both your own curiosity and that of Dr. Johnson, to whom I now return. His friend, Mr. Boswell, as you know, wrote the life of that great and good man; no better life hath ever been penned. But it cannot have escaped

* To a forthcoming new American edition of his well-known "Letters to Dead Authors," Mr. Andrew Lang has added four Letters—to Homer, to John Knox, to the Reverend Increase Mather, and to Samuel Pepys, Esq.,—of which only the last-named (here given) will appear elsewhere than in the book.

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your penetration that Mr. Boswell is something of an ass. I speak it lovingly, for, in part by virtue of his asinine qualities, combined with others, he told tales of himself and his friend such as another would not have narrated. You, too, Mr. Pepys, when you ran to your journal, fell into the mood of Mr. Boswell, therefore it is that we know in you two different men, the Mr. Pepys of the Diary; vain, jealous, of a marvellous poor spirit, a pillar of theatres and taverns; and the Mr. Pepys of the Admiralty, a patriot, a great man of affairs, and to a foolish and unhappy king, a servant as loyal as Dundee. The Mr. Pepys who was Evelyn's friend, who was President of the Royal Society, who remade the glorious English navy, and raised it from its shame; the Mr. Pepys whose "greatness in death was answerable to the greatness of his life," is, alas! forgotten by all but the learned. The Mr. Pepys who was affrighted by his young gibcat, which he "took for a sprite;" the Mr. Pepys who joyed in a new coat; who was so proud of being addressed as "Esquire;" who stinted his wife in clothes and pleasure, while he went brave and joyous himself; the Mr. Pepys who courted Knip, and made love to Deb, and took vows and broke them, and had his bellyful of Magdalene beer—that naughty, roguish Mr. Pepys is known, and loved, and read by all men who read at all.

Of bedside books, sir, which may send a man happily to sleep, with a smile on his lips, your egregious Diary is by far the best and dearest. Compared with you, Montaigne is dry, Boswell is too full of matter; but one can take you up anywhere, and anywhere lay you down, certain of being diverted by the picture of that companion with whom you made your journey through life. Unlike to that which St. Francis spoke of himself, thou wert *not* "too hard on thy brother, the Ass," rather treating him as one who loved him. Whether you are digging up your treasure, so openly and palpably buried at midday by Mrs. Pepys, or hunting for that other treasure in the tower which you did not find, or boxing the boy Eliezer's ears for spilling the beer over your papers, or going—yourself a boy—to see your king murdered, or meeting Mr. James Sharpe, later murdered himself as our Archbishop, on the voyage to bring back the second Charles, or "in an ill humour of anger with your wife to bed," you are perpetually the most amusing of gossips, and, of all who have gossiped about themselves, the only one who tells the truth. You have such an appetite for life that to read you almost makes a sated student hungry again. There is absolutely no experience but you get some kind of delight in it, keeping the anniversary of that cruel operation which preserved Mr. Pepys to a grateful country. "A flagon of ale and apples drunk out of a wooden cup," lives forever, and "makes all merry" still, because you tasted it and recorded it.

To see an old play over again delights you, "which is the pleasure of my not committing these things to my memory." That is also the pleasure of not committing your Diary to our memories; your deeds and misdeeds, your dinners and kisses, glide from our recollections, and, being read again, surprise and amuse us afresh. *Decies repetita placebit*, that *fabula, de te.* In church, Mr. Pepys, however dull the Scot's sermon may be, *you* are never dull. There is generally a pretty face to stare at, a pretty hand to squeeze, while you present it with a hymn-book. Only once we read, in church-time, "not a handsome face in all of them, as if, indeed, there was a curse upon our parish, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said." But what a blunder that was when you "took another pretty woman for Betty Michell, and taking her a clap on the"—back, found out your mistake; Mr. Pepys, was this a gallant and ordinary form of salutation, when "good King Charles" (as my Lord Ailesbury lovingly styles him) was our ruler? And with what face can you blame the Court and praise the Puritans, you who are such a runagate and outlier? Why, you were in love with half of King Charles's beauties, though "my Lady Castlemaine never looked so ill, nor Mrs. Stewart either, as in this plain, natural dress." Yet to a plain, natural dress, as far as you dared, you restricted your wife, poor

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wretch, scolding and bullying her for some tiny female extravagance in a pair of cheap earrings. This is what we like least in you, sir. You had an open hand for your own pleasures; why so surly, then, with Mrs. Pepys? Your hand was open for presents, too, and in our day, though you were indifferent honest in your own, we think you sailed very near the wind in the matter of bribery. But other times, other manners, you did not buy the King bad bargains, if you took a trifling toll by the way. If you loved pleasure, and a pretty maid, and oysters, and ale, and the play, you loved books, too, and wisely; "they were growing numerous and lying one upon another on my chairs," to which trouble, sir, your humble and obliged servant is also a martyr. Indeed, what did you not like—pictures, scientific instruments, ruling your account books, "a song in the garden with your wife and the girl," "flinging fireworks, and mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot till most of us were like devils." Simple enjoyments were these. A grave official dresses as a maid, his maid as a boy, Mrs. Pepys and Peggy Pen put on periwigs, they all dance a jig; "thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry, and then parted and to bed."

The Plague comes, and you cling to your work like a hero; the Fire comes, the Dutch come, the wild westland Whigs march on Edinburgh; young cornets mimic the Scotch covenanting preachers for the entertainment of the Archbishop of Canterbury; gamblers crowd Whitehall; the Restoration rushes to its ruin; through it all you look on, now with a sigh, now with a laugh; you do your duty manfully, you take your fling like a man; you are wicked, you are found out, you crouch and shiver and repent; you are cowardly, mean, and you know it; generous, daring in your way, all by turns, and every turn you note down as calmly as if you were speaking of a stranger. And it really is of a stranger you speak, of some one who is not the official, sedate Mr. Pepys, but the lively, indiscreet animal, in whose society he marches through revolution, restoration, revolution again, 'and so to bed" at last, full of years and honours.

By you, when you reached the land, the awful land where nothing is forgotten, where all our lives lie open to us like a book, perhaps there was little of lost to be recovered. All was written down too distinctly in these ciphered pages, the only pages among the books of the world which show us a character as it really was. It were unchristian to judge you; priggish and foolish to despise you; to admire you is not very easy; but, dear Mr. Pepys, we all truly love you, and what better price can you be paid for the ciphering that so harmed your eyesight? A sad sorrow to you, sir, but even a greater trouble to ourselves. You should have kept that journal your whole life long, and told us of that shameful Popish Plot, wherein you were so wickedly handled; of lying Shaftesbury, and his tattle about your crucifix; of King Charles's death; of Monmouth's rising; of that ill Revolution where James, who was brave as Duke of York, lost his heart as King, and fled; though "a wave of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee" might have dispelled the traitors and sent Marlborough packing after Sunderland. What a chronicle we have lost, what a veracious recorder was spoiled by that malady of your eyesight; how your penitence, which makes us smile while your wife lived to threaten you with the tongs, would have made us weep when she was no more living to be sinned against!

The pearl necklace which you gave (cost you £64) yet adorns a great-great-great-granddaughter of your plain sister, Pal; and your family treasures the silver-gilt flagon which was presented to Mr. Pepys by King James. How our toys do outlast us, bringing living men close to the famous dead, and the fallen dynasty!

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THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

By Robert Grant.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. S. REINHART.

IX.

SIX months ago an astonishing piece of news was revealed to me. Astonishing at least to me, though Josephine says that I need not have been astonished had I kept my eyes open, inasmuch as the affair was going on under my very nose, and everybody in town except myself knew how it was likely to end. I refer to my daughter Josie's engagement.

Yesterday I gave her away—a euphemistic way of stating that she was torn from my arms—to a young man of whom I know next to nothing, though I hear on all sides that he is a very nice fellow, which might mean that he is utterly without principle and an easy-going, idle, selfish hound. In appearance he does not seem to me to differ from nine-tenths of the young men who in the course of the last five years have said, "How d'y do?" or "Good-by" to me (rarely more or less) when they have run across me in my own drawing-room. My wife declares that he has a spiritual face, and that he reminds her of me at the same age, which I regard as an ingenious attempt to prepossess me in his favor. She has informed me also that Josie is over head and ears in love with him and he with Josie, a predicament on his part which I am not surprised at; and I suppose that I am bound to admit that my daughter is justified in her infatuation for him, if he resembles me at thirty.

Plainly, I have become an old cynic by reason of the loss of my dear Josie. I realize that I have been like a bear with a sore head ever since the ceremony. As for Josephine she has been mooning about the house all day in a state of chronic tearfulness. The responsibility of the bride's appearance, and of the wedding collation kept her nerved until everything was over. Last evening she collapsed and fell asleep in my arms sobbing like a child.

His name is James Perkins. I have been doing my best for several months to call him "Jim," as everybody else does, instead of "James," or "Perkins," and yesterday I succeeded twice in doing so. I had had three glasses of champagne. He is an architect, and I understand from Josie that he has already made his mark in the erection of a church, two school-houses, and a town-hall in the suburbs, which I have promised her to go and see. It seems that a week before he had the impertinence to offer himself to her he received word that his plans for a vast railroad station in one of the large Western cities had been accepted. But for this untoward circumstance my dear Josie would still be the light of my house, and I should not be gnawing at my mustache in the throes of misanthropy.

"Yesterday I gave her away."

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Jim is slight and not very tall, and he does not look especially strong. They tell me that he has worked very hard, and that he has won his way purely by his own energy and talent. He does not smoke, which rather prejudiced me against him, in spite of the fact that I believe we should all be the healthier if we did not use tobacco. This, as Josephine would say, only shows what an inconsistent creature I am. And I a philosopher too! But I said at the outset that I was not a real philosopher. Josie met James—I beg his pardon, Jim—at her coming-out party, and it seems that he fell in love with her at first sight. If, now, somebody had fallen in love at first sight with my sister-in-law, Julia, how much more satisfactory it would have been all round. But that is the way of the world; Julia was overlooked and my girl taken, to my miserable discomfiture. Jim was one of the youths without fathers and mothers whom you see at every large entertainment. That is to say, my wife had never heard of his father and mother at the time she invited him, though they prove to have been very respectable people. Indeed, we were all of us struck by the dignified appearance which his family as a whole presented at the wedding. Alas! I realize already that when I have got used to the idea that anybody is to have her, I shall be thoroughly happy in the thought that I have given her away to such a decent fellow, a man with self-respect and principles, a man of industry and capacity, and one, too, who is ready to drink his glass of champagne like the rest of the world—although he does not smoke. I have let my grudge have free scope, and all I have been able to rake up against him is that he shakes his head when I offer him a pipe or a cigar. In my secret soul I am egregiously proud of him already, and but for my wounded sensibilities I could dance with joy over the reflection that he is likely to make her perfectly happy. And yet all this talk of marrying and giving in marriage has broken my spirit.

"Since it had to be some one," I said by way of consolation to Josephine when we awoke this morning, "it's extremely fortunate that she did not fall in love with a dashing soldier, who would carry her off to a barracks on the frontier of a Sioux reservation, or a swashing sailor, who would leave her at home while he went on long cruises, or a splendid-looking creature, with a sonorous voice, who would drink himself into his grave or else make her miserable by devoting himself to another woman. Some of the nicest fellows I ever knew have made their wives thoroughly wretched. When you think that there really isn't anything very wonderful to look at about—er—Jim, that is, anything to appeal especially to the romantic side of a girl, I think it's very greatly to Josie's credit that she should have chosen him. Many girls might have overlooked his solid attractions and gone in for a Jim dandy of a chap who wasn't worth his salt."

My wife looked a little blank over this philosophic statement, then she glanced up at me with a roguish smile and said: "You seem to forget, dear, that I accepted you."

"True enough," I answered, merrily. "I dare say I wasn't a trifle less common-place looking than son-in-law. Besides, we both have spiritual faces."

"You should give me and Josie credit for being able to see below the surface," said my darling, fondly. "A soldier or a sailor, or a splendid-looking creature such as you describe, is delightful at a party; but gold buttons, or even a very handsome mustache, don't go far nowadays toward blinding a sensible girl to the fact that she will have to pass all her days with the man she chooses. You know, dear, that you and I have never believed that marriage is a lottery. We were sure of each other beforehand. So are Josie and Jim."

"Thank God that it is so; and may he, darling, grant them such happiness as he has given us."

"Amen! And, Fred, he—James" (Josephine prefers to call him James; she thinks Jim undignified) "is not really homely. He isn't an Adonis, of course, and doesn't impress one especially at first glance, but anyone who looks at him twice can see that he is very intelligent, and that he has the ap-

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pearance of a gentleman." "Right you are, my dear. Perhaps I was unconsciously comparing him with the young man whom I met strolling with your other daughter not many days ago."

"With Winona? When?" She asked with a start.

"About dusk."

"No, no, on what day?"

"Let me see. It must have been a week ago yesterday."

"Who was he? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"He was tall, handsome, and impressive-looking," I replied, with quiet deliberation.

"What *do* you mean, Fred? How slow you are. Do go on."

"As to telling you before, I thought it best to wait until you had one of your girls off your mind. As to being slow, I have told you all there is to tell already. I met Winona about dusk a week ago yesterday in the company of a tall, handsome, impressive-looking young man whom I had never seen in my life. I don't know where they were going or where they came from or what it meant. I hope to see him again so as to say to him, 'Young man, beware; I have lost one daughter, and I am in no mood to be trifled with.' I dare say," I continued, nonchalantly, "that if you were to keep your eyes open you would be able to see what is evidently going on under your very nose, my dear."

Josephine did not heed this taunt; she was thinking hard.

"I wonder who it could have been," she murmured, presently. "I have noticed lately that Winona has acted as though she had something on her mind; but I had assumed it might be because her patients were falling off, owing to the death of that woman with consumption who could not be persuaded that she had nothing the matter with her. It would be a great relief to my mind to see the dear girl happily married. What did he look like, Fred? Are you certain you have never seen him before? Just think: you're sure it wasn't Mr. Dyer on Mr. Benson? One might call either of them tall, handsome, and impressive-looking."

"I have told you everything I know, Josephine," I retorted, fiercely. "I don't know the man from Adam. I should think," I added with a sepulchral outburst, "that after what happened yesterday, Josephine, you wouldn't be in

"Perhaps I was unconsciously comparing him with the young man whom I met strolling with your other daughter not many days ago."

so much haste to marry the only girl we have left."

"Excuse me, Fred," she said, gently. "It *was* cruel of me to suggest such a thing so soon. And yet I suppose we must be prepared for something of the kind sooner or later. You know you have constantly expressed the hope that neither of them would hang fire like dear Julia."

"Oh, I know it. I'm a selfish brute, Josephine," I answered, beginning to hone my razor with the desperate air of one who would fain cut his own throat as the simplest solution of the problem of living.

And only six months ago the horizon of my domestic happiness looked so clear and comforting. Not even a cloud of the traditional smallness of a man's hand marred its serenity. Little Fred was pegging away at Leggatt & Paine's with commendable steadiness all day, and, though he was apt to dance all night by way of making up for it, I

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was comforted in my solicitude regarding his health by the recollection that I used to do the same when I was his age, my spiritual countenance to the contrary notwithstanding. Besides, Leggatt has always a good word to say for him, and evidently still keeps an eye on him, notwithstanding that Fred has ceased to kick foot-ball and limps no longer. To be sure, I have been beguiled once or twice by the dear boy's assurance that I would make my fortune, if I would follow his advice, into buying investment securities the market price of which at present is far less than I paid for them. However, the financial misinformation imparted by one's own flesh and blood is more easily forgiven than that which emanates from one's regular broker. Besides, there is the chance that the stocks will come up again some day or other. Fred says they are sure to. Everything considered he was, and indeed he still is, doing remarkably well, and he is such an honest-looking, manly fellow that Josephine says she wonders all the girls do not fall in love with him. His present safety seems to lie in the fact that he is in love with all the girls and not with any particular one, a condition of affairs which I trust will last until he is properly able to support a wife. I remember that before I fell in love with Josephine—well, no matter. I have almost forgotten their names and should have to ask my darling to tell me who they were, and all about it. I have never really loved anybody but her, God bless her.

Then there was David—again I must admit there still *is* David—whose rapid success in his adopted profession and whose general steadiness of character have been a source of perpetual gladness to us. He still causes his mother some concern by his utter disinclination for the society of young women, but I know of no other fault with which to reproach him. His bacillic pets no longer have a domicile under the paternal roof. He has a laboratory of his own down-town where, doubtless, they thrive and multiply. But his special interest at present is electricity. This has already brought him reputation and money by virtue of an appliance in the storage battery line, the details of which I do not precisely understand. Although Little Fred shook his head gravely at the mention of the word "patent," I was imprudent enough to follow my scientific son's lead to the tune of several thousand dollars, the happy consequence of which seemed to be that Josephine and I would be able to have our jaunt to Japan whenever the spirit moved us. That was before I counted the cost of marrying a daughter.

Thirdly, there was that daughter, a dear, sweet girl, who seemed to me perfectly content in her enjoyment of the social pleasures in which she was so well adapted to shine. I regarded her as still a mere child, and though youths came and went, never for one moment did I suspect that she was meditating the blow which she has since inflicted upon me, until Josephine told me one evening, with a mysterious, agitated air, that Mr. James Perkins wished to see me in the library. He saw me, and all the consolation I derived from our interview was the impression that he considered that he was acting generously in asking my consent to the match, and that custom would have justified him in letting me hear the news of my daughter's engagement elsewhere and in seeing me further, as the phrase is, before he saw me at all. Remembering as I did that I regarded the views of Josephine's father concerning our little matter twenty-five years ago as a matter of mere detail, only think how far I fell short of the temper of a real philosopher in allowing myself to become violently angry, and to pace the library until one o'clock in the morning after my would-be son-in-law had left it! An especially futile proceeding, as Josephine subsequently remarked, inasmuch as, by my own admission, I had behaved like a veritable lamb in his presence and had told him blandly that if he and my daughter were agreed upon the subject I had not a word to say against it.

This was the first break in our peaceful, happy domestic circle. Do you know what the period of an idolized daughter's engagement seems to the disdained and discarded husband

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and father? He is too shy and dignified to peep at the billing and cooing through the crack of the drawing-room door like the younger members of the family; consequently, the six months which intervene between the making of the match and its consummation, impress him as a Sahara of tedious confabulation between the pair of turtle doves as to whether they have too many salt-cellars for their marital needs, and whether the exchange of a third set of oyster forks without the knowledge of the donor would be a violation of the highest code of ethics. Presents, presents, nothing but presents, of every kind and degree, from the solid silver tea-set of exquisitely fluted pattern to the excruciatingly ugly bit of *bric-à-brac* which has captivated the undiscerning eye of some dear friend. After every ring at the door-bell appears the maid with a fresh parcel wrapped in snow-white paper fastened with a dainty ribbon, and on each occasion my dear Josie's eyes sparkle more excitedly as she clutches it and frees it from its caparisons. And ever and anon I am struck by the fact that she is growing thin and pale. I mention it to Josephine, but she tells me that girls always get peaked before their weddings, and that she herself was thin as a rail at the time she married me. I get no sympathy anywhere. My sole connection with the matter is that I am to give the bride away.

I did so yesterday in the presence of our entire social acquaintance and their dressmakers, most of whom I subsequently entertained at a mid-day collation, where I shook hands with a vast array of young people whom I did not know, and tried to keep up my spirits by asking my old friends to take wine with me. It was after the third glass that the spirit moved me to address my new son-in-law as "Jim." An hour later I saw the young rascal carry off my Josie in a carriage with an air as though he owned her, and I could have strangled him. At the same moment I was unpleasantly conscious that a quantity of rice hurled by an enthusiastic miss of nineteen was going down my back. I made a mad rush forward like a bull; I don't know exactly what I had in mind to do, but I was bunted aside by a youth who, I am sure, could never have had a father and mother. He held an old shoe in his hand, which he proceeded to cast with such unerring aim that it landed on the top of the bridal coach, to the infinite delight of everybody except myself. I could see no especial humor in it, but Josephine tells me that we underwent precisely the same experience at our own wedding and thought it amusing. I perceive that it makes considerable difference in this world whose ox is gored, or, to put it more accurately, whether one is carrying off some other man's daughter or is being robbed of his own.

And now to crown all, I am haunted by the vision of Winona and that tall, handsome, impressive-looking young man in whose company I met her the other day about dusk. In saying to Josephine that I had told her all, I did not speak the truth in a certain sense. I did tell her all I knew, but I did not

"After every ring at the door-bell appears the maid with a fresh parcel."

confide to her all that I suspected. I did not reveal to her that at the moment my eye fell upon them my only remaining daughter was gazing up into the face of her male companion with that peculiar look of absorbed attention which has so often wrought the ruin of Platonic friendship. It entered like

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iron into my parental soul already quivering with its recent wound, and I mur-

"He held an old shoe in his hand."

mured to myself, "Oh, my prophetic soul, my second son-in-law!"

Winona too! Two years have passed since I granted her permission to practise Christian Science, and from that time to this she has gone regularly every day to her office to minister to the patients who have applied to her for treatment. I am unable to state whether these have been many or few; to be frank, I have been amazed that she has had any at all. But I am sure that she has had some, and that she claims to have cured several sufferers from chronic disorders whom the regular practitioners had declared incurable. Or, more accurately, I should say that she has demonstrated that there was nothing the matter with them save a superabundance of error in their souls. I have learned, too, that she has experienced some dismal failures, notably in the case of the woman with consumption, referred to by Josephine, who, as Winona explained to us, would have got well had she only been able to realize that she was getting better. There was also a patient suffering from mental derangement who grew crazier and crazier, until she was finally carried off by her friends, whereas, as Winona sweetly explained to us, if they had only allowed her to remain a little longer she would have been completely cured, because in Christian Science, as in nature, darkness is apt to be most signal just before the dawn. This diagnosis of the case struck me as highly reasonable. Indeed, I have constantly said to myself that, provided the dear child managed to escape indictment, I had every reason to be contented that she was living up to her lights to the top of her bent. So altogether you can see that my home was a happy one, and that I desired no change.

My two sons-in-law! I see them in my mind's eye walking on either side of me, the one short and slim with a spiritual countenance, the other tall, handsome, and impressive-looking. Their main object in life seems to be to help me on with my overcoat, and to guide my senile steps over street crossings, though Dr. Meredith tells me that I am good for twenty years yet, and that I haven't an unsound organ in my body. They disagree with me in politics so politely that I am fool enough to open my best wine when they come to dinner. They dog my footsteps; they silently pass judgment upon me, and I shall never be able to shake them off until I am dead. Why did they come to worry us? We were so happy before we knew of their existence. Out upon them both!

Alas, poor philosopher! Shall I be-

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grudge to my darlings the happiness that I have known in the too swiftly fleeting years of our married life? Love has come to claim my flesh and blood even as it claimed me and Josephine a quarter of a century ago never to loose us from his silken chains. Love the immortal, the transfigurer of souls, the unsealer of eyes which in vain have sought the light which streams from eternity, thou hast come to work anew the old, old story, even though thy coming rends my heart-strings. Down selfish, stubborn fumes of senile cynicism! I bow to the law of life. Come to my embrace, O sons-in-law; I love you, I bid you welcome to my hearth, even though you regard me as one for whom the grave is yawning! Listen how bravely I call Jim—Jim—Jim, a thousand times Jim. And you, the other one, whose name I do not know, but whose fell purpose I have detected, when your name is divulged to me I will call that too.

X.

Said Josephine to me some three months ago: "Fred, we shall have been married twenty-five years on the twenty-first of next November. We ought to celebrate it in some way."

"How better than by having a silver wedding?"

"Because so many people would feel obliged to give us silver," she replied. "I am perfectly willing, Fred, that people should send me flowers when I'm dead, but I will not have them send silver to my silver wedding."

"The simplest way then would be to tell them not to. Put in the corner of the invitation the letters A. S. W. B. S. B. 'All silver will be sent back.'"

"This is a serious subject, Fred. I should like very much to have our best friends with us on the anniversary, if I could feel sure that they wouldn't regard it as a tax. We all give willingly when people are married, but it does seem rather a grind, as the children used to say, to have to go out and buy something else a quarter of a century later, when you know that the senile old couple will be able to use whatever you get only a few years at the farthest, and that then it will be snapped up or melted up by their children or grandchildren. Mind you, dear, I should often be glad to give silver myself, if I could afford it; but I am looking at the matter from the point of view of the world at large. Do you know," she added, "that isn't at all a bad idea of yours. We could put on the cards 'No silver,' just as they put 'No flowers.' It was quite a brilliant suggestion, Fred."

"There are always fools, though, who will disregard such a notice just from sheer contrariness."

"Oh, if we once gave them warning, and they chose to send notwithstanding, it would be their own fault," exclaimed Josephine, buoyantly. I should hope there would be a few such people, for I should be very glad to have more silver. It's not that I object to the silver, but because I wish to give a loop-hole of escape to the people who wouldn't send it unless they felt obliged to. I should expect surely to receive quite a lot in one way or another. And it *would* be convenient, love, for Winona did not get any too much when she was married. Everything ran to furniture and books, and out of the little silver she received there were seven large salad forks, all of which had her initials on them, so that she couldn't change them."

There are people who refrain from having their wills drawn on the score that they would be likely to die if they did. While I have no sympathy with this superstition, I must confess that a formal celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your wedding-day has always seemed to me to savor of willingness to have your account with life audited with a view to being able to sink quietly and becomingly into your grave whenever you were called. In view of the fact that, though each of us has trifling ailments, neither of us is seriously disabled, it seemed a little soon to be taking account of stock and talking of putting up the shutters forever. Yet Time's figures are not to be gainsaid, and especially in the Land of Liberty people are not allowed to forget that they are growing old even if they have no tall sons and daughters to at-

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test the fact. What boots it to protest that we feel as young as we ever did? We might be allowed to say so unchallenged, provided we did not try to act on the assumption, but the youths without parents and the newly created species would soon bring us to our senses if we were to assert ourselves in society so as to cause them the slightest inconvenience. The middle-aged are allowed to drive and go to the theatre, and are tolerated at weddings on the ground that they may have given a wedding present, and at garden parties where there is no lack of space, but their room is considered better than their company everywhere else in spite of the pretty speeches one sometimes hears as to the charm of entertainments where all ages are gathered together, and the glory of growing old gracefully as they do in England. I am not complaining, for between you and me we wouldn't be hired to go to one-tenth of the places to which we ought to be invited, so far as our physical state is concerned; but it would be soothing to be asked occasionally and not to be treated as though we were moribund, and bidden only to Class Day spreads and to church weddings without a card for the reception. Once in a while lately Josephine and I have taken it into our heads to put in an appearance at the Assemblies, where, though we had been respectfully and cordially received, it has been evident to us that we were regarded as social Rip Van Winkles, and that at least half the company were inquiring who in thunder we were, and the remainder, who did know us, were wondering why in time we came.

A remark of Josephine's served to crystallize these reflections. "Do you know, Fred, that I think on the whole we shall have a happier day if we pass it quietly together, and simply have the children to dine. So many of the people of whom we were fond at the time we were married have passed away, that I am sure we should be appalled by the thinness of the ranks when we began to reckon who are left. Besides, I don't think that a notice not to bring silver would really protect the poor wretches who didn't wish to bring any. It would seem too evidently to mean that they needn't bring any unless they chose to, but that it would be acceptable all the same, which would worry dreadfully those who like to do whatever others do. Don't you think so? You see everybody understands that nobody really objects to receiving silver. Besides, it would involve no end of fuss, and we should be so occupied with the arrangements that we should forget to pay any attention to each other, so that it would be a dreary day to look back upon."

"Indeed, Josephine, I agree with you entirely," said I. "Unless such affairs go off just right they are stiff and ghastly. People who are bent on paying us a compliment will have an opportunity to come to our funerals before very long."

"Not together though. Oh, Fred, wouldn't it be the crowning thing of all, after so much happiness, if we *could* die at the same time and never know what it was to miss each other!"

Although we are jointly and severally aware that the years have been slipping away, and that our turns to bid farewell to this dear earth may come any day now despite the fact that we feel young as ever, we choose still to regard death as a shy visitor which is likely to prefer others to us. I say to myself that people rarely die of rheumatism, which is Josephine's only cross, and though pneumonia is a fell destroyer, I know that Josephine is firmly convinced that the colds to which I am subject never attack my lungs. Some day one of us will wake up and miss the other, unless my darling's prayer that we be taken away together be granted; but until we do, are we not happier for cherishing the delusion that we are to be overlooked indefinitely?

Was it a delusion too, which made my darling, as I helped her into our top buggy on the morning of our twenty-fifth anniversary, seem to me no less beautiful than on the day when we plighted our troth at the altar? Did she not wear the same sweet, trusting smile, the same noble look in her dear eyes? I told her so, and she informed me that I was demented, but I know she knew that I thought she had not

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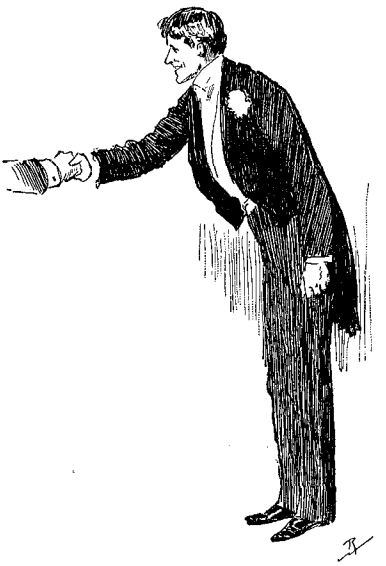
changed, which I am sure was enough for her even if Providence has dimmed my eyes. Yet I maintain that I am right. She is a little stouter of course; I can see a wrinkle and a crow's foot here and there; and her hair is grizzled. But to all intents and purposes she does not look a day older.

It was a glorious morning; one of those mild, mellow days of the late autumn, when unscientific people wag their heads and proclaim that the climate is changing. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the landscape toward which our steady nag trotted sturdily wore a faint atmosphere of saffron haze, as though the sunlight had been steeped in the lees of the yellow foliage. And the day we were married there was a driving snowstorm! Josephine had predicted so confidently that history would repeat itself on our anniversary that I think she was rather disappointed when she awoke to find the sun shining and all the elements at rest.



"The honor of squeezing my hand so hard that it was evidently in mistake for the hand of one of my girls."

Our Pegasus scarcely needed the guidance of the reins. He knew where we were going, and sped along with our comfortable if old-fashioned top buggy at a stylish yet self-respecting gait in keeping with the dignity of the occasion. Our first destination was the attractive home of our daughter Winona, who lives eight miles out of town, on a hundred lordly acres. She has an adoring husband — the tall, handsome, impressive-looking youth of my prophetic soul—and an adored infant six months old. Her husband is a scion of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the city, and he has already made his mark in the political field. He has been a Congressman, and his admirers are talking of giving him the next party nomination—not my party (so you see that my partiality does not proceed from political affiliation)—for Governor. He is altogether a delightful young man; and as for the baby—.

Josephine broke in upon my rhapsodies over my grandson to say again for about the fiftieth time during the last year:

"To think, Fred, that though you saw him face to face, you never realized that your magnificent unknown was merely Harold Bruce, whom you had seen and shaken hands with under our roof time and time again. I laugh whenever I think of it. You gave me a fright that day, when you told me that you had run across Winona in the company of a mysterious stranger, which I haven't fully recovered from yet, in spite of the fact that everything has turned out so well. I dreamed that night that she had married a professional gambler, who cut her throat in the course of the first six months because the dear child refused to aid and abet his nefarious schemes."

I replied, meekly, for the fiftieth time, something as to the agonies I had undergone for several years in trying to distinguish one young man from another when they had presented themselves at my house in stereotyped evening dress, and done me the honor of squeezing my hand so hard that it was evidently in mistake for the hand of one of my girls. But though my plea has a sardonic look, the words were spoken on this day of days—even as Josephine's were spoken—with an air of gentle, joyous reminiscence, as though, which was indeed the case, we found delight in reviewing again and again the details of the great happiness which has been granted to us in the marriage of our beautiful daughter to one worthy of her.

We drove up the long avenue of tall, stately pines and found her sitting with

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her husband and their little hostage to fortune enjoying the glorious mellow sunshine. The tiny monarch sat in his wagon playing with a handful of autumn leaves which his father, with proud paternal indifference to the immaculate surface of the silken carriage blanket, had bestowed upon him. I now became the rival—the successful rival—of the

"I encouraged him to gnaw my watch and to claw my mustache."

rustling autumn leaves. At my instigation his mother freed him from his equipage and a little anxiously yet resolutely laid him in my arms. I dandled him, I chirruped to him, I hummed to him, I encouraged him to gnaw my watch and to claw my mustache, and presently I began to toss him up in my hands and let him down again.

"Be careful, Fred," said Josephine, warningly; and I saw a shadow of solicitude cross my daughter's face, though she was plainly doing her best to seem unconcerned.

"Pooh," I answered. "I tossed up all my own babies in this way year in and year out, and not one of them ever got a scratch. I'm not going to begin by letting my precious grandson fall. Am I, little lamb?"

Thereupon, by way of showing what an adept I was in the art of baby tossing, I shot him upward with self-confident impetus. To be sure, my hands never really left him; they followed him as he ascended and as he came down. Still, pride, the traditional precursor of falls, stood me in bad stead, as it has stood others before me. Just as my precious grandson was descending for the third time, one of my wrists seemed to turn or give way, destroying thereby the admirable balance maintained by my hands, and, quick as thought, Master Baby slipped from my grasp and tumbled to the ground.

A horrible wail of mingled pain and fright, which wrung my heart-strings, welled from the lips of the little lamb, as mother, father, and grandmother rushed to raise him, knocking their own heads together in the process. Harold, white as a sheet and with a son-in-law's curse, as I imagined, trembling on his lips, succeeded in picking him up. I could discern that my grandson's bald little head was dabbled with blood. His mother evidently perceived the same, for she cried, with the maternal fierceness akin to that which we are taught to associate with a tigress protecting its young:

"Harold, give baby to me, and run for the doctor."

Why is it that at the most solemn and serious junctures of life thoughts wholly irrelevant to the occasion will arise without our bidding and thrust themselves into disconcerting prominence? I was not positive that I had not maimed my grandson for life, though I agree that his stentorian yell had relieved my solicitude a trifle. Certainly, it was a moment of cruel torture, which should have precluded every other consideration from my brain than concern for the hapless infant and harsh self-reproach. And yet, as Winona finished speaking, I made the imp of a reflection that she was sending for a doctor in spite of Christian Science, and that the scales of hallucination had fallen from her eyes at the wail of her own flesh and blood. I was even tempted for an in-

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stant to hazard the suggestion that, as there is no such thing as matter, there could be nothing the matter with baby, but I bit my tongue in the throes of my disgust at my involuntary levity.

Harold had sped down the avenue like an arrow, but scarcely had he disappeared before the gory streak which dabbled my poor little victim's brow, and which had seemed to my heated imagination almost an arterial outburst, yielded to the whisk of a pocket handkerchief. Although he still yelled as if his heart would break, I was beginning to reflect that, barring the very slight scratch on his forehead, he was more frightened than hurt, when Josephine suggested, like a true grandmother, the possibility of internal injuries.

My heart began to throb violently once more, and my mouth to taste dry, but Winona came to my rescue.

"Mother," she exclaimed, in a tone of stern impressiveness, "it is of the utmost importance for baby's sake that you shouldn't think anything of the kind, for by thinking that he has any internal injuries you might, or I might, or father might cause the darling to think the same. We ought all to think that he has nothing the matter with him, and then he will soon cease to cry. Come, let us all think of other things and take our minds off baby. Don't even look at him."

We hastened to do as we were bid. I began to whistle cheerily, and turning my back on my precious grandson called Josephine's attention to the beauties of the landscape in a series of philosophic utterances. As for Winona herself, she was Spartan enough to restore the little lad to his baby-carriage, and to busy herself in reflecting whether the spot of blood on her robin's-egg blue morning wrapper would wash out. Within three minutes more Master Baby had ceased to sob, and was playing contentedly again with the rustling autumn leaves when the regular practitioner who, it seemed, lived close by, arrived with Harold at full trot. Winona rose to receive him with a sweet smile, and said, with her old serenity: "Baby is quite well, Doctor. We all applied Christian Science principles to his condition, and he finds that he was in error to suppose that he was really hurt. Thank you so much for coming."

I was really too much overwhelmed by this speech to think of criticising, but Josephine evidently suspected me of something of the kind, for she pinched unmistakably my arm. As for the poor doctor, he was smiling in a sickly sort of fashion when my son-in-law, who I am glad to see is something of a philosopher himself, broke in with—

"Since there are no bones broken, the least thing you can do for us, Doctor, is to stay to luncheon. I have opened a bottle of Clos Vougeot in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of my wife's father and mother."

"Yes, do stay, Doctor," said Winona. "And I am very anxious that you should come and vaccinate baby next week."

The doctor stayed and drank our health in a bottle of excellent wine, and not a word was said about science of any kind by anyone. As we drove home I remarked to Josephine that I had made two discoveries: first, that I had lost my grip a little, especially in the matter of babies, and secondly, that Christian Science was evidently a convenient doctrine which could be put on or off like a glove as the occasion demanded. Replying thereto my wife said: "Fred, I consider that you had a marvellous escape with that baby, and that Winona bore it splendidly. As for her silly nonsense, she is evidently in the moulting state, and I prophesy that by the time baby has the measles we shall hear no more of it. Harold seems to understand perfectly how to handle her."

That evening we had our four children and our two sons-in-law to dine with us. It was a state occasion. Josephine was in black velvet, and wore the modest diamond star which I presented to her just before we sat down to table. The girls looked superbly in their best plumage, and it seemed to me as I glanced to right and left from my patriarchal position, that I had every reason to be proud of the four young men who will control the destinies of the family when I am under

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the sod. Proud not only of my two dear sons, but of my two dear sons-in-law, who, though one is slight and short, and the other impressive-looking and tall, and though both hold absurd political notions with which I have not the slightest sympathy, have so completely won my heart by their devotion to their wives and generally exemplary behavior, that I cannot choose between them. I was in a jovial mood that evening, I can tell you, and there was nothing excellent and rare in my limited but not wholly featureless cellar which my four brave boys did not have an opportunity to sample in honor of Josephine's and my twenty-fifth anniversary.

"If, indeed, there is any good or any virtue in me or mine."

Just after the cigars were finished there was a ring at the front door-bell, and Sam Bangs came into the dining-room, rather to my astonishment, for I knew that he had not been invited. "How d'y do, Cousin Josephine; how d'y do, Cousin Fred. Many happy returns of the day."

I observed that Sam spoke with a sort of mysterious blitheness, as though he were under the influence of a joke, and I noticed that he whispered something to my daughter Josie in answer to an inquiring glance from her. Just then there was another ring at the door-bell, and presently through the half-open dining-room doors I caught sight of a host of people gayly trooping into the front hall.

"The Philistines are upon thee, Samson," exclaimed Sam Bangs, as I started to rise in my astonishment. "Cousin Fred and Cousin Josephine, a select party of your friends have taken the liberty of celebrating your silver wedding, and are on the way to the drawing-room, where you are requested to join them."

I was too dazed to speak; indeed, I was conscious of a lump in my throat quite inconsistent with a philosophic temperament. Glancing at my darling I perceived that she was agitated, and straightway the nightmare, which was at odds with her joy, as to how she was to provide a suitable supper for these delightful visitors, took possession also of my brain.

"Sam," she gasped, "how many are there?"

"All the world and his mother, including the youths without parents," answered her provoking relative with a beaming smile.

But Josie, who it seems was in the secret with Sam, and had managed with him the whole affair, put her arms around her mother's neck and whispered, "Don't believe him. Only people who really care for you are coming. The supper is all provided for, mamma. I entered into a conspiracy with your cook, and you needn't give a thought to anything."

We didn't; and we gave ourselves up to the occasion with a right good will. As our daughter had said, only dear friends whose congratulations were precious to us had been invited, and they to the number of about fifty filled our drawing-room well-nigh to overflowing. Most of them had brought silver—shall I say alas! or happily? Generally some pretty trifle which vouched for the sentiment and taste of the gift horse without seeming to tax

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the poor animal's resources. For instance, Mrs. Guy Sloane brought a silver butterfly intended for a pen-wiper, and my old friend Sam Bolles a silver paper-knife. Polly Flinders (I never remember her married name), who has babies of her own, gave Josephine a silver whistle, ostensibly intended for my grandson, and Gillespie Gore handed me, with his best bow, an antique silver decanter label marked "Madeira." To be sure, Mrs. Willoughby Walton did bring a splendid Indian silver necklace of exquisite workmanship, which she hung about Josephine's neck with a grand air, informing her that it had once belonged to a princess. As Josephine said to me later, Mrs. Willoughby can afford to be munificent if she chooses, and the necklace will just suit Winona's style of beauty.

Supper was served at half-past ten, and no one would have guessed that my darling had not ordered it. Our healths were drunk, and the healths of our children and grandchild, and I was badgered finally into rising and making a few scattering remarks by way of grateful acknowledgment. An effort of this kind would be trying to the sensibilities of even a real philosopher, and I will confess that what with stammering and repeating myself, I was uncertain for some moments whether I should be able to make myself intelligible. At last, however, a sudden reflection coming straight from my heart drew me from the slough of renewing thanks and unsealed my lips.

"If," I said, "kind friends, you behold me in my fifty-fifth year a contented man, tolerably well preserved, and with the lustre of true happiness shining from my eyes; if you see around me brave sons and fair daughters, with whose promise of usefulness as men and women you are not ill-pleased; if, indeed, there is any good or any virtue in me or mine, know as the source, the fountain-head, the inspiration of it all, the sweetest woman in the whole wide world, there she stands, my wife Josephine."

As I sat down amid a tumult of approbation, my darling's confused but happy smile shone like a beam from heaven athwart my misty gaze. I see it still as I sit here to-night, with her hand in mine in our silent but joyous home. The mystery of mysteries, life! Why were we born? We do not know. What is to become of us when we go hence? We have no knowledge, but we live in hope. I live in hope. When the last trump sounds, and the graves give up their dead; when the myriads of souls are brought face to face with God to learn the solution of all mysteries, I shall seek only for Josephine. That I may behold her then is all that I ask of eternity. If I do not see her sweet face, it will be not because I am perfect, but because I have sinned too much.

THE END.

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THE HARVEST.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Sun on the mountain,
Shade in the valley,
Ripple and lightness
Leaping along the world,
Sun, like a gold sword
Plucked from the scabbard,
Striking the wheat-fields,
Splendid and lusty,
Close-standing, full-headed,
Toppling with plenty;
Shade, like a buckler
Kindly and ample,
Sweeping the wheat-fields
Darkening and tossing;
There on the world-rim
Winds break and gather
Heaping the mist
For the pyre of the sunset;
And still as a shadow,
In the dim westward,
A cloud sloop of amethyst
Moored to the world
With cables of rain.

Acres of gold wheat
Stir in the sunshine,
Rounding the hill-top,
Crested with plenty,
Filling the valley,
Brimmed with abundance;
Wind in the wheat-field
Eddying and settling,
Swaying it, sweeping it,
Lifting the rich heads,
Tossing them soothingly;
Twinkle and shimmer
The lights and the shadowings,
Nimble as moonlight
Astir in the mere.
Laden with odors
Of peace and of plenty,
Soft comes the wind
From the ranks of the wheat-field,
Bearing a promise
Of harvest and sickle-time,
Opulent threshing-floors
Dusty and dim
With the whirl of the flail,
And waggons of bread,
Down-laden and lumbering
Through the gateways of cities.

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When will the reapers
Strike in their sickles,
Bending and grasping,
Shearing and spreading;
When will the gleaners
Searching the stubble
Take the last wheat-heads
Home in their arms?

Ask not the question!—
Something tremendous
Moves to the answer.

Hunger and poverty
Heaped like the ocean
Welters and mutters,
Hold back the sickles!

Millions of children
Born to their terrible
Ancestral hunger,
Starved in their mothers' womb,
Starved at the nipple, cry,—
Ours is the harvest!

Millions of women
Learned in the tragical
Secrets of poverty,
Sweated and beaten, cry,—
Hold back the sickles!

Millions of men
With a vestige of manhood,
Wild-eyed and gaunt-throated,
Shout with a leonine
Accent of anger,
Leave us the wheat-fields!

When will the reapers
Strike in their sickles?
Ask not the question;
Something tremendous
Moves to the answer.

Long have they sharpened
Their fiery, impetuous
Sickles of carnage,
Welded them æons
Ago in the mountains
Of suffering and anguish;
Hearts were their hammers,
Blood was their fire,
Sorrow their anvil,
(Trusty the sickles
Tempered with tears);
Time they had plenty—
Harvests and harvests

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Passed them in agony,
Only a half-filled
Ear for their lot;
Man that had taken
God for a master
Made him a law,
Mocked him and cursed him,
Set up this hunger
Called it necessity,
Put in the blameless mouth
Judas's language:
The poor ye have with you
Alway, unending.

But up from the impotent
Anguish of children,
Up from the labor
Fruitless, unmeaning,
Of millions of mothers,
Hugely necessitous,
Grew by a just law
Stern and implacable,
Art born of poverty,
The making of sickles
Meet for the harvest.

And now to the wheat-fields
Come the weird reapers
Armed with their sickles,
Whipping them keenly
In the fresh-air fields,
Wild with the joy of them,
Finding them trusty,
Hilted with teen.
Swarming like ants,
The Idea for captain,
No banners, no bugles,
Only a terrible
Ground-bass of gathering
Tempest and fury,
Only a tossing
Of arms and of garments;
Sexless and featureless,
[Only the children
Different among them,
Crawling between their feet,
Borne on their shoulders];
Rolling their shaggy heads
Wild with the unheard-of
Drug of the sunshine;
Tears that had eaten
The half of their eyelids
Dry on their cheeks;
Blood in their stiffened hair
Clouted and darkened;
Down in their cavern hearts
Hunger the tiger,

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Leaping, exulting;
Sighs that had choked them
Burst into triumphing;
On they come, Victory!
Up to the wheat-fields,
Dreamed of in visions
Bred by the hunger,
Seen for the first time
Splendid and golden;
On they come fluctuant,
Seething and breaking,
Weltering like fire
In the pit of the earthquake,
Bursting in heaps
With the sudden intractable
Lust of the hunger:
Then when they see them—
The miles of the harvest
White in the sunshine,
Rushing and stumbling,
With the mighty and clamorous
Cry of a people
Starved from creation,
Hurl themselves onward,
Deep in the wheat-fields,
Weeping like children,
After ages and ages,
Back at the breasts
Of their mother the earth.

Night in the valley,
Gloom on the mountain,
Wind in the wheat,
Far to the southward
The flutter of lightning,
The shudder of thunder;
But high at the zenith,
A cluster of stars
Glimmers and throbs
In the grasp of the midnight,
Steady and absolute,
Ancient and sure.

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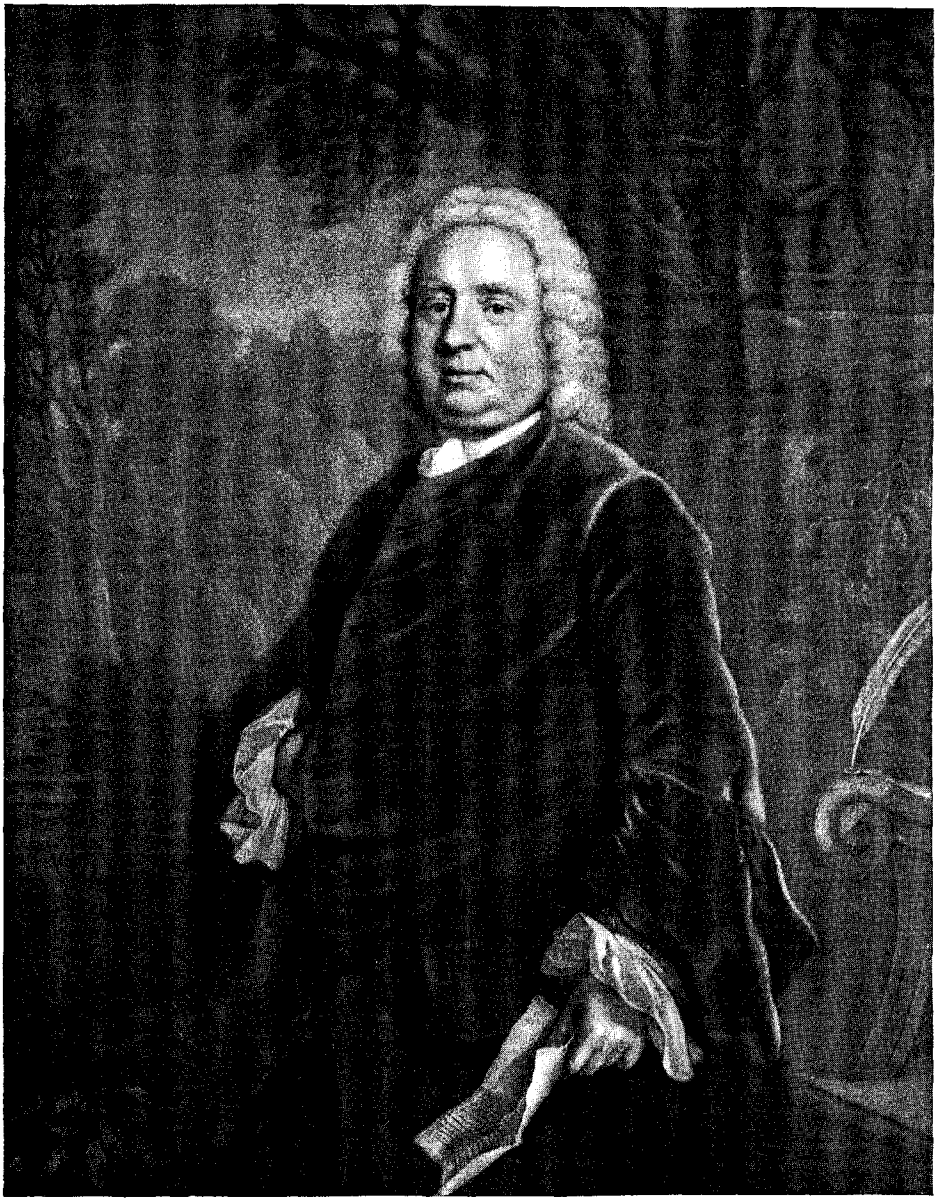

Richardson.

(From an engraving by James McArdell, after a portrait by Joseph Highmore.)

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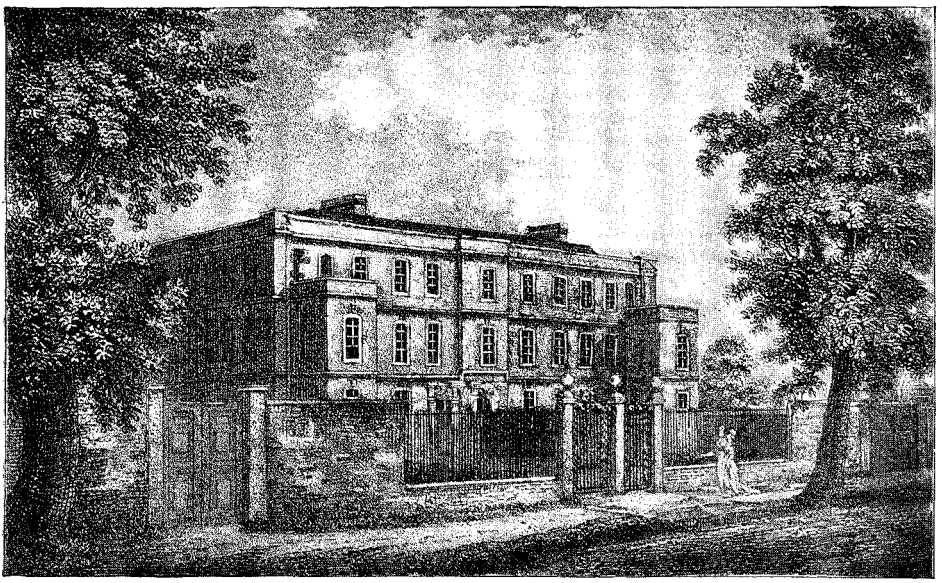

Richardson's House at North End, Hammersmith.
(From an engraving published in 1804.)

RICHARDSON AT HOME.

By Austin Dobson.

It is a trite reflection—and yet, after all, what is the New but the Trite relacquered!—that we are often more keenly interested in shadows than in realities. Especially is this the case with certain fictitious characters. At Gad's Hill, for example, it is less Charles Dickens that we remember, writing his last novel in the garden-chalet which had been given him by Fechter the actor, than Shakespeare's Falstaff, "larding the lean earth" as he puffs in his flight from the wild Prince and Poins. When we walk in Chiswick Mall, it is probable that the never-existent Academy of Miss Barbara Pinkerton, where Becky Sharp flung the great Doctor's "Dixonary" out of the carriage window into the garden, is far more present to us than the memories of Mr. Alexander Pope and his patron, Richard, Earl of Burlington, both of whom had "local habitation" in the neighborhood. If we visit the Charterhouse, Addison and Steele, and even Thackeray himself, do not force themselves so vividly upon our recollection as does the tall, bent figure of a certain Anglo-Indian colonel with a lean brown face, and a long white mustache, who said "Adsum" for the last time as a pensioner within its precincts. And whether this be, or be not, the experience of the imaginative, it is certain that the present writer seldom goes print-hunting at Mr. Fawcett's in King Street, Covent Garden, without calling to mind the fact, not that those very painted and palpable realities, the four Iroquois Indian Kings of the *Spectator*, once sojourned in that very thoroughfare at the sign of the "Two Crowns and Cushions," but that it was "at Mr. Smith's," a glove-shop in the same street, where "stockings, ribbons, snuff, and perfumes" were also sold, that, under the disguise of "Mrs. Rachel Clark," Clarissa Harlowe lay in hiding from Lovelace; and that hard by, in the adjoining Bedford Street, the most harassed of all heroines was subsequently pounced upon by the sheriff's

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Richardson Reading the Manuscript of "Sir Charles Grandison" to his Friends, in 1751.
(From an old print.)

officers as she was coming from morning prayers at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. What a subject for Mr. Orchardson or Mr. Marcus Stone! The Tuscan portico of St. Paul's, with its clock and bells; the battered brass-nailed sedan-chair, stained with damp, and browned by exposure to the sun, waiting, the head ready up, "at the door fronting Bedford Street;" the broad-shouldered and much-muffled minions of the law watching doggedly for their prey; the gathering circle of spectators, half-sympathetic, half-censorious; and Clarissa—poor hunted Clarissa!—trembling, terrified, and beautiful, appearing, with her white face peeping from her "mob," a step or two higher than the rest, upon the dark opening of the church-door.

There are seven volumes of Clarissa Harlowe's lamentable history, and, according to Mrs. Barbauld, there were originally two more in the manuscript. Yet one of the author's correspondents, Miss Collier—the Margaret Collier who went with Henry Fielding to Lisbon—tells Richardson that she is reading the book for the fourth time! As one turns the pages, one almost grows incredulous. Did she really read all that—four times? Did she really read those nineteen pages of the heroine's Will, four several times? To doubt a lady, and a friend of Richardson to boot, is inexcusable; but, at all events, the exploit is scarcely one to be repeated in this degenerate age. Not that the only obstacle is the length of the story. Other writers—even writers of our own day—are long. If "Pamela" is in four volumes, so is the "Cloister and the Hearth;" if "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison" are in seven volumes, there are eight of "Monte Cristo" and ten of "Les Misérables." But there is length of time, and length of tedium. Besides words, and sentences, and paragraphs, and chapters, the masterpieces abovementioned also contain, to a greater or lesser extent, abundance of plot, of movement, of incident, of character. Richardson is long with a minimum of these, and he is also deplorably diffuse, copious, long-winded, circumstantial. He plays his piece—to borrow a musical illustration—to the very slowest beat of

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the metronome. He can concentrate his thoughts upon his theme, but he cannot concentrate the expression of them; and, as he admitted to Young, for one page that he takes away he is apt to add three. What is worse, as Messrs. Janin and Prévost have proved in France, and Mrs. Ward and Mr. E. S. Dallas in England, you can no more cut him down now than his friends could do in his lifetime. Aaron Hill, who endeavored to abridge the first seven letters of "Clarissa," confessed, after making the attempt, that he only spoilt them; and in casting about for an explanation of his failure, he happens upon the truth. "You have (he says) formed a style . . . where verbosity becomes a virtue; because, in pictures which you draw with such a skilful negligence, redundance but conveys resemblance; and to contract the strokes, would be to spoil the likeness." This, in other words, is but to say that the prolixity of Richardson, if it be a cause of weakness, is also a source of strength. It is his style; and the Style, in this case, is the Man, or, in the explicit language of the first form of the aphorism, "*l'homme même*—" the very Man.

At Stationers' Hall, of which institution in later life he became a Master, there is an excellent likeness of Richardson, as he appeared to his contemporaries. It was executed by Joseph Highmore, "a painter of eminence," says Mr. Barbauld, "at a time when the arts were at a very low ebb in England"—an utterance which suggests some disregard on the part of that otherwise unimpeachable biographer of the efforts of William Hogarth. Highmore, who was a personal friend of Richardson, had already made a series of studies for "Pamela;" and he painted Clarissa "in a Vandyke dress," a conceit which must then have been popular, since both Walpole and Gray masqueraded to Eckhardt in similar costume. Under Highmore's brush, Richardson is depicted as a plump and middle-aged little man in a claret-colored coat, holding his right hand in his bosom, a habit to which he more than once refers. In his left hand is an open letter. He wears a flaxen wig which covers his ears, has a fresh-colored complexion, a comfortable double chin, and a general look of gray-eyed and placid, if slightly flabby, benignity.

By nature he is said to have been slow and taciturn, but among friends, and especially in the "fitting environment" of that "flower-garden of ladies" which he loved to gather about him, he became animated, and almost playful. His health was bad; like Swift, whom he adapts—

> "That old vertigo in my head
> Will never leave me till I'm dead,"—

he was subject to attacks of giddiness; and he suffered from a variety of nervous ailments, the majority of which might be traced to his sedentary habits, and the relentless assiduity with which he pursued his vocation as a printer, and his avocation as an author. "I had originally," he says, "a good constitution. I hurt it by no intemperance, but that of application." Unlike most men of his generation, he was a vegetarian and water-drinker; unlike them again, he never learned to ride, but contented himself with that obsolete apology for equestrian exercise, the chamber-horse—a species of leathern seat upon four legs and a strong spring, still sometimes to be discovered in the forgotten corners of second-hand furniture shops. One of these contrivances he kept at each of his houses; and those who, without violence to his literary importance, can conceive the author of "Sir Charles Grandison" so occupied, must imagine him bobbing up and down daily, at stated hours, upon this curious substitute for the saddle.

The "chamber-horse" is not included in Highmore's picture which, it may be observed, was successfully scraped in mezzotinto by James McArdell. But the artist has not forgotten another article which played an indispensable part in Richardson's existence, to wit, his ink-bottle. This, for convenience' sake, it was his custom to have sunk into the right-hand arm of his chair, where it is accordingly depicted by the artist, decorated with a quill of portentous dimensions. Taken in connection with the letter in his hand, the detail is characteristic. No man—in truth—ever put

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pen to paper with greater pertinacity. If Pope lisped in numbers, Richardson certainly lisped in "epistolary correspondence." He was a letter-writer and, what is more, a moral letter-writer, almost from his "helpless cradle." Two anecdotes, both on the best authority—his own — show how markedly these prevailing qualities of scribbling and sermonizing were with him from the beginning. At school, where he was noted for his edifying stories, one of his playfellows endeavored to persuade him to write the history of a footman (virtuous) who married his mistress; and he had not attained the mature age of eleven before he addressed an admonitory but anonymous epistle to a backbiting widow of fifty, who had distinguished herself more by the severity of her precepts than the energy of her practice. His indefatigable pen found, however, a more legitimate employment in the service of the young women of the neighborhood, who made use of his equipments and his discretion to convey their written sentiments to their sweethearts—an office which must have been a sort of liberal education in love affairs, since he had frequently not only to explain what was meant, but also to supply what was wanted. "I cannot tell you what to write," said one warm-hearted girl, enraptured with her lover's protestations, "but you cannot be too kind." Obviously it was in these confidences, for which, even in youth, his grave and very grown-up demeanor especially qualified him, that he laid the foundation of his marvellously minute knowledge of the female heart. When his leaning to literature determined his choice of the trade of a printer, letter-writing was still his relaxation; and all his leisure was absorbed by a copious correspondence with an unnamed and eccentric gentleman who was, on his side, to use Walpole's phrase, equally "corresponding." As he proceeded from 'prentice to master, his reputation as a letter-writer increased proportionately; and when Messrs. Rivington & Osborne suggested to him the book that afterward grew into "Pamela," it was almost inevitable that it should take an epistolary form. After "Pamela" it was equally inevitable that the author should cling to the pattern in which his first success had been achieved. It may indeed be a matter for nice speculation whether he could have produced a novel in any other way, so inveterate had his habit of letter-writing become. He confesses himself that he wrote far more than he read. "I cannot tell why, but my nervous disorders will permit me to write with more impunity than to read." His works certainly do not show him to have been a well-read man, though, as a quondam Carthusian, he was probably better educated than is generally supposed. But it is clear that to the day of his death the writing of letters was his ruling passion, as well as the standing occupation of his daughters, who were unceasingly employed in transcribing the interminable effusions which form the basis of Mrs. Barbauld's selection. When a letter left the little board, duly shown in Chamberlin's portrait, upon which it was composed, it was handed to Anne or Martha to copy, and the copy was preserved as carefully as if it had been an original work. Several hundred of these methodical but immoderate epistles, making with the replies six huge volumes, are still to be seen in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. They include many unpublished documents which, when Richardson's uneventful career finds its fitting chronicler, will probably be discovered to contain particulars of interest. The late Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, it is understood, had made considerable progress in "prospecting" this mine of material.

After the fashion of the tradesman of his time, Richardson lived chiefly in the city, with a country house in the suburbs for Sundays. When, having duly passed through his probation as a compositor and press corrector, he married his master's daughter (like Hogarth's industrious apprentice), he opened a business on his own account in Fleet Street. Thence he moved to Salisbury Court, now Salisbury Square, a region which, as it could boast of Dryden as a former resident, and probably of Locke, was not without its literary memories. His first house was in the centre of the Court. Later on—and not, it is said, at all to the satisfaction of the second

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Mrs. Richardson—he moved his residence to No. 11 in the northwest corner; and, pulling down at the same time a number of old houses in Blue Ball Court (now Bell's Buildings) on the eastern side, constructed for himself "an extensive and commodious range" of offices. It was certainly in Salisbury Court that Richardson wrote part of his works; and here he was visited by Johnson, Young, Hogarth, Dr. Delany, and others of his intimates. It must have been in this establishment, too, that Goldsmith labored as a corrector of the press, having, it is said, made Richardson's acquaintance through a disabled master-printer, one of the doctor's Bankside patients. But not many anecdotes cluster about the dwelling-place in the little square in the shadow of St. Bride's, beyond the legend that Richardson used occasionally to hide a half-crown among the types as a reward to the exemplary workman who should be first at his work in the morning. There is also a tradition that, in later life, he was so sensible of the infirmities of his own nervous temperament and of the intractable deafness of his foreman, that he never trusted himself to give any oral orders, but characteristically issued all his business directions in writing.

His first country house, now known as The Grange, North End, Fulham, still stands, with its old wrought-iron gates, between the Hammersmith Road and Edith Villas. "A few paces from Hammersmith Turnpike," was the indication which Richardson gave to Mrs. Belfour; a more exact description to-day would be, "a few paces from the West Kensington Station of the District Railway." In Richardson's time the house consisted of two distinct dwellings—the novelist occupying the western half, while the tenant of the remaining portion was a certain Mr. Vanderplank, often referred to in Richardson's letters. It retains its dual character, and continues to wear much of the aspect which it formerly presented. Stucco, it is true, has been allowed in part to disfigure the original red brick; windows have been blocked here and there; and a balcony has been added, of which no sign appeared when, in May, 1804, the building was sketched for volume four of Mrs. Barbauld's correspondence. But the house no longer stands, as it did when Richardson walked to it through the Park, in what was practically open country; and only a few of the fine old cedars and other forest trees which once flourished in its neighborhood, have survived the inroad of brick and mortar. One of its residents after Richardson was Sir William Boothby, who married the charming actress, Miss Nisbett. But for the last quarter of a century it has had a more distinguished inhabitant in that painter of

> "Fair passions and bountiful pities,
> And loves without stain,"

Mr. E. Burne Jones, who, although intermediate tenants have effectually obliterated all definite memorials of the Richardsonian era, still cherishes a kindly reverence for his last century predecessor. At "Selby House," as it seems to have been called, Richardson lived from 1730, or earlier, until 1755; and it follows that at North End he wrote not only "Pamela," but "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison," the final volumes of which last appeared early in 1754.

Which of the rooms he used for his study, when his numerous visitors made no special claims upon his attention, is not now discoverable. But his favorite writing-place was an arbor or grotto at the back of the house, no visible trace of which remains. It is described by a visitor, Mr. Reich, of Leipsic, as being "in the middle of the garden, over against the house," and it contained a seat or chair in which Richardson was accustomed to work. "I kissed the inkhorn on the side of it," says the perfervid gentleman from Leipsic, thus unconsciously confirming a detail in Highmore's picture. According to Mrs. Barbauld, Richardson was in the habit of repairing to this retreat in the morning, before the rest of the family were up; and "when they met at breakfast, he communicated the progress of his story, which, by that means, had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then (says his biographer) began the criticisms, the pleadings, for Harriet Byron

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or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing before-hand how his situations would strike." These breakfast-table discussions must have been invaluable to a writer of Richardson's type; and they were renewed at other times in the grotto itself. Miss Highmore, the artist's daughter, who was no mean draughtswoman, has left a little sketch, in which one of these meetings is depicted [p. 376]. She has probably exaggerated the size of the grotto, which looks exceptionally spacious; but it must have been large enough to hold seven people, for, as shown in the picture, there are seven in it. It is as bare of ornament as the cabinet of M. de Buffon, a table and chairs being the only furniture. To the left, Richardson, in his habitual velvet cap and morning gown, is reading the MS. of Grandison; Miss Mulso (afterward "the celebrated Mrs. Chapone"), a handsome young woman, is in the middle; the others are her father and brother, her brother's future wife, Miss Prescott, Miss Highmore, and Miss Highmore's lover, Mr. Duncombe. The ladies, in their Pamela hats, are dignified and decorously attentive, while the attitudes of the gentlemen rise easily to the occasion. Their management of their legs in particular is beyond all praise. For the rest, Mr. Mulso, the elder, is feeling for his handkerchief; Mr. Mulso junior has his hand in his bosom; and the Rev. Mr. Duncombe is taking snuff with an air which would do credit to the *vieille cour*, or even to the irreproachable Sir Charles himself.

As a valetudinarian whose life was spent between steel and tar-water, it might have been expected that Richardson would often be absent from London in search of health. But, beyond his periodical visits to North End—visits which, as he advanced in years and prosperity, naturally grew more frequent and more prolonged — he seems to have seldom left town, and to have resorted but rarely to the fashionable watering-places of his day. He says, indeed, in one of his letters to Young, that he had often tried Bath, but without benefit; and it may well be conceived that the Bath of Smollett's time, with its bells and its bustle, was wholly unsuited to his nervous and highly strung temperament. The place most often in his letters is Tunbridge Wells, where Thackeray puts him in the "Virginians." In the middle of the last century, the Wells had always its recognized supporters, who, in due season, religiously perambulated the shady walks, loitered at the toy-shops on the red-roofed Pantiles, or crowded in the Tea Room round the last new "Cynthia of the minute." In her third volume, Mrs. Barbauld reproduces an old water-color sketch which once belonged to Richardson, and which bore in his own writing the names of many of the notabilities of the place. The Hon. Miss Chudleigh, "Maid of Honor to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," in a monstrous side-hoop, "swims" or "sails" up the centre between Beau Nash and Mr. Pitt; Dr. Johnson is talking deferentially to the Bishop of Salisbury; the septuagenarian Cibber is following like a led-captain close upon the heels of Lord Harcourt, while Garrick—the great Garrick himself—is chatting amiably with the famous *prima donna*, Giulia Frasi. Among the rest you may distinguish another "professional beauty," Miss Peggy Banks (who afterward married Lord Temple's brother); Arthur Onslow, the philanthropic Speaker of the House of Commons; and the lanky form of Chesterfield's "respectable Hottentot," Lyttelton. In a corner, at an unconscionable distance from her husband, is Johnson's "Tetty," and hard by, Whiston of "Josephus" and the longitude—

> "The longitude uncertain roams,
> In spite of Whiston and his bombs."

Finally, in the right foreground, his left hand in his breast, his right steadied upon his cane as a precaution against giddiness, is the little figure of Richardson, shuffling along, circumspect and timorous, as he describes himself to his dear Miss Highmore. After making mild fun of the fantastic appearance presented by these ancient lady-killers, Mr. Nash and Mr. Cibber, hunting "with faces of high importance" after

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new beauties, he proceeds to draw his own likeness. He is, he says, "a sly sinner, creeping along the very edges of the walks, getting behind benches: one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin, as if to keep it in its place: afraid of being seen, as a thief of detection. The people of fashion, if he happen to cross a walk (which he always does with precipitation) *unsmile* their faces, as if they thought him in their way; and he is sensible of so being, stealing in and out of the bookseller's shop, as if he had one of their glass-cases under his coat. Come and see this odd figure!"

When Richardson extended his business premises at Salisbury Court, he also moved his "country box" from Fulham to Parson's Green. Of this Parson's Green house—an old mansion once occupied by a Caroline Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edmund Saunders — no trace now remains, and the neighborhood itself is greatly altered. Tradition speaks, however, of a porch with seats, from which Richardson was accustomed to welcome his guests; and there was also an alcove which found its poet:

> "Here the soul-harrowing genius formed
> His 'Pamela's' enchanting story,
> And here—yes, here—'Clarissa' died,
> A martyr to her sex's glory."

So "sings the bright-haired muse" in Dodsley's "Collection." Unluckily, both of the immortal works referred to, as well as "Sir Charles Grandison," were, as already stated, composed at North End. At his new home, Richardson still continued to receive his friends, to write to them at immeasurable length, or to read to them what he had written at equal length to other people. Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, of the *Female Quixote*, who was a frequent visitor at this time, could scarcely recall an occasion upon which "her host had not rehearsed at least one, but probably two or three voluminous letters, if he found her in the humor of listening with attention." Of such performances his printed correspondence is composed. It has indeed a certain unity, for the subject is almost exclusively himself and his novels; but it can only by courtesy be called absorbing. His habitual male correspondents were none of them of the first order. The most eminent were Young, who was a poet, and Edwards (of the *Canons of Criticism*), who was a scholar, but Cibber and Aaron Hill represent the general level. It was in his lady correspondents that he was most fortunate. Henry Fielding's sisters, Sally and Patty, had something of their brother's genius; the two Miss Colliers, daughters of Arthur Collier, the metaphysician, were also remarkable women, while Mrs. Delany, Miss Highmore, Miss Mulso, Miss Talbot and Miss Donellan were all far beyond the eighteenth century average of what Johnson called "wretched *unidea'd* girls." To the nervous little genius they must have been invaluable, for they not only supplied him continuously with that fertilizing medium of sympathetic encouragement which robust spirits call by the grosser name of adulation, but their comments and discussions upon his work while in progress afforded much of the stimulus and none of the irritation of applied criticism. They were his school of emotion; and no one was better aware of the fact than he was. "I have often sat by in company," he tells Lady Echlin, "and been silently pleased with the opportunity given me, by different arguers, of looking into the hearts of some of them, through windows that at other times have been closed."

The longest series of his letters is addressed to Lady Echlin's sister, and both in its origin and its development, it is the most interesting. In 1748, when the first four volumes of "Clarissa" had appeared, a letter purporting to come from Exeter, was received by Richardson from an unknown correspondent. Referring to the current rumor that the book would end unhappily, the writer requested confirmation of this in the *Whitehall Evening Post*, where Richardson accordingly inserted a notice. Shortly afterward came an impassioned communication appealing strongly against his decision, in words which must have thrown him into a twitter of agitation. "If you disappoint me," said "Mrs. Belfour" (for so she signed herself), "attend to my curse: May the hatred of all the young, beautiful, and virtuous, for ever be your portion! and

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may your eyes never behold anything but age and deformity! may you meet with applause only from envious old maids, surly bachelors, and tyrannical parents! may you be doomed to the company of such! and, after death, may their ugly souls haunt you! Now make Lovelace and Clarissa unhappy if you dare." Richardson replied as an artist, defending, with more decision than might have been expected, his foregone conclusion; and the correspondence, protracted while the book progressed to its final volume, was continued subsequently, degenerating at last into a species of decorous flirtation. The writer proved to be a Lady Bradshaigh, of Haigh, near Wigan, in Lancashire —Exeter having been given only as a blind. When a lady confesses to have shed a pint of tears (for this is the precise liquid measure specified) over one's work, a certain curiosity is perhaps excusable, and as time went on, Richardson obviously grew anxious to make his *Incognita's* personal acquaintance. The later letters reveal a good deal of finessing on both sides—on his, to identify the lady at various places where she announced she should be; on hers, to see him without being seen herself. At last, in March, 1750, they came together; and the further correspondence of Lady Bradshaigh with Richardson fills Mrs. Barbauld's sixth volume. In one of the earlier letters he gives a minute and often-quoted description of himself, from which some particulars have already been borrowed in describing his portrait.

Lady Bradshaigh seems to have somewhat disconcerted Richardson by her undisguised partiality for that deplorable personage, Lovelace. She must have exercised him still more by the indulgence with which she referred to "Clarissa's" rival, "Tom Jones." With much of the little man's annoyance at what he called the "lewd and ungenerous engraftment" upon "Pamela" of "Joseph Andrews," it is difficult not to sympathize, but his continual exhibitions of irritation are certainly undignified. Fielding's recognition, in the *Jacobite's Journal*, of the genius of "Clarissa" was powerless to mollify him, and his utterances are often almost abject in their querulous ill-nature. He finds the characters and situations in "Amelia" "so wretchedly low and dirty" that he cannot get beyond the first volume; "Tom Jones" is a "spurious brat" with "a coarse title;" its author has overwritten himself; he has no invention; his works have no sale—and so forth. But the most ludicrous revelation of his mingled animosity and jealousy is to be found in an unpublished correspondence at South Kensington with Aaron Hill's daughters, Astrœa and Minerva. He has not (he announces) as yet brought himself to read "Tom Jones," though he clearly knows a great deal about the book; and he asks the two girls to report upon it, manifestly anticipating from them, as fervent admirers of the "divine Clarissa," a verdict entirely consolatory to his own uneasy vanity. But the fair critics who, despite their absurd and actual names (there was a third sister, Urania), were evidently very sensible young women, return what, notwithstanding some obvious conciliation of the sensitive author they are addressing, is, upon the whole, a remarkably just appreciation of Fielding's masterpiece. It is, in fact, a great deal too just for their correspondent, who, though he still claims to have been discouraged from reading the book, does not on that account scruple, in his rejoinder, to criticise the hero, the heroine, and the plot with such asperity as to draw tears of mortification from the fine eyes of Minerva and Astrœa, who cannot endure that Mr. Richardson should think it possible that they could have "approved anything, in any work, that had an evil tendency." They have still the courage, however, to maintain (through their father) that, when Mr. Richardson has time to study "Tom Jones" for himself, he will find "a Thread of Moral Meaning" in it. Whether he did eventually peruse it, history has not recorded. For the moment he preferred to write another long letter condemning it on hearsay, but he refrained from prejudicing his judgment by making its acquaintance at first hand. That he would ever have approved it, is scarcely to be hoped. The wound inflicted by "Joseph Andrews" remained incurable. It was *nulla medicabilis herba.*

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To-day the two rivals lie far enough apart:—the one on the hill at Lisbon, the other in St. Brides'. It is a favorite commonplace of literature to fable that, in some Lucianic and ultra-Stygian Land of Shadows, the great ones who have departed meet again, and adjust their former differences. But whatever may take place in another sphere, it is not easy to conceive of any circumstances in which these two could ever have lived harmoniously on this particularly earthy planet. No men were ever more absolutely antipathetic — more fundamentally and radically antagonistic — than Richardson with his shrinking, prudish, careful, self-searching nature, and Fielding with his large, reckless, generous, exuberant temperament. Their literary methods were no less opposed. The one, with the schooling of a tradesman, was mainly a *spectator ab intra;* the other, with the education of a gentleman, mainly a *spectator ab extra.* One had an unrivalled knowledge of Woman; the other an unrivalled experience of Man. To Richardson's subjective gifts were added an extraordinary persistence of mental application, and a merciless power of cumulative details; to Fielding's objective faculty, the keen perceptions of a humorist, and a matchless vein of irony. Both were reputed to have written "*le premier roman du monde.*" Each has been called by his admirers the Father of the English Novel. It would be more exact to divide the paternity:—to speak of Richardson as the Father of the Novel of Sentiment, and Fielding as the Father of the Novel of Manners.

THE SHARPNESS OF DEATH.

By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

THE Doctor turned away from the bedside and followed the other physicians out of the room. Fifteen minutes later, he stood in a recessed window at the end of the hall watching the rain, which was pouring down with as much energy as if it had just begun. The truth was, the drops had not stopped rolling down the panes for twenty-four hours. It had looked like rain when she had started out for her drive. The pavement was already mottled with large, damp spots when they carried her up the broad, easy stairs, and laid her on the bed in her big, bare-looking room. She had always disliked the adornment of bed-rooms, this fortune-favored young woman. It had been one of her many fads.

As he entered shortly afterward, in response to an imperative summons, the adjective she had applied to her friends' bed-rooms came, by force of contrast, into the Doctor's head; she had called them "stuffy." With a vivid flash of remembrance, he heard the positive tone of her voice condemning the litter that cumbered most people's houses. He had had a thought at the time, and he remembered it almost with remorse on this solemn occasion: he had wondered if her love of singularity, her hatred of the common and ordinary, had not been at the root of this dislike. Perhaps she did not value the minutiæ of luxurious surroundings because the rich woman of yesterday's successful business transaction could have them in as great perfection as herself, whose wealth had been handed down through several generations.

The smooth, polished floor with its single rug, the undraped windows, the dressing-table covered with fresh white linen, had a chaste, virginal air, with which the figure lying unconscious on the bed seemed out of keeping. The disordered masses of bright brown hair, the long lashes lying on cheeks whose tints even the pallor of suspended life could not disguise, the curves of the slender throat, the round arms lying relaxed beside the motionless beauty of

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the well-developed figure, appealed to the senses. To look at her one would have thought of soft hangings, shaded lights, perfumed warmth, and all the lavishness of luxury.

The injuries had not seemed serious at first; a slight congestion of the brain, that was all. She had recovered consciousness almost immediately. Afterward, however, alarming spinal symptoms had appeared; and now, a day or two later, two of the most eminent surgeons in town had only given utterance to the Doctor's own opinion when they agreed that there was nothing to be done and no hope. Accustomed as he was to illness and death in all guises, he could not realize it as he stood there in the window, looking out at the raindrops with unseeing eyes. She had always seemed so much fuller of life than most people. Everything about her, from her person to her lot in life, was so much more highly colored. She gave him something to think about every time he saw her. Her personality had been so pleasing to him, and, at the same time, so all-pervading, that even her faults, and these were many, borrowed something of charm. She had not always considered the expedient in either her remarks or her actions. She had been alarmingly outspoken in her condemnation of a deed or sentiment, when policy or even the laws of hospitality would have urged silence. He had liked her all the better for this brusque honesty, which had made her many enemies. He wondered now if the people whose feelings or self-love she had wounded would bury their animosity in her grave. Perhaps they would be sorry too, as well as shocked, perhaps tears would rise in their eyes when they should read, "aged twenty-two years and two months."

Yes, it was just two months since he had been at her birthday-dinner. How lovely she had looked that night in her pearl-gray gown, and what a jolly time they had had! The guests were all young except her aunt and himself; and he was yet well within middle age. She had seemed unusually bright and lovable. No one could have called her cold or proud that evening. She had been as simple and sweet, as unconscious of her own importance as if the fortunes of two wealthy families had not been consolidated in her, their sole heiress. She had let Richard make fun of her and tease her about some of her fads in the most good-natured way. She had not even resented it when, half in joke, half in earnest, he had called her a spoiled child, and had said she knew as little of real life as a light-house keeper. She and Edith Merry had been studying Anglo-Saxon together, and he had guyed them both about it, calling them blue-stockings, and asking them, in a serious tone of inquiry, to translate the wildest gibberish.

The Doctor had seen her and Richard together many times before, and sooner or later they had always come to blows. On this occasion, however, instead of being, as usual, the aggressor, she had not even responded to his repeated attempts to stir her up. Later in the evening they had disappeared together into the conservatory for a little while, he had noticed, not that there had been anything unusual about it; they had always been chums ever since they had made mud-pies together in the aristocratic seclusion of the back-yard. She had not been a great heiress in those days, poor, dear girl! She had grandfathers and grandmothers, a father and mother, brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins. They had nearly all died in her childhood, and now it was her turn too. It seemed as if there were a curse with the money. Perhaps the founder of the family had been a slave-trader; or their fortunes had been laid on some crime; it was not unlikely. He thought of the forty pieces of silver. The Doctor was not a superstitious man, but these were very like superstitious thoughts he found himself thinking.

How empty existence would be without her! He thought of one or two men the light of whose world would die with her. To be sure, she would never have given herself to any of them if life, not death, had been her portion. Men were always falling head over heels in love with her. When teased on the subject, she herself would make half-laughing, half-cynical allusions to her

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money; but the Doctor knew differently. He remembered how strong an individuality she had had when a little girl in short petticoats. All the small boys at dancing-school used to fight about her even then. Her own rôle had always been that of the gracious, indifferent sovereign; she had never had fancies like other girls. He was glad of that now. It would make it easier for her to leave the world—easier, could anything make it easier? In this world she had everything; in the world to come—the thought came mechanically. He did not believe in a world to come, and neither did she!

He remembered now the feeling of pleasure with which he had heard her tell him of her intention of giving up going to church. She felt so hypocritical, she said. She could not go to church and sit like a deaf-mute; yet how could she say the creed, or even join in the responses, when she did not believe in the God to whom they were addressed. She had never believed in Him that she knew of, though she had said her prayers and gone to church because she had been brought up to do so, because it was respectable, and because the music at the Church of the Holy Nativity was so fine. It was not that she would say there wasn't any God. Oh, no! She just did not know anything about it and did not believe that anyone else did. The Doctor did not feel so glad now of her confession of faith, or rather unfaith; not that her belief would, in his opinion, make any difference in the outcome of it all; only it would be easier for her if she believed in a to-come. Her unbelief had pleased him because it had seemed to separate her from other women, and to bring her closer to him. He had liked it, too, that she had not taken her renunciation tragically or as a matter of any great importance, had not paraded her skepticism, or thought that her doubt was anything to be proud of. She had always been so strong and self-reliant. Would she be strong and self-reliant now? To exchange everything for a nothingness! The Doctor shuddered. She had no suspicion of her danger. Indeed, just before she sank into the heavy stupor that had lasted all the Doctor's visit, she had spoken confidently of being up in a day or two. He knew that there would be a change before long, that there would be a longer or shorter period of unconsciousness, and then—the end. She would probably suffer little or no pain; he liked to think of that.

It was hard that he should have to be the one to tell her; but her aunt was away from home. He had telegraphed for her that morning; still she could not be there for some hours yet, and there was no one else. The accident had not got into the papers, and few people had heard of it. Indeed, nearly everybody was out of town. She herself had been going to meet her aunt at the old family place the very next day. The Doctor had seen her a few days before; and she had told him of her longing to get into the country. She dreamed of it at night, and awoke in the morning expecting to have fresh flower-scented air come in through her open windows, and to hear all sorts of dear, delightful country sounds. She was pining to hear a lawn-mower, and a frog. She was going to be out-of-doors from morning to night, to garden, and brush up her tennis, to ride and drive, to sit on the warm earth and pick violets, to row and play with Crusoe and Sindbad, her dogs. How glad they would be to see her! As if in answer to this, a cold muzzle was poked into the Doctor's hand. He looked down at the big stag-hound who had crept up behind him.

"Well, Dick, old fellow," he said. "There are sad times coming for you and me. Your mistress is going to a place where no smiles, no bribery of officials will get you in, too. We shall be very lonely, you and I, old boy. Do you understand what I am saying? You look as if you did."

A door, *the* door opened softly. A maid came and said her mistress was asking for him. The Doctor gathered himself together, and walked slowly down the hall. It passed vaguely through his head that his hair would be white by the time he got there. He was surprised when he looked in the dressing-table mirror as he passed, and found it as brown as ever.

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"Doctor," said a voice whose naturalness shocked. It seemed to belong to working-days and ordinary occasions, not to the hour of death—"and the day of judgment"—he added to himself by force of early habit.

"Doctor, don't you think I shall be able to travel by to-morrow, or anyway the day after? I feel all right, only weak and dizzy. I have a queer little feeling in my head, but that is all. I don't feel lame a bit. It seems so strange to be ill here with no one but the servants around," she went on in the same low-pitched familiar voice that made his heart beat so rapidly. "I am glad, all the same, that Aunt Mary wasn't here; she would have been frightened to death. And now she need know nothing about it until it is all over. You did not send her word, did you? Why don't you answer me? Did you telegraph to Aunt Mary?"

"Yes," answered the Doctor, simply. He could not have uttered another syllable.

"She ought to be here by this time, then. I suppose you did it right away?"

"No, this morning."

"This morning! When I was so much better! What made you do that? It will only frighten her for nothing." She turned her head suddenly and looked up into the Doctor's face. What she saw there evidently alarmed her.

"I am much better, am I not? Answer me." This last peremptorily, as he made no reply.

"My dear," he began, and then sank down on the chair by the bed and hid his face in the bedclothes. Something very like a sob shook his broad shoulders. A throbbing, quivering silence made itself felt. The ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece seemed to fill the room. For a minute he thought it was his own heart. Her voice broke upon the stillness:

"You need not be afraid to tell me. Am I so very ill, then?" The Doctor sobbed again.

"You need not say anything. I know it. Have I really got to die?"

"My dear child," he said, looking up, "is it so very hard, then?"

She took her handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes before she answered. Even at that supreme moment he noticed that it smelt as if she had been sitting on the ground and picking violets into it.

"I was going to say it was like death, and it is death." This time it was she who sobbed.

"Oh, Doctor, can nothing be done for me? I will stand anything. I cannot die *now!*" It was an imploring wail. She did not wait for his reply, but went on rapidly and vehemently: "I was just going to be so happy. I have been waiting for it all my life, and now it is coming to me at last. You are always scolding me for not being happier with all I have to make me so; but it has not been my fault. Everything was given me except what I wanted most, the one thing that my heart craved, that for which I would have given everything else. I do not know whether you have known it or not; I did not care much if you did; but I have loved Richard all my life." She paused, but, seeing that the Doctor could not answer, went on: "I cannot remember a time when he was not the whole world to me, the whole world—yes, heaven and hell, too. My only heaven and hell were in his manner to me. He used to play with me when I was a very little girl; but when he grew too big for that, I used to tease my nurse to take me around by their house, so that I could see him playing ball in the vacant lot next door. Afterward, when he went to college, I used to count the days from vacation to vacation. I had an old catalogue—I have it now—and it opens at the page where his name is. He gave me this little locket, and I have always worn it, except in the evening, of course." From out of her night-gown she drew a little blue enamel heart with a pearl in the middle, hanging from a slender gold chain that was nearly worn through in places.

"He never took any notice of me in those days, but I lived in him. He was my standard of right and wrong. His probable opinion on every point was my authority. You have often made fun of my love for Dick, and advised me to keep him in the country with the other dogs. Did you never think why it was? Richard gave him to me on my eigh-

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teenth birthday. He was such a dear fat little puppy, don't you remember? I was so proud of Richard's popularity at college, and his many honors. I learned all about football and base-ball and rowing because he cared so much for them. I even crammed pedigrees so that I could understand his horse talk. You see now how I knew all I was showing off the other day about Racine's dam and Palo Alto's grandsire. I saw how astonished you were. When he came home and went out in society," she went on a minute later, "I used to be miserable. I was always hearing of some girl to whom he was said to be devoted, and the older girls used to say he was such a flirt, and tell me tales of him; but I could see that he was a person of importance even to them. I liked the books he liked and disliked those he disliked. Oh, my mind is only a poor reproduction of Richard's! I have hardly a thought, an idea that was not his originally. I liked the people he liked—except the girls, and I couldn't like them, try as I would. I gave up going to church because he didn't. I didn't want anything he didn't have, not even the hope of a future life. Then, too, I hated all that nonsense about love of God and humanity being the same thing as love of man and woman. It seemed to belittle my love to compare anything so thin and cold as spiritual love to it. I did not want to love my neighbor and fellow-men if it meant the same thing. I wanted it all for Richard. I did not care for transcendental love. I wanted warm human love and kisses and embraces and intimacy and happy little laughs together over nothings. The ignorance, the narrowness, the deprivation of people who think that spiritual love and earthly love are the same! I hate the coldness and upliftedness of religion, its separateness! I want warm, human, comfortable, worldly things!" She stopped. The Doctor listened to the rain on the windows, longing to say something, yet being unable to speak. Presently, she went on:

"As a child, I was rather inclined to be demonstrative. You remember it, I know, for I have heard you speak of my having changed. I gave it up; I wanted to keep it all for him. He might never tell me of his love, but if he did, I would have no previous experience to take away the supremacy of that moment. He might never want me; but if he did, he should know that he had all of me, my whole body and soul from childhood to womanhood. He has always been fond of me in a way, you know; but it was not the way I wanted. I think he found me too intense, too ignorant of life; I would say too innocent, if you will not misjudge him. I have tried to make myself over, to take life more easily, more lightly, not to be afraid to handle the realities of life. *L'ingénue* does not attract any but old men, I find. Men want women to whom they can talk freely, without making expurgated editions of their thoughts as they go along. I am naturally prudish, but I overcame it, in some measure, for his sake. Indeed, there is no change I would not make in myself to please him, if I could. I used to study his expression. I could tell the second he was becoming bored, even before he knew it himself." The Doctor sighed. She took his strong hand in her long fingers, and went on:

"You used to wonder why I gave up Greek when I was so fond of it. You know, Richard does not like women to be learned. He thinks it takes away from their lovableness, their companionableness. He said once that it made them 'too darned critical.' He preferred that his women friends should keep a few illusions and superstitions, especially when they looked at him. He felt that those clever girls could see right through him, and he didn't care about being found out. Besides, it always gave him a feeling of complacent superiority to translate a Greek or Latin quotation for a girl, and he didn't want to lose that delightful sensation. I do love his dear, bright, nonsensical way of talking!" Here, to the Doctor's surprise, she laughed a little, low laugh. "I don't wonder so many of the girls have been in love with him," she continued. "And how could I help it? But he has never been a girls' man, you know. I used to rebel against club-life and men's increasing fondness for each other's company and the small place we girls were coming to have in their lives, and try to

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think that his indifference to my society was due to this tendency and not to any particular lack of attraction on my part. I know now that I was deceiving myself. For the last six months he has sought me more and more, made more of a friend of me. You know he is frank, ridiculously frank about his outward affairs, but reticent as to himself. It used to make me angry that he never gave me anything of himself, that he was always so practical and unsentimental, never talking about really interesting things. Well, lately he has talked to me quite differently, more expansively. Then, he has been softer, more affectionate in his manner. Oh, I have one such happy recollection! You remember the attack of neuralgia I had a month ago? Well, I was standing before a bookcase in the library, my ears stuffed with cotton, and my head tied up in a silk handkerchief, when I suddenly felt hands, a man's hands over my eyes. Of course, I knew who it was. He laughed, that dear, hearty, contagious laugh of his, when I said 'Richard;' and I could feel his shoulders shake, as they always do when he laughs, the dear boy! He gave me a little squeeze before he let me go, pretending to apologize by saying that I reminded him so much of his grandmother when she had a toothache, that he couldn't help it. Do you know, although I have known him so long and so well, that was the first time he ever took the slightest liberty with me. I used to try and make myself think it was because he was afraid of me; but it wasn't. There isn't a girl alive that he is afraid of. I have been so very happy lately," she went on, after another little pause. "I have felt that he was beginning to care for me. Do you think it is possible, Doctor? I have been over it all so often that I don't know what I do think. Do you believe a man can fall in love with a girl whom he has known all his life without caring for her? Does there have to be the element of strangeness, of mystery, of the unknown? You are a man, and ought to know better than I." She paused for the Doctor to answer her. He did not know what to make of her calm, dispassionate manner. She seemed to have forgotten everything except her little love-story. He wondered if, in her weakened state, she had really taken in the fact that she was to die, that her hours, her minutes were numbered.

"I do not know," he said at length. "I cannot understand a man's not loving you even if you did not return it, and, if you loved him——" the Doctor stopped abruptly. She did not seem to have listened to what he said, but went on as if following her own train of thought:

"One thing I liked best about Richard was that he never considered my money at all. Most men are oppressed by it, or else elaborately unconscious of it; but he never thought of it at all. If he loved me, its presence or absence would not be of the slightest consequence to him. Indeed, I know he often pitied me for having so much—he really pitied me, not just pretended to, as many people do. I have often heard him speak of the loneliness of wealth, and he was right. My life has been lonely, oh, so lonely!"

"Did you ever think he cared about anyone else?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes. I have fancied he was more or less interested in lots of girls; but I never believed him to be really serious until the early part of last winter, when I thought once or twice that he was in love with Edith. It did not come to anything, however. Toward the end of the season he did not even dance with her. Oh, but I suffered tortures! Did you ever know what it was to be jealous, Doctor? It is such a burning, uncomfortable sensation here," and she laid her hand on her breast. "You are hot and cold, and your heart beats so fast, and you are so wretched! But I am sure it is all coming right now. Do you think I could be so certain if it were not true? I am sure my heart must know. We shall be so happy. To be Richard's wife! I would rather die——" She stopped short and looked up at the Doctor's pale, set face. All her calmness left her now. "You did not say I had to die? It is some bad dream I have had since I have been lying here! Have I got to die and leave him, Doctor? When he has never said a word of love to me?" She buried her face

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in the pillow and wept bitterly for her own death. The Doctor sat there motionless, *la mort dans l'âme*, powerless to help or console. In the sting of death and the victory of the grave, there was no place for him. Presently she began again more calmly:

"My will is made and everything settled, you know, Doctor. He must have Dick." Then, a moment later: "Have I got to die without seeing him? Do you think he would come? You know he hates scenes so." The pathos of this last remark overcame the Doctor entirely.

"Are you crying for me? You mustn't do that. It isn't as if you were Richard. Oh, Doctor, do send for him! I am sure he loves me!" The Doctor went out of the room and sent a messenger. When he came back, she looked up at him with eyes from which all excitement had disappeared.

"I am so sleepy," she said. "I will go to sleep now; but be sure and wake me when Richard comes, won't you?"

The Doctor sat down again on the chair by the bed, his eyes fixed on his patient's face. An hour later, he got up, walked slowly over to the windows and pulled down the shades. As he went down-stairs, a servant was admitting a tall, broad-shouldered young man. His face was as pale as the one the Doctor had left on the pillow in the big, bare room upstairs. His eyes asked mutely, "Is it over?" and the Doctor's answered as silently, "It is over." The young man turned his head away and sighed deeply. "Your feet are wet, Richard," said the Doctor from force of habit. "Come into the library and dry them by the fire."

"I was never so shocked in my life," said Richard. He was standing leaning against the mantel-piece, while the Doctor lay back as if exhausted, in a large, leather-covered arm-chair. "I cannot realize it at all. Do you know, I was just leaving the office to come around here. I had made up my mind that I would not let her go into the country without telling her of my engagement to Edith Merry." Neither of them said a word for some ten minutes after this. Then, the young man asked, in a hesitating tone of voice:

"Did she leave any message for me?"

"No," answered the Doctor, slowly and deliberately; "none, except that she would like you to have Dick."

"Poor, dear girl! Did you send for me for anything in particular?"

"I wanted you to meet her aunt at the station, in case I should not be released in time. I will go myself now, however. It will be a dreadful shock to her, Richard."

"Poor dear girl," said Richard, again. "I have been as fond of her as if she were my own sister. How badly Edith will feel!"

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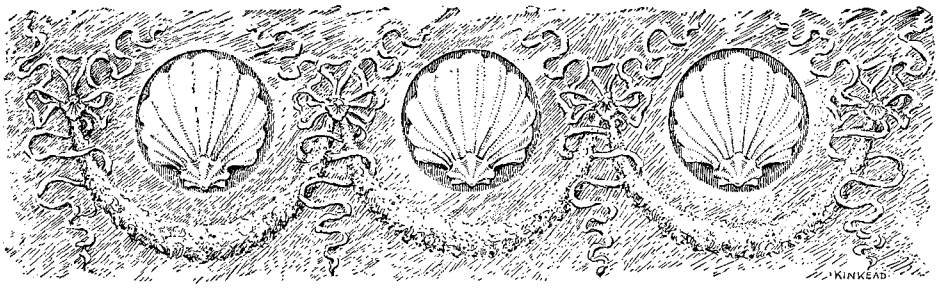

"THE RICH MISS GIRARD."

By Harrison Robertson.

I.

LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE KIRKE TO MR. THOMAS DRISCOLL, JULY 13, 1892.

My Dear Tom: I shall send you the pup by Friday's 10.30 express. I give you fair warning, so that you can be ready for his reception. He is the pick of the lot, and a beauty.

I am, indeed, overjoyed to learn that Mrs. Tom is all right again. I think I can understand something of what you must have gone through while her recovery was considered doubtful. You don't know, old fellow, how thankful I am that she has been spared. I believe I begin to realize what she is to you; that her death would have been the death of everything for you, except perhaps of your merely physical being, and that the death of that would have been the one blessing to which you could have looked forward. I am sure that there is no greater happiness on earth than yours and Margaret's since the danger has passed. God bless you both.

You will probably be surprised to read this from me. Not that you have any reason to doubt my interest in your happiness, but—well, Tom, you must confess that before you met Margaret you would have called the foregoing paragraph, however sincere you believed it, "gush." I used to accuse you of gushing a little after you met Margaret, but I take it all back, and ask your forgiveness. For I, too, have met a Margaret; and until that meeting I never suspected what an ineffable ignoramus I had been throughout my previous inane existence. You know what I mean, Tom; for frankness compels me to say that before Margaret's day you and I were "two of a kind."

I am going to make a clean breast of it; but it seems a cold-blooded thing to do by letter. How I wish for one of those old chats of ours in the days when you were wooing Margaret, when you supplied the confidences and I, in my sublime ignorance and complacent conceit, supplied the counsels. I have postponed, time and again, writing you this letter, not because I did not want to write it, but because, somehow, I have shrunk from speaking to even you of Celestine. It seemed, in one sense, like a profanation. And yet I know it is not, for you are the one friend who is, beyond all doubt, worthy of a sacred confidence, and the one man of my acquaintance who can properly appreciate the delicacy, nobility, and sanctity of a true woman. Some day I shall tell Celestine of this letter to you, and I am sure that when I tell her also of yourself she will not misinterpret my motives in writing it.

It is all over with me, Tom, at last—or rather it has all just begun; for Celestine is the end of the old existence and the beginning of the new life for me. And the bottomless pit is not a deeper gulf than that between the two. How well do I remember the transformation which your love for Margaret worked in you. You were something

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of a "blade" before you knew her, and I was guilty of a feeling of resentment against Margaret because, even before she suspected your passion for her, she had robbed me of a boon companion, and the little band which gathered at the "Devil-may-Care" of a choice spirit. I pitied you then for the "good times" I thought you had lost; I envy you now for the years of happiness you found before I knew what happiness was. I am beginning to know now. I know what the happiness is of despising the selfish, "pleasure"-devoted life that we of the "Devil-may-Care" led, and of living the wholesome and manly life which the good Lord intended we should live—and living it, not with the hope of some ulterior reward of virtue, but simply because there is one blessed being in the world to whom the best that is in you belongs, and because your own consciousness of living worthily is in itself a satisfying and exalting joy, since She is purity and Love is pure.

How good and beautiful is this old world of ours!

Don't get impatient. I know these are platitudes; but they don't seem so to me. It is as if they were now all original with me. Nothing that an honest lover ever spoke from his heart appears trite or commonplace.

I met Celestine in June at Cæsar's Head, in the mountains of South Carolina, where she is spending the summer in company with an aunt of hers, and where I drifted during my short vacation. They were living very quietly, and I had an opportunity to see a great deal of them in the two weeks of my stay.

I think I must have loved her from the first. As you know, I have had two or three "affairs" with women in my time, but until I saw Celestine I had never seen a woman whom I wanted to be my wife. I never told one of them that I "loved" her. That word I always reserved for one woman, should I ever meet her. To say it to another would have seemed a desecration. Do you remember our boyish talks about "ideals"? Mine was such a nonpareil that you used to laugh at me and warn me against the improbability of ever finding it on earth. As the years went by I began to fear that you were right. I was thrown with many women—charming women, brilliant women, sweet, good, and wicked women—but it was only now and then, in poetry or fiction, that I caught a glimpse of that nonpareil, and I believe that I was fast reaching the conviction that the ideal woman was only another illusion of youth, following those of Santa Claus and Jack the Giant-Killer, and dissolving like them and disappearing with, or even before, youth itself. I suppose that when a man with an "ideal" begins to doubt its realization the seeds of cynicism begin to sprout. A month ago, I am ashamed to confess, my crop of such weeds was rank with promise. To-day—the blessing be to Celestine—there is neither weed nor seed left. She is all, and more, that I ever dreamed of, longed for, waited for, despaired of, in woman. It is impossible to stand in her presence without feeling, knowing, worshipping Womanhood. She is—but I can't say what I would, Tom. It is no use trying. There are no words for my thoughts when I think of her.

Now I am going to tell you the strange feature of the case. I don't believe that I have ever been given to self-depreciation. I have been accustomed to estimate myself an average man—perhaps a degree or two higher than that—and I have never doubted that I could please the average woman. But I think I have told you once or twice that if ever I should find the woman whom I would seek to win, the one thing of which I was sure was that I should not be able to win her. This conviction never left me until I did find that woman; then it melted away like a phantom of sleep before an awakening to a sun-flooded morning. I have never doubted, since I knew Celestine, that she was to be my wife! I have never spoken to her of my love; she has never overstepped the bounds of the most modest reserve; she is as far above me as the stars; but—I say it humbly, reverently, exultantly—I am as sure that she is for me, that she is to be mine, that she will not, can not, would not resist me, as I am that the stars

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themselves are shining. I know that you will understand what I mean (I don't know of many people who would), and that you will therefore understand in some degree my undeserved happiness.

Celestine is still at Cæsar's Head. I should be there still also, but I had to return in order to let Blaylock take his holiday. Business must not be neglected, now that there is a home to make, you know. (Did you ever realize what a glorious thing it is to work until you had somebody to work for?) When Blaylock comes back I shall go to the Head for another week or two before Celestine leaves for California. Her home is at Los Angeles. Celestine — Los Angeles; there is heaven even in the names.

II.

PART OF A LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE KIRKE TO MR. THOMAS DRISCOLL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1892.

My Dear Tom: I am just back from Los Angeles, and find your letter awaiting me. It is like you, and makes me ashamed of the slight qualms I have felt occasionally for writing so freely of Celestine.

I did not return to Cæsar's Head after I wrote you, as Celestine left for home sooner than she had expected. Consequently I went to Los Angeles instead of to the Head.

My visit has only confirmed me in every conviction I expressed in my first letter to you. Tom, she is the only woman in the world for me, and I shall never again doubt the goodness of that Providence which led me to her.

There is a new feature of the case, which developed on my trip. In the old days when you and I were so sure of ourselves, one of my dogmas was that I would never marry a woman whose worldly condition was much better than my own. My views, you may remember, were very positive, and they must have impressed you as sincere, for you used to call me a crank on that point. Well, Celestine is said to be not only very wealthy, but she is mistress of her fortune, her aunt being her nearest relative. She is regarded as one of the richest girls in California—you could not be in Los Angeles long without becoming aware of that. Moreover, she is very popular, and has any number of suitors, many of whom are far more "eligible" than I. But the odd thing is that her fortune does not disturb me in the least. When the thought of it occurs to me at all it is merely as a preference that she were without a dollar. As for those fellows who are in love with her, I simply pity them. But my happiness is so great that there is little room for preference or pity, or for anything else except just Celestine. In the light of a love for her, all the wealth of the world would appear trivial and mean. It seems a coarse thing to even mention this matter to you, Tom; but you are you, and it does me good to write to one human being without reserve.

I have not yet told Celestine of my love. I shall do so on my next visit to Los Angeles, a few weeks hence. It absolutely deifies me to think of the moment when the last barrier between us shall be swept away and she shall be mine in very truth. Tom, she is unquestionably the purest, most genuine, most unspoiled, and——

III.

LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE KIRKE TO MR. THOMAS DRISCOLL, OCTOBER 27, 1892.

Thank you, old man, for your warm-hearted words, although I have not yet had the grace to answer your last two letters. I returned from Los Angeles a few days ago. It is all up with me. She does not care for me at all.

IV.

LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE KIRKE TO MR. THOMAS DRISCOLL, MAY 4, 1893.

My Dear Tom: Don't think I undervalue your brave efforts to brighten things for me because I have not writ-

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ten to you. But, after all, there is almost as little to be said as to be done in such matters. I suppose I shall get used to it after a while.

Do you remember once, when you were burning with the ambition to write the greatest possible tragedy, which you contended was still unwritten, how we revelled in imaginary tortures of mind and dooms of body in seeking the plot for that tragedy, and how you finally abandoned your purpose because we could not decide what it should be? It seems to me that it is very simple. Take the case of a man who has such ideas of woman as you have; who finally meets her, and knows that for him there can be no other. Then paint his life, spiritual, mental, and physical, after he realizes that she, probably from the very perfections which make her what she is, fails to find in him that which such a woman must find in the one to whom she gives her love. Paint that man's life, or paint one hour of it, and you have your greatest possible and unwritten tragedy.

Do not think that because I can contemplate this case from a critical standpoint I am already on the way to either the conventional indifference or the conventional cynicism which is so often assumed to be the sequence of similar experiences. As to the indifference, I shall say nothing; as to the cynicism, let me assure you, Tom, that the one consolation the hero of your tragedy can have is the knowledge that there is after all, such a woman as that of his dreams.

V.

THE POSTSCRIPT OF A LETTER FROM MISS CELESTINE GIRARD TO MISS ALICE GRANT, NOVEMBER 17, 1892.

Oh, about Mr. Kirke. You want to know "what about" him, and you say you've an idea I like him. But there isn't anything about him to tell you, except that he isn't coming to see me any more. I like him well enough—as well as the rest of them, I suppose—perhaps a little better than most of them. But — well, he was like the others, Alice. I felt sure of it, and so did Aunt Miriam. Where men are concerned, can "the rich Miss Girard" ever feel sure of anything else?

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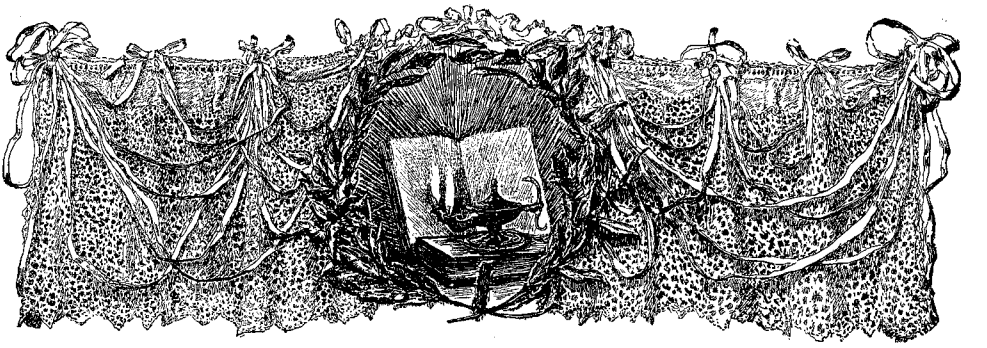

THE POINT OF VIEW

A CONTEMPORARY story-teller who lays the scene of his narrative in Newport reminds the reader that it was the Newport of departed days, "not the paradise of cottages and curricles, but of big hotels and balls, of Southern planters, of Jullien's orchestras and hotel hops." Newport had not become Belgravia then, but was something like Arcadia still.

I dare say that Belgravian Newport is amply satisfactory to its denizens as it is; but there is that in the coloring of the story which reminds one to lament not only the loss of the Arcadian Newport, but the general and inevitable tendency of all the more charming summer Arcadias to take on the Belgravian characteristics. Arcadia is ever unstable. It begins by being sylvan. The shepherds wear flannel shirts, and the shepherdesses go about in big hats and tennis shoes, and wear the same dress all day long, and scarcely venture to tie a ribbon to their crooks. Quickly Arcadia gets the fame of being a pleasant place. People are so friendly there; manners are so easy and so good. Chaperones are scarce and high, and no one cares, for such Eden-like simplicity prevails that chaperones are not needed. Before long the people who have been overdosed with conventionalities and are tired of fine raiment hear of it. Word gets around that some of the nicest people go to Arcadia, and that there is no place where the girls have more fun, or where the youth are more eligible, or from which everybody brings home a finer color or better spirits in the fall. But what is money for if not to enable its owners to enjoy the newest delights? So soon as Arcadia's charms begin to be noised abroad the place begins to be the fashion. Newcomers create new needs, and soon, far too soon, the shepherdesses are getting their gowns from Watteau and changing the ribbons on their crooks four times a day. The hotel quadruples in size, and is crammed full of Sybarites. Gradually the original Arcadians realize that society has grown too miscellaneous, and begin to put up separate huts and withdraw to them. Then the Sybarites discover that the hotel is primitive and countrified, and straightway build themselves cottages with rooms for many servants and stables for troops of quadrupeds. Then comes the short-tailed horse, and the British groom multiplies in the landscape. Champagne and chaperones surge in, hand in hand. Simplicity goes elsewhere and sells her abandoned tenement to style, who pulls it down and puts up a palace on its ruins. And so Arcadia fades away and the sign "Belgravia" looms up in large letters at the railroad station.

And what becomes of all the true Arcadians who were happy once together? Some build fine houses on their property and rent them to Belgravians and go away themselves for the summer. Some put their sheep in charge of a hireling and supply the cottagers with spring lamb. Some hang up their crooks and go into the real estate business, but many, perhaps most of them, are corrupted and turn Bel-

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gravians themselves. For Belgravian existence has an intoxicating quality about it that is able to upset the discretion of people who ought to know better. Even for the rich it is fairly debatable whether Belgravia is so happy a land as Arcadia, and for the poor there is no question at all about Arcadia's superiority. Yet it is constantly happening to the worthy poor whose choice has been Arcadia, to have the Belgravian current turn their way and sweep them off their legs. Belgravia is so insinuating. For what it lacks of being picturesque it makes up in being fine. Its standards are mere arbitrary conventions, and yet once one gives in at all to them they quickly come to have the force of natural laws. Inch by inch, substituting elegance for mere comfort and show for simple use, it lures the would-be Arcadian into a competition wherein it is a weariness to engage and an embarrassment to succeed. There are certain kinds of nuisances against which the promoters of Arcadias take pains beforehand to provide, selling land only for uses and under conditions which they deem compatible with their general purposes. But they never provide against the chances of a Belgravian degeneration. They stipulate that no hut of less than a certain value shall be built upon the lots that they sell, but they never limit the prospective builder the other way. His edifice must come up to the prevailing standard, but nothing hinders him from so far surpassing it as to make all his neighbors feel that the conditions of their existence are squalid. Arcadias have been spoiled as Arcadias without ever reaching the full measure of Belgravian development. Promoters must know that, but they never guard against it. If the current sets Belgraviaward they take the chances of arrival, lamenting nothing, and seeming to feel, in business-like obtuseness, that simplicity has achieved its highest end if it has paved the way for fashion.

In his address on "College Athletics," delivered in June before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, General Francis Walker alluded to the days before the war, and before the spread of the Muscular Christianity movement, when "brains and brawn were believed to be developed in an inverse ratio, and the only things to be admired were mind and soul." We have got so thoroughly well over all that in these days that it has become a matter of some interest to speculate how far the pendulum is going to swing the other way. So thoroughly is the contemporary mind disabused of the notion that there is any incompatibility between the development of brains and of brawn, that the tendency of that part of the population which is freest to choose its methods seems to be to stimulate the brains by the use of Indian clubs and exercise the mind on the cinder-path and in the riding-school. The idea of the *mens sana in corpore sano* was always a sound idea, and is so still, but the usefulness of a sound mind in promoting the healthfulness of the body seems in no small danger of being overlooked, in the enthusiasm for elaborate processes for keeping the body sound with a more or less remote purpose of intellectual results. An impression that seems to have gained a good deal of currency is that intellectual labor is a sort of poison the effect of which upon the corporeal man must be vigorously offset by an antidote of protracted physical exertion. There is some basis even to that impression. Neglect of proper exercise and protracted mental effort may produce morbid bodily conditions which react upon the mind. But even a layman may point out that physical and intellectual labor do not so much offset as supplement one another. A certain amount of work, varying in quantity with the individual, is practically essential to comfortable living, but the preponderance of such work may be either mental or physical. The person who works with his mind works off in that way a certain amount of his daily energy and has so much the less to be spent in bodily exertion. But the person who does not work with his mind has to work off all his energy physically. To the man who has formed the habit of mental labor, physical labor beyond a certain point is mere weariness and exasperation. And so is much mental labor to the person who is used to toil with his muscles.

The notion that General Walker seems to suggest, that a man is incapable of sound thought unless he is "strong, swift, and enduring" in his body, is contradicted by

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too many examples to need refutation here. Theoretically, it is easy to demonstrate that the old-fashioned thinker did not know his business and could not have thought out anything of value by such methods as he used. But as a matter of fact, the old-fashioned thinker left documents that are hard to get over.

General Walker scouts openly at the old-fashioned idea of "keeping the body under," but really there is something to be said even for that. The apparatus of physical development, especially in the cities, has become so elaborate and expensive, that there is no great novelty in the spectacle of the youth who takes fifty dollars' worth of exercise as a preliminary to attempting to do five dollars' worth of head work. The body that is once thoroughly habituated to lavish muscular exertion demands such exertion to keep it comfortable. If its tenant has assumed other duties and cannot accede to its demands, it makes him thoroughly unhappy until it has been so far subdued as to know its place. A body that has grown so obstreperous as that is a considerable inconvenience to a brain-worker. What he wants is a simple tenement in which he can dwell without having his attention perpetually distracted by its requirements. Ordinary repairs he expects to make, and to give it ordinary care, but to keep up the muscular establishment that the taste of the times seems to affect is as much beyond his means as life in a Fifth Avenue palace.

For gentlemen who propose to take out a considerable share of their enjoyment in eating and drinking, a lively participation in sports is an excellent thing. No doubt the average man can eat more and drink much more with comparative impunity, if he keeps himself thoroughly well exercised. There are men in whose enviable stomachs food and drink in almost any quantity seem to turn directly into intellectual energy, and who can eat and drink over night in a manner that is the envy of their fellows, toil at a desk next day in a way to make them despair, and yet day after day get along with only so much exercise as comes by "walking home from the office." But such men are either phenomenal creatures or possess some secret that the world has missed. For most ambitious eaters and drinkers, plenty of exercise is indispensable.

And so, doubtless, it is for "hustlers." The ideal American that General Walker seems to have had in his mind, is the man who is effectual in doing things; whose activities are tireless; who "booms" towns and builds up trade; who is willing that anyone may have the ideas if only the actualities are his. Such men are useful, and the country has places for them, and the colleges are proud to train them and send them forth. College athletics are probably good for them, and it is largely because of them and their number and their needs that college athletics will continue to flourish.

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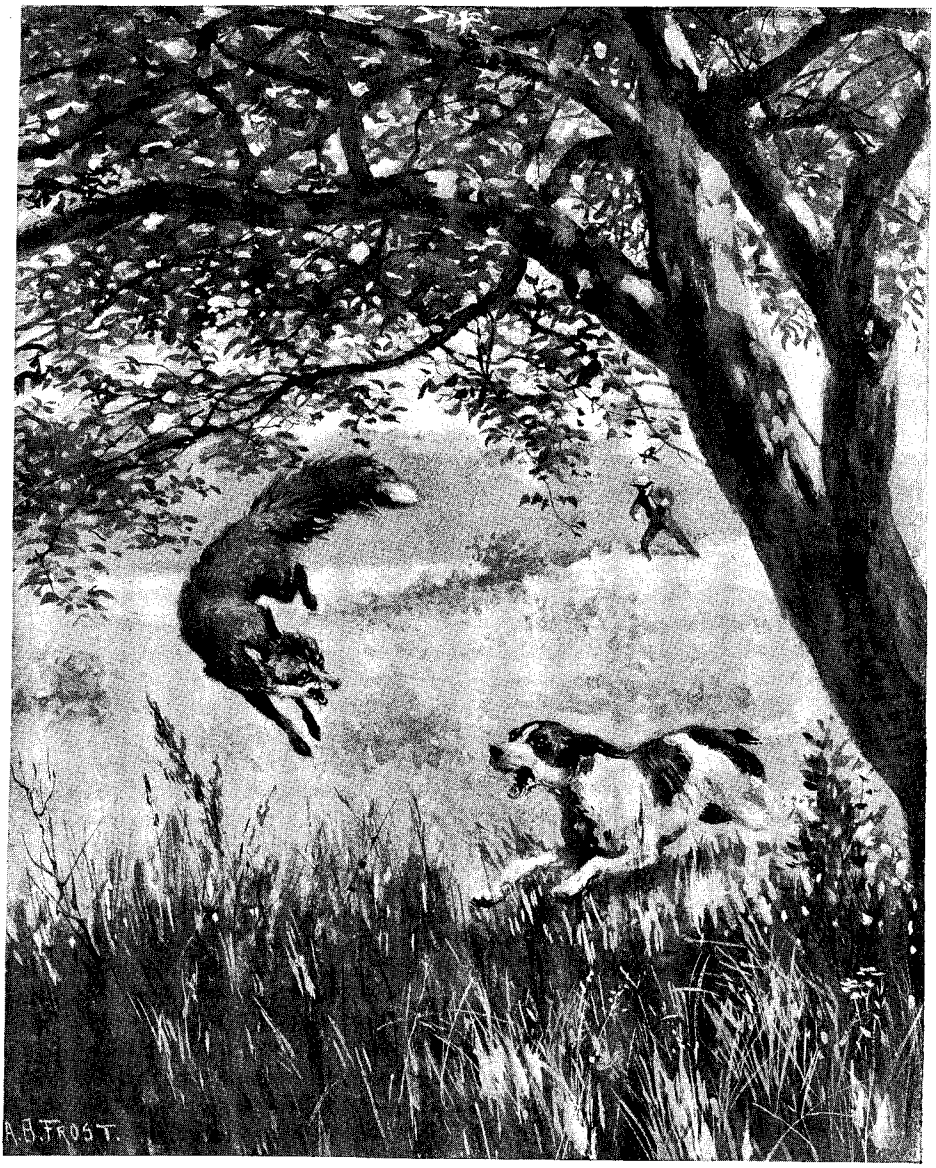

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"HE MISSED HIS FOOTING AND FELL."

—See *The Mystery of the Red Fox*, page 427.

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